

## **Bob Heman** – Three Prose Poems

### **INFORMATION**

The music was the wrong size to fit inside of the plot. Even if its head was shaved and its spurs removed it still would not fit. They had to cajole it so it would stay at all. But it was the only mirror they could find to use. It grew angry if its tail was touched, or if it was imitated by the poultry. It grew angry too if it was given a name too soon. No one could be found who could understand its branches, or the things that grew there. There was no one who could measure it without allowing its fluids to escap

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They were expected to listen but they had no ears. They were expected to watch but they had no eyes. They were expected to sleep but their legs never allowed them to rest. When they imitated speech it contained no meaning. Instead it was only a trail they were expected to follow.

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I want no credit that isn't due me. I want the moon only if it is permitted. I want the color green when it isn't alive and the color blue when it is. I want a word that can be repeated without changing. I want a woman who didn't just happen, and an animal that wasn't just drawn on. I want to be folded into your dreams.

**Bob Heman** 's prose poems have been anthologized in *A Cast-Iron Aeroplane That Can Actually Fly: Commentaries from 80 Contemporary American Poets on Their Prose Poetry* (MadHat Press), in *An Introduction to the Prose Poem* (Firewheel Editions), in *The Best of the Prose Poem: An International Journal* (White Pine Press), and in *Escape Wheel* (great weather for MEDIA).