

What Place Is This to Hold Us
-a response to Quarantine

Deciding to stay west of the marsh –
Thus exposed – in the clearing
with the corn
stalks bent acutely down, pointing

angularly towards soil,

it struck me how Nordic I felt
and how comfortable the impending
frost makes my heart. Spring

is here in this town of eight thousand

souls. Resigned souls, manifested

as scabbed claws raking through

original land,
churning to air
those white and wormy roots
just about to curl and disintegrate

in the last month of winter.

May He Rest, Great Poet

eyes, eyes
with a corm for an iris; sprouting from the swollen pupil
a yellow crocus snuggled in stem leaves,
stalk for vision,
turning cranium into potted plant

and underneath

a poised stamen, brimming anther, bulbs
where June Bugs snuggle in dirt

the subtle biological ignition of creation and loss,
the taste of a flower before the pluck

until above emerges

constellated heroes
of Greek and Latin
thinkers and thespians, archers and athletes... and maybe somehow

romantic Byron mad for the shapes
of women and Swiss mountains,

while out there

the Moon, drinking
on the rise,
dips its lunar mouth through
the sea, lapping up wet Life

Brothers, Eagles

two boys, neckerchiefs
red white and of course blue

Three fingers to the forehead
for the colors in procession.

I'm slightly in front of him,
So his saluting hand appears
Like the stub of a wing out of
My left shoulder.

I'm still taller then, looking
Proud, all American – upper lip curled,
Four teeth shining, hair the shortest
And sharpest ever in my life.

My brother is distracted, head cocked
Towards me as his soft eyes follow
Perhaps a tenderfoot out of line, jaw barely
Slack, complexion perfect, highlights in his
Hair. He's got a pen above his
Agnus Dei medal – *Be Prepared*

50 years maybe 60
this shot'll be an heirloom
and we'll be old men

or memory.