

## HE HEARD

He heard the knocking for a very long time  
but sat still in the darkened kitchen, chin in hand,  
unable to decide: was it that the house  
was not yet worthy of the guest, or was the guest  
not worthy of the house?

Through the basement and up the stairs  
the guest arrives  
riding a panther with golden eyes, the air  
is full of screeching, green parrots, peacocks,  
bees, blue-bottle flies.

The walls turn to water, turn to hazy wings that, turning,  
shine, and toss  
the primary colors. Her hair  
falls black, black, about her breasts.

Over the table, where  
the silver and the porcelain were laid  
the ape creeps, throwing wax fruit about  
and showing toothy gums.