## Head

## by Ann Bogle

- Z. is asleep
- Z. is sleeping
  soft on his Indianand-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.