

NO SPITTING UP

“People in glass elevators shouldn’t carry snow shovels,”
I said to Sheila, because we were in one with a lady who was.
I faced the closed doors, rejected the view of the city
without the slightest curiosity, because I already knew.
What if this woman with the shovel suddenly went crazy,
started flapping her wings like a chicken, like a fiend?
I wonder what Sheila is thinking just now, I wonder if she
has her eye on the snow shovel, how it can’t rest
in this glass elevator, how it is dancing inside of itself
and making me dance. No one’s paying the least attention
to the tension between me and that shovel, that shovel
and that window, that window and me.

A poem that begins with a broken proverb, and a linguistic sleight of hand, NO SPITTING UP is caught in an elevator and trying to give instructions at the same time:

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I said to Sheila because we were in one with a lady who was.”

Hilarious. Wistful. A model for how to mix up the world until you can see straight.

- Frances McCue