

JOHN POCH

MOTTOES

Will can substitute for shall,
yet there is a difference.
The will of God shall
be the shell of your body
holding our child like a snail.

Your body is to love
what a helicopter is to a plane,
what the first submarine was to a wooden boat:
covert carriage to deliver.
You go forward with your blue vision
by going back to goldfinch or goldfish.
A policeman standing in the road
with blood on his hands never knew you.
But he serves you.

A yellow plastic egg under the couch.
Ungodly rpm's of the camshaft.
That a mosquito can think.
These are your mottoes. There are more.