

# SOLO 6



A JOURNAL OF POETRY

Flea/New House/Mutated Line of Pessoa's

The new owners unroll their carpet of gold  
shag before me, their field of late fall  
corn, of wheat, of Russian Tumbleweed, of dried  
witch's hair (*convolvulceae*). I am this house's  
first flea brought in by the new dog,  
this house's first domestic Gazelle,  
obsidian antelope, ebony kangaroo,  
beauty's shadow sent by gods  
to rule over dust mites, to populate  
this carpet, this plain & tundra, with blood  
suckers, vectors, cathedrals of sloughed  
skin. I am prince of the red welt, overlord  
of minutiae, humility's servant, the itch  
tonight next to the husband's belly button  
(the trailhead to the treasure trail)  
as his wife goes down on him  
in celebration of ownership,  
in celebration of their new home.