

THE MAN WHO LOST HIS HEAD

He was leaning down when it fell,
toppled off like a too-ripe fruit,
which he caught in his hands.

Staring at it, amazed,
he turned it this way and that,
surprised at each different view.

"What could be done with it?"
he wondered. Then, on a whim,
he tossed it into the air

as a boy tosses a ball,
and caught it with one hand--
then, threw it up again.

The head hurt. Evidently
it was somehow still attached,
or how could he feel the pain?

Or as for that see or hear,
since the eyes were fixed in the head,
and on either side, the ears.

He sat for a while, thinking--
which proved what he already knew,
since thoughts all come from the brain,

which is in the head--this head.
Clearly, something must be done,
so he built it a glassed-in case

and set it on a pedestal,
which swiveled each way, so the ears
could hear, the eyes could see.

There was little else to be done,
for the head seemed to need no care,
and was never hungry or sleepy.

So there it sits on the stand
in the living room, doing whatever
a head does, while he tries to ignore

its presence, its obvious grotesquerie,
while going about his business
in the world.

