

The Fire Sermon

Now I am the red clay leaching your lungs
in each breath of breaded flesh. One seeks
for a moment of feeling in barbeque sauce

and cold beer foamed like dog's breath, the pant
and the pantees. Desire swims in glass
bottles watered and swallowed with pieces

of pecan pie, and if you're a nut, you can't not be a nut.
Throttle down that throat, babe. One doesn't explain greatness;
one lets it drip from one's mouth.

— Michael Shea

