

OTHER BOOKS BY STUART ROSS

A Hamburger in a Gallery

Further Confessions of a Small Press Racketeer

Our Days in Vaudeville

(with 29 collaborators)

You Exist. Details Follow.

Snowball, Dragonfly, Jew

Buying Cigarettes for the Dog

Dead Cars in Managua

I Cut My Finger

Confessions of a Small Press Racketeer

Hey, Crumbling Balcony! Poems New & Selected

Razovsky at Peace

Farmer Gloomy's New Hybrid

Henry Kafka & Other Stories

The Inspiration Cha-Cha

The Mud Game

(with Gary Barwin)

The Pig Sleeps

(with Mark Laba)

Guided Missiles

Smothered

Wooden Rooster

Father, the Cowboys Are Ready to Come Down from the Attic

A SPARROW CAME DOWN RESPLENDENT STUART ROSS POEMS



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ADUL AND THE MAGIC BOOK

Young Adul is sitting in the field reading a book. The book is about a young boy who sits in a field and reads a book. The sun is hot. From somewhere in the village trickles the faint sound of music. Adul's father plays a horn. Suddenly the book goes dark. At first Adul thinks he forgot to charge it and it has run out of electricity. Then he remembers the village has no electricity and his books are made of paper. Therefore it is just that he has been obliterated by a bomb that missed the village. He knows the village has survived because he still hears the music. Adul flaps his arms and rises into the air. He passes some neighbouring countries, then finds himself over the ocean. Soon he is landing in the United States of America. There are big moving pictures stuck on the sides of buildings that are taller than the tallest tree that Adul has ever seen. The streets are filled with cars and trucks. There are neither animals nor plants. Children travel by jetpacks and their books run on batteries. Soon Adul arrives at an armament

factory. He is so small the man at the door doesn't see him brush by his knees. Inside a man is at a desk. Adul peers up at him and says, "Can you unmake the bomb you dropped on me so I can finish reading my book? Also, I have to clean out the hens' cage or my mother will be unhappy." To the man behind the desk, Adul's language sounds like a crazy chimpanzee. In a country to the north that Adul has never heard of his language would sound like a chimpanzed. I have placed a cheap joke in a poem about the death and misery caused by Western imperialism. To compensate, I will make Adul alive again, sitting in his field, reading his book to its very end before he tends to the hen droppings. He has never flown. He has never seen a building higher than two storeys. In the distance, he hears the music of his father's horn. I open a beer. Suddenly my beer goes dark.