

### **Nodding Donkey\***

A mildewed, citrine Rothko fades  
vertically down to a dark horizon.  
The sun is setting on Crenshaw.

I make a right onto La Brea,  
somehow parallel to where I started,  
continuing the search for Korean BBQ.

Silhouettes of pump jacks churn  
tired remains of dinosaurs.  
I imagine the unending vibrations,

which reminds me of the warm  
gadolinium pulse in my right arm—  
the humming MRI tube, cocoon.

A specter whispers  
through static, speaking in throbs:  
*lost*

*lost late.*

Looking down the length of my body,  
I see the technician between two soft orbs—  
her mouth is moving, eyes wide.

I would nod back, but  
my head, wedged wadded inert,  
absorbs.

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\* A euphemism for the over-ground drive for a reciprocating piston pump in an oil well.