What Everyone Is Secretly Afraid Of

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If I exploded and I lost my bits
And pieces, say they break, they drown, they fly,
What’s my response? I’d quake, I’d frown, I’d cry
With what was left to throw a string of fits.

What noise accompanies this type of blast?
A sonic boom? A crashing ocean wave?
A fallen rock resounding through a cave?
The world and all its ears would feel my last.

I think, should this occasion come,
(I’m sure it is the fear of every man,)
I’d find a wall behind which I could stand
To hide from shrapnel which was once my sum.

To fear God is to moan
much like a jealous almost-artist
in the presence of a mighty gallery
for the hand of the arm of the body of myself
is a sculpture of flesh, animated.
The bumps in the back, humps
on the camel, live dromedary
holding hinges for five firm worms
with hard hats each.
Each one the trunk of a tree, with deepening
rings of increasing old age,
all joining in outburst of flesh foliage;
palm producing the fruit of all my labors,
and criss-crossed canyons.
So then, to fear God is to wiggle my fingers madly.