

## A Dying Actress Reads The Bible

Again, or even for the first  
time, you prepared another one

of those *emergencies*. We know  
how it turned out, naturally.

The chance to mime behaviors  
of more complicated animals

always turned up well ahead  
of us. At twenty-three you had

never lived that slow spring of  
an ordinary woman. God and I

imagined that day—the terrible  
truth is that we've lost.

Wonder is a Wooden Leg

Tonight, beneath pores of steam I sat  
still in a pond imagining your lungs.  
(we can not wait on science to show  
us something scientific) there's just

too many sprigs to gnaw in twos and threes.  
(If we're not too careful heaven will  
leave us low, or worse) in beautiful

ripe fields where rulers rip  
at explanations. You bend mystery with slivers  
built on both of us. Strangers told us we

could never handle another fall; so God  
please know we can't just be your sweet  
mistakes.

Providence (Freedom has Come and Gone)

People talk to heaven  
like it's glass; made  
to mend and bend--

never. Can you hear  
God again? He's calling  
on my own *free*  
will.

Again we start  
to be another wild  
ghost to make you free  
us from ourselves.

There is *there*,  
and is that all?

Funerals, then funeral?

Funerals echo  
(catastrophe)

towards  
(whatever this is--)

us all.

We're made  
born to vanish

like the Maldives  
below the Indian.

## Caterpillars

The vein caterpillars up,  
sucks it down through a glass

straw, then we vanish. Its bliss,  
by the mean of memory can not

be resurrected, only performed.  
Perhaps no different from death

since itself, too is unimaginable. Others pick  
and choose but I can't.

Angels visit through the doors, observe  
the war, (discuss the next) then move

on by foot—wingless as always. While  
leaving, one articulates '*effort*'. *Farther*

wins out each stretch. The photograph is said  
to depict a sturdy image of time—So will I.