

Tumbleweed Suite

by Dennis Mahagin

The tumbleweed
resembles
some humans I have known,
none without
substance— only blown

—*blown*

blown.

* * *

Because a tumbleweed
will kill to have its dust, it spits out
the cotton,
and fills its stickery
lungs /

with another gust.

* * *

There are a few
fevers
in the Astrodome,
those tumbleweeds that got it
going on, get along
fine, anywhere
there in Texas
“little doggies”
they really are,
but none out dodging
Alpha Romeo cars,

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or clinging
to the undercarriage
of the finest
Fiat car,
cum brio, in late
fall, Rome,
sans wind,
sans rancor,
sans sand
or rain,
sans hate, ah
mio, there ain't
no Italian
tumbleweeds
at all.

* * *

Then a poor tumbleweed must scrounge up
a week's worth of half-assed
work again
on the set of a Hollywood
western,
with no idea
of transcendence,
female leads, Chef Boy
Ardee, Amsterdam,
nuclear
family . . .
the tumbleweed
makes itself scarce, heroin skinny
in winter.

* * *

When a tumbleweed stumbles
onto Twitter, the peeps roll

their eyes, point,
and snicker.

* * *

And I have known tumbleweeds to fly
standby
with Gordon's gin and gasoline at high school reunion
bonfires . . .
but they're all terrified of the ocean.

* * *

A tumbleweed that lands on Facebook spontaneously
combusts.

* * *

The tumbleweed has its own Wikipedia
page— one scratch
of the screen, and you blissfully sniff
the sage.

* * *

A mountain is a pretty good

ice maker
but the tumbleweed
often times believes
it's a whisk broom.

* * *

Two tumbleweeds
block in a bar, its splintered door frame
boarded up, long since blown out,
abandoned.
"We're the owners now," cackles
the one.

"Yes, we are," the other one hums.
Yes, we are.

* * *

Whenever Conscience speaks
with a divided, uncertain, and disputed voice
several dozen of them congregate, flying by
your basic traffic
Yield sign,
attack formation,
slap happy acrobats
whipping this way
and that

terrible
sirocco wind
of Burns, Oregon, hell
bent, don't have to prove
they're anthropomorphic,
and tell all your friends, when one of them
tumbleweeds hits dead center
the little triangle of cadmium within the rust
red of Yield first sort of cracks, then sighs,
ecstatically
dead again, and flattened
out at last (for now)
definitive, or at least

congealed.

