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American Husband

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FLU SONG IN SPANISH

God of the bees, god of gold keys, god of all infamous noses, I folded our total in two today—I drove alone and I walked away (as if each mile up your hill were a letter in a word I'm inventing). So I stuck my head in a hole and stood. So far so. So far good. Now I wear that hole like a hood in a house of inscrutable signals.

God of the guess, god of the gap mind if I make you a martyr? If the sky says anything, it's everything! at once! (Nor did you answer my question.) So I stick my head in a hole and stand. So far so far. So far, grand. Sand in my pants and ants in the box, I wish there were bells for when I should stop. Show me the bell for when I should stop! (Not that I'd know when to ring it.)

Grant me the grace and I'll fix it. Shit. My father (that bitch!) he hides at the head of his third wife's table. The man says one thing then nothing. For months. (Though I've always been welcome to dinner.) So I stook my head in a hole instead. So far: slow car: a sofa bed. A brick in the back where he buries the dead. His task is her two daughters.

God of the aster, God of disaster, God of
charisma and risk: if a word and a wing
are the same stringy thing
then what in the world can I say?
The sign means too much: you translate
my hunch (there's no chance in hell today).
So I stick my head in a hole and drown. So far
lost, so far I found a bone-cutter's house
in a blood-lit town: I swear I'll tear your eyes away.

