

Bob Heman

Information

Confuses God with Satan, even though their plans are not the same. Thinks the word that is said is the only word that can be said. Understands that the forest is only a response to the sky, that the man is only a response to the woman. Is left alone to think about these things.

Information

Only five potions are available to him to cure the lepers, the amputees, the men who dream of bridges. He is not allowed to use the fire he extracted from the women. He is not allowed to use the machine that is hidden in the corner. He is not allowed to use the words that are buried in his mind. He is not allowed to start over.

Information

It is about the experience that it gives you. That is its meaning. The mailbox filled with popcorn is no more than that. It is the reason there are pockets. The reason that you are able to find a voice in the forest, in the ocean, in the animal that is always silent. The reason there is counting long after there is nothing more to count.

Bob Heman's prose poem "Perfect" is included in *A Cast-Iron Aeroplane Than Actually Fly: Commentaries from 80 Contemporary American Poets on Their Prose Poetry* (MadHat Press, 2019).