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## On the Death of the Director of the Queen Anne Commemorative Auditorium

I hold this blink bright drink because  
being dead we input anything. Already we  
can mix a cocktail out of vodka, blood and neon gas  
and nothing adverse will occur

except that you will also want one and spend the money  
your family burned at your gravesite or put on your eyes  
to acquire it before we even get to limbo and answer  
our thirsty intrigues, such as do I have to  
purchase toothpaste or is it provided? Another is:

will I sleep?

Also, I wonder, will I remember my loved ones  
even the ones still in hell and as I become a higher being  
will I retain my physical form in case Christ makes a second pass  
and sets them free I ask the dancers,

and the one who's read Dante says no second pass and no memories  
or no physical form and no desire  
because love of god will have vaporized  
all our unrich stuff until we're just the pure idea  
god had when he thought of us: what if I make a thing

that loves me like a dog? My job is to distract myself  
from thoughts like these, so as to keep  
from explaining to you the form of my daughter's body  
which was my idea

and who is dead. But who is here?!

The Rolling Stones Review of Satisfaction Dancers! They  
are rolling around according to choreography  
which represents my memories of love,  
One of the dancers  
is drinking a cocktail of sand and spit and writhing

around—with my art what I want to incite is: all of us swim back to hell,  
or otherwise reprogram this angel by turning him,  
then we storm the place, throw the ocean at it, and in the muddy ash

everybody digs out the soul they miss most or however many  
he can carry and then we all get back on the boat and fine,  
go to purgatory together. Someone suggest to me that everyone we love  
is on the ship already, in a different form. I don't believe you.  
Someone say maybe they're in heaven already— I'll remind you how long  
the line was.

I'm practical, which is why nights  
one of the six dancers from the Desegregation-Era-My-Guy-

Musical-Review eats a tank of liquid nitrogen and pretends  
to break on stage and then we put the pieces in a glass and  
the one to guess how many gets a drink. Only, next night  
the dancer's reassembled for the soul is immortal and we  
are all soul here except an uncomfortable thing

is happening since I swallowed the shards  
of a member of the Louis Armstrong Potato-Potato Band  
and even though he reoccurred I keep sprouting growths  
all over my soul-body some of whom clearly have names

and futures and some of whom are already ethereal, that is,  
some growths love god a lot as I am starting to, my daughter growth  
for example sings baby-jesus lullabies and about the lamp  
of my faith which wick I should  
keep clean at night when I pretend to sleep because

I always loved sleeping. I was hoping I'd get to do that  
when I died for a long time for instance forever.