

RYAN J. BROWNE

Red domestic ensemble

after Donald Justice

You sore how sore I can see
It forms a bouquet of hair
Mama is wild pruning at

Two chicken breasts boil music
Like the eyes some solo notes
Leave no room for improv meant

To clear the table meant to
Never lose your temper meant
You press ear more than knuckle

Under the porch an uncoiled snake
The garden hoe made headless
Because the new jeans I pissed

Are buried buried please don't
Lie to me like always drunk
As steam rising somersaults

Into the exhaust hood do
Turn him spooky with voodoo
And zombie eyes and Christ's blood

Here Mama here's a knife smile
Wide slices of jazz in dad
Were born of black and blues scraps