

MITCHELL JACOBS

MEN

1. Men Running

Nowadays a man seldom chases a deer
until the deer collapses from exhaustion.
Often a man runs for no reason at all.
Even the most contoured of thighs
jiggle, gelatinous in motion.
Oxygen, sharp and hot,
shoots through each leg's
fractal of arteries.
Just over the horizon something quivers,
waiting to be cut open.

2. Men Standing

Their paunches push staunchly outward.
Their backs curve shyly inward.
Sometimes they forget they are creatures of nuance.
Inside their torsos, organs hang
like soft chandeliers.

3. Men Squatting

He is playing checkers, naked.
Bent at the knee, bent at the waist,
he folds in thirds like a rejection letter
written on crisp, heavy stationery.
His invisible intellect perches
atop the long worm of his musculature.
The tip of his genitals
traces in the sand a numeral
to be used in secret arithmetic.

4. Men Sitting

A man has dreams of a bare room
filled with circular porcelain stools.
His gluteal fat squishes against the flat seat
into a Rorschach blot.
Were someone able to look down at it
—even the man himself—he would say
it looks like a sort of butterfly.
But the shape is hidden by what makes it.

5. Men Lying Down

They would like to be hollow
as a chocolate rabbit
and, for that matter, made of chocolate
that melts from its own warmth
into the weave of the fleece blankets.
But their pelvises are protuberant.
Their spinal columns,
like overcooked shish kebabs, sizzle.
Some lie straight.
Some curl on their sides.
Some splay their limbs toward sleep
in erratic configurations,
as if their physiques might form the single key
to an ancient, now misshapen lock.