**\**Boneface* \***

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 ***Gothic Gaucheries***

 ***For Goodman Bones***

***Creation Myth***

 When bits of

 shattered

 glass re-

collected

 into a semblance

 of their former

 self

 they made a face—

 my face.

***Thanatography***

They call me Boneface

 because my face

 is as jagged as

 shattered glass.

The abrupt topography

 (peaks, crags, five-

 o’clock lichen-shadow,

 ridges

 sharp as

 a boom-and-bust graph)

 is largely

uncharted.

Tips for caressing:

 always wear

special reinforced

 gloves

 such as those worn

 by handlers

of hawks & dogs.

 This precaution

 protects against cutting

 your hand

 against an

 unexpected

 cheek fang,

 nose-claw,

 etc.

 Caressing

 Boneface

 is like

flying

 between mountains

on a foggy day.

 Trapped

in a landscape of

 stone my eyes

 are a monstrous pair

 of tendernesses,

soft-boiled

 eggs that SEE.

 Boneface. A vast desolation, an Andes.

 Boneface. A place from which two things look OUT.

This chin could split stone.

***Love Among the Ruins***

And so: This gal

 I went out with

 from Chicago

 says (over the phone):

*A glacier must have*

 *passed across*

*your face. What exactly IS*

 *your geological age?*

Seismic tectonic

 anxieties ensued.

*Must Bone,*

 *must little*

 *Boneface*

 *always roll*

 *like a tincan*

*with a tornlid*

 *for a crown*

*and a delicate halo*

 *of*

 *the rust*

 *around jagged*

*spikes*

*through*

 *this crazy*

 *worLd*

 *of*

 *Love?*

***Why I Am So Dangerous***

 I

 am

 filled

 w/

 *spike.*

***The Bug Room***

Who spent the night

 in the Bug Room?

*I have been*

 *clarified.*

Who cracked

 in the jackal’s jaws?

*I have been*

 *vilified.*

Who lay buried

 like a locust

in the Valley of Kings

and, when they

 finally lifted him

from the sand,

 spoke the speech of sand?

*We will be*

 *simplified.*

I worship

at the stick bug’s obelisk.

I pray with naked teeth

 to the lithopaedian god.

A giant

 comes down

 from the mountain

 with my bones

 in his mouth .

He chews them like the names

 for bone.

*You are the bones of names.*

I am the names of the bone.

And a bone-tree

 cracked on a distant hill

and I knew it was my spine, the spine of a book,

 The Book of the

 Names of the Bone.

*Scherzo:*

 *Boneface Tells*

 *a Knoch-Knoch Joke*

 *Knoch-knoch!*

*Who’s there? Theskel.*

*Theskel who? Theskeletonsinyourcloset.*

 *Great Thor , Why are you OSTEO la vista*

*you taught me such a polyglutton for El Greco!*

 *St. Bonyface pun-ishment? This ASTHI Spumonti*

 *The Adventages glibness has glottal Sanscrittore!*

 *of Death. stop! Death’s head GIR up for Sumer*

*St. Ambrose , on Death’s body! Belbowmesh!*

 *To Cartilage History hurts A KRS on you,*

 *then I came, in the joints with Akhenaten!*

*rust in the bone, arthritis of the Aw CNAMH on,*

*at Hippo bought Apocalypso! Cadwallader!*

*a musty vestment, O flying ossuaries OS OS OS*

*drank at the river of my words’ tiny your boat*

 *of the Word self-cenotaph’s marrowy marrowly*

*like a thirsty insufflated life she’s but a*

 *Hippopotamus snap-crackle-pop! Scream!*

 *See? Gee! Rest in Reese’s Pieces.*

 *Let her R.I.P.!*

***Sit Calm***

*A corpse is a corpse of corpse of corpse*

*and no one can talk to a corpse of corpse,*

*unless of corpse the name of the corpse*

*is the famous Mr. Dead!*

***The Dissection Room***

I used to hang from the ceiling

 of the dissection

,room like a birdcage.

 You would

 give me a shove now and then just to

 hear me rattle, remember?

One day they cut me

 down and put

you up there

 in my place.

 ***History***

 cut me like a diamond:

 I was all the names in it.

 I glitter at you in the light:

 count death’s dazzling

 eyes.

 I see you.

 I

 am the

 naked

 I