

Yawn

No one owns a yawn. Sometimes
it seems to be passed along
so you may think wrongly it is mine,
here, I give it to you. The same is true
of leading a person up to a waterfall
then unblindfolding her. You do not own
the waterfall to give and now neither does she.
To see a snake yawn explains
how he can swallow such larger-than-he prey
like a magician making his head disappear.
Due to the mandibular bone
constricting the external auditory meatus
therby tautening the tympanic mambrane
as a result of increased pressure,
yawning may inhibit hearing.

What huh?

It is 11:30 in the evening, night really,
under us like the passage of underground
conveyances: yawns.

None of them are green with red rings,
none of them are blue with green wings.
To look at an audience and see yawns:
horrible, even if you're singing lullabies.
In college I thought Theodore Dreiser
was trying to kill me but a yawner
is never fatal, there is no record
of a person turning from the tiresome novel
to the rain-tapped window,
yawning and living no more.
At least as attributable to the yawn.