

Unidentified flying object

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I am thinking about angels again
I don't know why
if I had a pen I would scratch out
the eye of Hamlet the word is real but
what it suggests is circumstantial

metaphorical libidinous
I am suggesting angels but palm
trees suggest a certain kind of
theocracy among streetlamps
I have enslaved a lavender bush razed

a whole field of neglected pepper trees
the territory looks fine from here
they let Columbus rename even the flowers
I watch the eye of the storm descend
again and again on the Hoosier state

which gave us dentistry by which I mean
tooth-pullers using laughing gas to
torture the world's most lovely memoirs
on suffering and burying the war dead
I wouldn't have loved being an angel in

the afterlife if that means flying or
being a harpist or a blood machinist or
gale blaring music along the lines of
Stephen Foster tunes—a helicopter pilot
pumping *Ride of the Valkyries* and

slaughtering calves for just the fuck of it
wings bear the soundtrack of certain death
and this planetarium has been an industrial
graveyard simulator for generations
no matter what it says on the parchment

