

**MATT SALYER**

**The Boy in the British Museum**

Cataloged: a child and a stone child  
neverland: the crowd of cupids,  
claw-chiseled; speedracers drag  
the coarse grain of a last lap; a lone  
horse gags, buck-wild on the bridle.

Everything is Circus Maximus twee  
for the gods, and every hungry son  
of a bitch in Rome loves a dead driver,  
buys those racecar beds from blue boys'  
rooms in the Sears catalog.

Perhaps this explains the custom of carving  
little sarcophagi with lost races,  
leaving the bright flags and gilt dolphin  
lap markers rough, the cupids half-relieved,  
the rock rock. All decent customs

have these silly calculi. Take elegy.  
You make the bed, arrange the busywork  
of games, lump the toys in nightlight,  
and say goodnight: goodnight moon,  
goodnight little room, toys, monsters,

hush, and little monsters say goodnight.