

Head

by Ann Bogle

Z. is asleep
Z. is sleeping
 soft on his Indian-
 and-blue-eyes face,
 bald as his Head,
 bald and personable
 as his one-and-truly prick.
Z. is atoned.
Z. is stoned.
Z. is in his 10th Step,
 exactly
 where he started.
Z. is fortunate,
 though not a son
 anymore.
Z. takes lewd
 suggestions
 with little blinks
 of his everlasting
 eyelashes.
Z. enters nirvana,
 not nervous,
 not envious
 of nervosa,
 not tanked.
Z. is about right.
Z. eats queens' greens
 for a side to his
 acorn squash
 and pork belly.
Z. misses Miss Ann.

