

M K S U K A C H

Raising the Dogs of War

I'd start with a black bear and pare down
a massive kingdom surrounded by gardens of piked heads
kneeling surfs scrubbing paths of stone
trumpets carved from tusks announcing the arrival of great personage
the king rolling and fucking in his silky concubine
drudges hoisting gurneys of fruit and cakes and wine
enemies a thousand strong poised in the forest
blood stained blades gutting the sacrifice

I'd start with an obscenity
a fat man in boils
pointing to the battle on a map
the queen secreting away her only son
disguised as a beggar
a labyrinth of sewers
spilling into the sea
an old man's rowboat
and a week's rations
a storm of men panting
behind the tree line
fletchers tearing asunder birds for arrows

pulling taut the gut strain of winches
locking down the catapults
the bones of philosophers tossed in dungeons
as deep as the earth's core

I'd start with the truncheon
clinched in the blackened hands of lusty guards
siege engines and torture and lynching and bayonets and blazing villages
baskets of chum tossed from impregnable towers
sloshed in rattan baskets of the plagued below
I'd start with a lashing

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