Pigeons and...
Also by William Minor

tree on the outside (Coracle Press)
Pigeons
Pussy
Pigeons have no respect for
the institution of the language of men
and men have no respect for
the institution of the image of pigeons.
Pussy is not rooted in the world of prose
it is rooted in the world of pussy. The poetry
of pussy is in the presentation of pussy.
A man cannot stand
in the center of pigeons
without standing in
the center of something
that has never even seen a pigeon.
I like pussy
up real close
where all I can
see is the pussy.
Even when speaking of alien things, a poet speaks his own language, which is the language of pigeons.
Some pussy establishes a link between one continuous block of pussy and one that appears quite briefly.
An incomprehensible exchange between two images is an exchange between an image of two pigeons.
Pussy is a labyrinth of paths. You approach from one side and you know your way about; you approach the same place from another side and no longer know your way about.
The man standing and staring at the pigeons will soon be standing and staring at the sudden loss of pigeons, followed by the sudden loss of standing and staring at the loss of pigeons.
If we are to speak of the great pussy, let us speak of the eternity of the pussy and the generality of the pussy before we begin speaking of any specific pussy.
What does a woman have for a head
if what a pigeon has for a head is a head.
Through the window you could see all of the usual props of reality suspended in their usual spots. The usual spot for pussy is on the woman who has the pussy.