**\**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