



## Wedding

The ceremony over, every room  
becomes a changing room

and the new suits are swimsuits.  
A bell tolls so movingly, it's clear

something unalterable has occurred.

The dock dives and recovers  
from boys jumping.

The plain sun includes a black strain—  
an excess of directness.

From the shore, splashed  
and squealing, the girls feel

unharmmed  
and steal buds from the branches.

## A Somewhat Chirico Weekend

I drew toasty breaths on the beach as one draws a sword, with Kendra in short sleeves, the two of us tossing our thinned sandals down starting from a green plausible log sticking down into the sand. What was pronounced was not done so all that sexually, as we know the difference. We uptook a small search ending in finding the final sandal hidden in a coral bouquet. Years suddenly went by earlier Kendra mentioned on the slow second-heavy morning and it was added to that winter is a secret no one knows today. She was carrying on about the living of life and there was no way around it we found within the enigma of the hour. I lifted a board into the black window of a bad fortunate house with and without charm and furniture respectively. In a color puddle empty coral shells showed off and water snails crawled over rocks wondering what they can and managing.

Lucky

This is where I stand  
in the yellow grass  
knowing of death  
what only a living man can.

Please do send more warm clothes  
on the other hand, keep them, forget it  
I am warm enough as I have noted  
above.

To be liked is really asking more  
than to be loved. And cheaper.  
Two cars pass—colliding gusts  
of nothing and something.

## My Elk

I hoped he wouldn't notice me up on the deck  
right away so I could admire his gentle steps

his careful hooves lifting and planting  
on the uneven ground of my woody backyard.

I hoped he would behave as any sophisticated elk should  
introducing himself and telling me his business

hovering through the weeds  
and upturned sticks, having the pointed teeth

of the sun brush his coat without a word.  
I'm glad he didn't see me facing east

and waiting for his address after such an entrance.  
His glassy eyes kept their distance, the stare

of blindness rolled over from a past life.  
When he began to speak, he spoke about nothing

hopeful, only some verses on his elbowy antlers,  
how they're as ancient as love, his eyes

as blind. I didn't dare to yell.  
I combed my hair with a brush

I produced from the inside pocket of my jacket  
and must have scared him off with my busyness.

He leapt step by step into the wilderness, graceful  
as if his antlers were tied up with invisible strings.