exposing through a bottomless
foxhole the kitchen
carpet carpet glue linoleum linoleum
adhesive ply
wood sub
floor boards
above the cellar ceiling cellar
floor geo
pitch and plates he’d somehow
augered through and
stood there
on his hind legs, drawing on his gloves: chrome
and citron—
I didn’t know him. He held a ferule. It was
blue
for music. He was
virgulate
himself, leaning toward me; a rust-red
slash between worlds.