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BOTTOM

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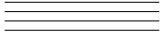
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B O T T O M



M A R T H A Z W E I G

You'll be among the first
to know. You will. You'll see:
waddling like an emperor's obesity
ahead of you, sunrise, the future.

In due time *too little & too late* engage
to marry. So shy, this pair; so much
the better to nuzzle & groom each other –
foster foundlings mutually taken-in.

And how will the years yet make me do
without a body? Not now, not for nothing, not
at all, absent its rods & cones, its propulsives
& obdurates, absent its membrane drums?

This too will end in tears. Squalls
hurling the timber snags, rips & chokes awash
crashing immense sobbing boulders: brown
rivers lurch upon them & where

does it end? Down
where? Down here.