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***Für* Bowser**
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FÜR BOWSER

The tops of the trees look like dog tails which is a thought I do not know what to do with before a thunderstorm. A little red car honks its little tinny horn. Children wearing pastel bike helmets look like pale insect babies. My dog used to go into the kitchen and sit and look at the dishwasher whenever it thunderstormed. It did it a lot where we lived. If you can call that living. It was more like a suspension in a colloid medium. Collie-oid. Beagle-oid. My dog was neither. This, he said, is evolution, but I forget what he pointed to. Something, uncomfortably, on my person, I believe. My nose like a finch beak specialized for Alpine climes? (Or climbs?) What was the name of that mountain in my grandpa's home town? Not the Matterhorn, I hope: glacier as Kleenex, an unhappy trope. Grosse Pointe?: no, although Raoul who hailed from there had quite the schnoz. The Perce Nez for whom the scent of uranium tailings and copper dross were too much? Then what? No matter. As in the supposed no-thingness inside us all, every atom its own vast mall. When I lie down and inquire of my left forearm how goes it, ça va in there, I perceive it to be happy. However, the emptiness that comes over me at the mall appalls. Space vs. spacey. Race vs. racy. Race music, thunderdome, pace car, game time, anglo hot under dogs, peace maker, cloud shaker. Soccer and ninepins in the heavens as that ole man goes rolling home: lightning means to give the dog a bone.