War Catalogues

Soldiers collect & number:
pigment, hair, jade,
roasted meat, timber,
cum. The enemy’s
flute; the face

of an enemy
as he holds his young;
the enemy’s face the moment
it’s harmed. The woods

are a class in what
they can take. The country
is fat. We eat
from its side.
On the 4th of July in the Empire

The soldiers, as a joke, bring a pig on the plane, to tandem-jump with one of the dudes. Bucking, manpig twists through air

’til pig won’t / man can’t. Skin, socket, a tremble of teat. They tell me this in a bar right outside of these woods where old boys act-out a rape to teach war’s do’s and don’ts, slapping their hands together — Are you in on this joke? Do you love your country, Gypsy? Drink up before the animal lands.