

FAUNA:

four poems

La Liga

Poor Zidane out there on the soft grass . . .
alone in his body. Socks up
to his kneecaps: white, & massed
as if dressing two wounds. He cupped

the hip-bone of another man
in moving past. I saw it with my own eyes.
The jersey wreathed his torso like an argent gown.

This one who smiles
is capable of a brawl. Smooth, discrete,
these giants. They'll have to lay their palms
about his skull.

Black Eye Sonnet

Give me some wine when you open the door.
I was happy walking here; saw a light
beneath the snow. The body goes on in
time, but not desire—it touches down like

rime & is gone. It isn't evidence
of anything. I was happy walking;
saw the straining of the tracks' ties: their lift
under the train's heat. I sang: *Don't you want*

to know what kind of dog's after you? I
do—your tree's lit up like a crucifix.
Behold my contusion; you understand:
she dawned on me while I was still alone.

She danced with both her hands behind her back.
She put me in the shade because I asked.

Butchery

Giant—I am that—
sun between my shoulder-blades—
today's aimless stroll
took me up to the high school
where once we stalked the bare field.

In those photographs
we are not betrayed one ounce
capacity-wise,
having both cradled warm birds
upside-down before the stump.

It's stalled, my leaving.
Who I cannot live without
remains to be seen.
Standing in the gap-toothed air
the wind was warm, hair-raising.

Courtesan

Sifter—
I'm a sifter—
no real kisses for me—
no real sisters for me—an arc,
an ark.

Walk my
self around like
a dog I'm not keen on.
Poodles, at one time, were the sign.
Trawling

that dog
through the district
was all one had to do
to identify oneself: a
soiled dove.

Shameful
to be good at
the job. Betray myself
if I come. Do I? It's you I
conjure

& you're
pure, a person
made of gold—what we went
West for—ride with me, please, to the
auberge.