

I want to drive with you
To see the world's largest Roosevelt Elk herd
Off Highway 101, North of Eureka, California

I want to see some motherfucking elk!
To make up for a lifetime
Of broken highway sign promises:
Promising elk when there were none
Promising falling rocks when there were none
Promising gusty winds when there were none
Which cautioned to watch for wildlife
When mile after mile, there was none

I offer what the highway's torrid pace cannot muster
I will take you there
To Elk Crossing
Where we would ride horses
Out to see the elk
Because you told me loved horses
And I know of no other elk-viewing sanctuary
That offers them

And we would ride
You and I
Along the mountain forest ridges
That abut the ocean in this part of California
So glorious NASA trains its satellites upon us
To see two vast expanses of blue and green
And two pink specks,
Riding slightly larger brown specks
Smelling of horse
Searching for Elk

And we would ride
Down abandoned forest roads
Where we can stop
And make the world right for us again
One elk
One reconstituted promise
At a time

I want to drive with you
To see Paul Bunyon and Babe the Blue Ox
Over at the Trees of Mystery RV Resort
Just south of Crescent City, California

I would nuzzle the back of your neck
I would whisper
You'll always be my blue ox

Here, where evergreens smack
Into the continent's rocky edge
I am Paul Bunyon
You are a blue ox
And we don't dwell on the meanings
Of silly metaphors

I want to drive with you
Through Possum Hollow, California
Past the umpteenth roadside shop
Selling chainsaw-carved statuary
In the likeness of bears

You will look at me
As we drive by yet another
Carved-bear depository
And you will ask me:
"How many motherfuckers in the Northwest carve bears?"

I will stop the car
I will roll down the windows
I will yell:
"This goes out to all my bear-carving motherfuckers rustlin' chainsaws!"

And I will kiss you madly

Here, along the coast's crooked spine
Where the forest meets the sea
We will breath the impossibly clean air
Through our robust Paul Bunyon/blue ox nostrils
(We will smell vaguely of horse)

Your tail will twitch
I will set down my axe
We will sit on a bluff overlooking the surf
You will lay your blue oxen head in my massive lap
And we will count the elk, together

Highway 101 Revisited

Eitan Kadosh falls like a prom dress for beautiful women. His heart has been broken, bandaged, and broken again. He knows he is not easy to live with. He argues ceaselessly and maintains a love for malodorous housecats and fast shiny cars. He eats like a savage, flinging foodstuffs anywhere near his gaping maw. He's a prize. His mother thinks so. He once played "Big Ben" in a high school production of "Hair." He also won the National Poetry Slam and has been on a couple of television shows for his poetry. He has been on six game shows, but won only two. Love is a battlefield.

