

DAN ROSENBERG

The House Braced for a Bowl Its People

all day have gone hungry some men are
girding themselves to our eye sockets
where hunger has launched forth in a rage
during the neighborhood guac party
where I ended up somehow with blood

sausages and brittle flecks of chips
ground down in the bag like clipped pinions
 the neighbors so graceful shoveling
my slight gifts inside themselves during

each breath of televised slaughter men
disguised as golems striving to crush
or be crushed while a small pig skitters
among them stepping from hand to hand
as the glut shifts up and down the field

 leaning toward comprehension I join
my neighbors in their red murder howls
only once calling for the severed
hands of one the rest wanted kept whole

in a distinction I once would have
understood but in these latter days
I see man for the flesh sack he is
 flightless and brutish and short he will
reach for the pig he will fall again