

Wild Goose Chase

They thought he was dead, humped up, both soft and hard —
It was as though random life had all these feathers left over
And, for want of something better to do, stuffed them with frozen
lard.

He is just an appearance now whose disappearance perhaps
belonged to the gun.
We come in and go out so casually — a final arrested image
Only so long as it takes a rank, feathered pudding to rot in the
sun.

I seem to stand by the supposed corpse completely instilled:
What seems to be stays as it is. All we can do
Is say to the dead: With gold, these wounds of mine are filled —

Much as a white, rotten tooth is by the metal lined
And takes bold issue with the crammed, abdicating mouth:
I throw the brilliant gleam of an eye into a room while you plead
blind.

It is the strangest thing — this mixing of teeth, gold, and
feathered grease —
Something is beating on my mind these days with such fantastic
force
That I shall soon be asking Lazarus: How does one resurrect
these geese?

One bites a bit metallic, and look — the lard is living goose —
Lean with the loaded scar, body-length, livid with gold, into a
lump of life,
And all our concepts with their percepts may be up and running,
wild and loose.

CHARLES EDWARD EATON