

TOM CULL

DEER STATUE (SPRAY FOAM OVER WOODEN FRAME)

Hunter's Haven, Wingham, Ontario

I eat Greenline Jade,
shit tinfoil.
The trucks roll by,
blare AM 920—
FOB the farm.
Camo comes and goes.

I've lost limbs in midnight fumes,
baseball bats and the boys shit-drunk.
Kill the lights, make it quick.
Thing looks like a deer fucked a Corgi.
Whoso list to hunt?
I am insulation—
hit me again, again, again.

I see the buck in the back
of the truck: tagged, bloodied
muzzle. Yesterday you nosed
soft May mud,
scanned the corn fields,
shivered ticks.
From what crick did you
raise your head, when they
began to push the bush?

They turn you inside out,
tan your hide, slip
your face over foam
mounts, attach antlers
glue glass eyes—nail you
to a mudroom wall.

I am insulation—R-value.
The man brings the ladder
to re-attach my ear;
the birds in the spruce trees
line their nests with my eyes.

AUTO EROTICA SERIES: CAR COMMERCIAL EKPHRASTICS

#1: TOYOTA CAMRY

On-board navigation cuts
like a river through
topographical hills.
The hawk
has sunroof eyes—
the child spies Wunderkammer
out every window,
I see trees of green, red roses too . . .

In nature, deer
come out of nowhere.
Dad always hits the brakes in time:
the 6-year old in the back
locks eyes with a stag—

I once winged
a doe after shinny.
We waited together
quietly on the road.
The cop came
dragged it to the ditch
by its ear and unholstered
his gun; after,
I cut its throat to bleed
out for butchering,
boxes of pepperettes we ate
with beer after
home games.

Hear the singer's
hickory-smoked voice
soundtrack the encounter;

the child follows the deer
safely into the bush, *oh,*
what a wonderful world.

#2: LINCOLN AVIATOR

Matthew McConaughey cruises
through pink-purple smoke; surveys
shark silhouettes circling, calmly
cradles the steering wheel.

He catches his reflection in the rearview
mirror: an ensemble cast of former
roles rolled up into one character
playing actor Matthew McConaughey.

Oh Matthew McConaughey!
Taste of tan and sand and glossy
cigar magazine, of *amped up,*
over-tuned, sheet metal feeding frenzy.

Matthew McConaughey
catches me, balled up
on the couch, chip-stained,
receding gums—gawking.
Son, he says in that Southern drawl,

you don't bring a tree
to a chainsaw fight.

#3: CHEVY SILVARADO (SUPERBOWL COMMERCIAL)

A truck emerges from rubble
like a sniper out of tall grass,
rolls through a junkyard
apocalypse: fallen robots, crashed
UFOs, Mayan calendar headlines,

smoke and fire. Inside the king cab,
man and dog listen to Barry Manilow:
Looks like we made it.

At the centre of town,
five trucks park in a circle
The men get out, gravely
greet each other. “Where’s Dave?”
the first man asks. An older man
stands in front of his vintage
Chevy, shakes his head,
“Dave drove a Ford.”
Another holds out a box: “Twinkie?”
The men smile at one another.
Frogs fall from the skies.
The whole world is a man cave.
Looks like we made it.