

**AG: Knot**

A silverfish long & combed  
has fallen on a map spread  
out on my carpet floor.

It twitches, hops like something  
hot in the hand, it slides the  
winter sidewalks into gutters  
where the map has been folded.

It is like a man with a moustache  
who will not die in Germany  
over & over, he will not die there.

**GB: Not**

Anything I write here will not  
be as good as the take-down in  
Artie's poem. I'd say that silverfish

dropped from his hair to the  
map on that floor, but he was bald  
and what's more, hopped pretty well  
himself. That guy in Germany?

He was alive before any of this  
happened, and he'll be around  
when there isn't an insect to be found.