

## Contract

We have a contract:

We, will walk upright.

You, will make the ground firm.

The earth do move.

It growls.

It shakes. Rat vertebrae snapping in a terrier's jaws.

Sixteenth century twenty seven decimal six kilogram cornice  
decries its freedom

vaults free

and begins its 32 feet per second per second.

This intricate delicate carving converts its momentum  
with a whispered cranium crushing  
skrotch.

Hand fitted

twice sawn

re-planed

*Meji* temple rocks, implodes,

settles gently to earth

pulling a quiet shroud of dust over itself

and 37 school children.

Slab of smoke plate glass sways,  
writhes free of its girdling neoprene,

cleaves,

vectors an unwary,

disemboweling; but denying the grace of *seppuku*.

We have a contract:

We, will walk upright,

the stomped on., the many, the broken.

Dixon 1-26-95