

# Dusty Neu

## Marimba Orchestra

The mirror, first then  
with the then with the cigarette in of  
smoke and the band of smoke,  
then with glasses. Then the  
top button unbuttoned,  
then with the top button buttoned,  
then with the top two button two button.

Then

with the cigarette in the mouth, then  
the cigarette in the hand button with  
the then mouth and all buttons buttoned.

Then

with the thought of marimbas  
the cuffs around God,  
God to be mallet mallets on marimbas.

Then with

the thought with the cigarettes and buttons all buttoned  
amber cufflinks blessed must be the damned  
dressed to be damned, good damned,  
born into fingering the belly,  
flaw or born growing into flaw,  
born grown already flawed.

Then with mirror,

with a marimba, with the with the  
looking at the mirror, and the door in the  
background with a look of fear, cigarette in the hand,  
with cufflinks. Good hand with a band of head and hand  
in the without glasses and buttoned the bottom wrists  
of hands that smoke billow from and cufflinks with unbuttoned

mallets and hands.

# from i, slow expanse

i often stand on the edge  
of a curb waiting for gravity to take me.  
difficulty. alchemical. a pithless letter of resignation.  
you've left a few things here and they won't stop reproducing.  
they're piled on my bed so i slept on the floor with my arms  
at my side and my working ear to the floor.  
on the floor, yesterday, i slept for 36 hours.  
the floor, lost in conversation with. when i woke, i looked  
from the floor and saw the door,  
my first experience of threshold.  
i often feel i could be of better use.  
i often think this page is better suited as patch paper  
for a gun collector in eastern oregon.  
the paper, and i with it, wrapped around a pointed cartridge  
and shot from a beautifully rare and well kept rifle.  
the three of us landing between the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup>  
circles. and the man places the rifle in a heavy  
case with velvet lining.  
at home cleaning the barrel, thrown away rags  
and this.  
and.

and i am memory at threshold, and threshold, and i will let my ending tell my story:

*his gravestone read:*  
*"when we swim we think of womb."*  
*his gravestone read:*  
*"i kept busy."*  
*his gravestone read:*  
*"i kept busy."*  
*his graces, his virtues:*

*“i never paid too much for anything.”*

*his gravestone was blank.*

*his gravestone read:*

*“very famous, very handsome, drooled too much.”*

*his gravestone read:*

*“unknown, poor, and where has he been?”*