MECHANICAL BULL

RENNIE AMENT
HOW TO MAKE MILK

Coat the cow in calm.
Sing it a song

with blossoms. Where a girl
who smells like vinegar

sells violets. Pick
your version: make her die or find

wild mint by the side of the road.
give her a lover.

They touch each other
like a goat and toddler

at the petting zoo.
Toddler calls the goat pony.

Goat could use a strawberry
to rub its head against.
WE WERE SITTING. We were being. I was making
what the ancients called a rictus.
And we also call a rictus.
What’s our name.
Modern People.
And what do we want.
Wonder.
But mostly we’re erect
and have bipedal posture.
Some of us can raise one foot up like a statue horse.
To stand balanced intensely.
Or stamp beefsteak tomatoes.
Which will leave a unique mark.
And if you kill someone
they will enter those tomatoes into evidence.
So be careful.
When walking in the garden.
If thinking about murder.
When talking to a horse
it’s best to use your lowest sounds.
So the horse can hear you were once less upright
and pawed the ground.
Exactly like a statue horse
would do if it were being. Not marble.
Today’s fat as a ham. It’s hot. We walk past obsolete taxis. Let sunshine pat our pates. Finish our date with stone crab legs on paper plates. Then you send up a trial balloon by whipping Yuenglings at seagulls. And squeezing my arm you say, *Incredibly soft, the arms of bigger girls*. By sitting still I signal I sit still. My middle name is Company. Your Christian name is Company. We’re in business together and I have all the capital. I have the human feelings, I have the voice that goes up and down. You have the grift of pills you gift to people so they will like you. Let’s hone in on the facial recognition software sector. You just can’t do anything wrong if I am so nice and the day so edible.