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A Trip to the Museum of Modern Poetic Objects

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Owen McLeod

A Trip to the Museum of Modern Poetic Objects

We licked off the wheelbarrow's glaze, smashed
the blue guitar, made airplanes from pages ripped
out of *National Geographic*, February, 1918.

Wait'll we get our hands on that snarling buzz saw,
the convex mirror, the axe handle, the bee box,
the raisin, the fly, the uncut hair of those graves!

We were drunk the whole afternoon.
The galleries spun confusingly. Passed out
in Duffy's hammock, we floated like clouds.

On waking, we both said, *Fuck this place*.
But back on the street, we got caught in a storm
and sought shelter under the museum's eaves—

where we, green fuses from the concrete plain,
measured our hands against the spring rain.