

## YAKTSIWIYWALT

you recognize this  
sorta sketch of a man  
as withered as beef jerky – as humble as bone  
half finished & half rendered  
you think you know him  
& then ya don't

pointing, he gestures, "look, look at the half finished people who've come to see the art – how in the world did you convince your father-in-law to tag along? Isn't he missing the game?"

when Giacometti debuted this sculpture, three separate people were injured by its protruding finger, all of them in the eye, all of them on a Monday. This is why most museums, and even hip galleries, are closed on Mondays

you already know this  
so I won't insult you  
with a literal translation

the complete life  
is a mosque of sketches; unfinished dates  
and out-of-office messages, sub-prime parking jobs and iPods filled with iThangs; spilled & downloaded & streaming & hoarded

I've sketched myself  
again & again  
on the white paper of stomachs  
on the tomorrow of a remodeled kitchen  
& we're never complete

so then

on & on these sketches of men & women  
come to see the sketches of others

relentless engines searching for hurt