

## Like soap

Sometimes I wonder if the broken leg of Elvis still shudders,  
keeps dancing to the jerking of minds remembering the everyday music  
of others that went rolling up in spirals of light bulbs,  
that rose up on luminous carrouseles of bright mechanical horses  
that slowly spun the soul from their upper body torsos,  
leaving their chest cavities empty of campfires roasting marshmallows  
untaken by the blushing sparklers of December.

Sometimes I wonder if the fluffy pillows of earth compare to the floor mats of space.

In the concentrated pulp of yellow juice mornings, in the coffee beans of midnight,  
somewhere in the ghetto or somewhere in the woods,  
somewhere in the crumbling warmness of winter or moistness of summer  
there must be an opening,  
a tunnel or wire that leads to carnivals that never gather their things and leave  
or leave their things and go.

Luminary love, helix coiling upward,  
like soap, matter dissolves and washes away in clear transparent threads of water,  
imperial chromosome, shooting up blue like cannonballs flowing past the flight of  
sparrows and ultimately reaching the broken leg and glory where calls collect are not accepted,

only a strand, greatly I would pray, greatly I would pay, to simply hear  
hello.