

I've nails

I've nails in my wall.
I've nails near my ceiling.

I've seen nails in clusters
maybe to run someone's tomato vine.
I've found straightened nails
as if nails once mattered.

I've found nails in quarter-inch gypsum.
I could have pulled them out with a potato.
I've seen nails pointed down
as if gravity once went the other way.

I might keep a good nail
and put it in my nail bowl.
Sometimes I just throw it in the woods
like an old wedding ring.

I've found nails inside walls
maybe to hold someone's bag of nails
but nothing is hooked.
It's just a nail.

Nails are pragmatic.
Nails have a reason.
But these pointless nails:
on top of lintels,
behind sinks,
under sills,
between rafters.

I just want to know why you're here, nail.
I just want a little documentation
like an appendix with references
or a small film.

So, I'm adding notes to all my nails:
This one, I'll say, I put up on Tuesday to hang a picture of my first cousin.
These two nails, I'll write, held a string of holiday cards.
This one, I'll explain, flagged a poured footing.

And in a thousand-million years
when they find my nail

and my etched note,
they'll know it was for a colander.

Hey mole

Hey mole,
let me have a worm.
I'll water the ground
and plant worm-loving verge.
I'll keep the mole eaters out
and never pour a footing.
Just let me have a worm.

Hey mole,
let me stay underground.
I'll lose my eyes
and start hearing.
We'll skim just below the surface.
You curl to the right and I'll twist to the left.
And together we'll do the mole dance.
Just let me stay underground.

Sleeping in puddles

Sleeping in puddles.
Even after so many puddles,
I still start off with my butt in the air
trying to sleep dry
until I give up
and rest wet.

The ground is down,
and this rain is still up.
Too soon they'll meet
for puddles.

I used to map puddles,
but puddles have these soft borders
and squirm all over the place.
Puddles are slippery things.

It's like digging for puddles.
Earth wants to stay,
and water plans to mix
for puddles.

I guess I'll go
and just go to sleep
in puddles.

I hear it behind that tree

I hear it behind that tree.
It's like rain hitting bark
or dens underground.

I know trees are stationary creatures
and stand as honest as a nation.
But that pine buries its roots
and hides behind its bark
like cinnamon masking pepper
or pages covering hidden pages.

I hear it.
That roar.
It's like needles hitting needles
or crocheted twigs crisscrossing crocheted branches,
like wind peeling air
or you combing hair.

It's there.
I know it.
Like a fast little note
or a highway rumble.
That start.
It's like rocks running rocks downhill.

Whenever I drop my keys
or think of first grade,
I hear it.
It's like onions knocking potatoes,
like things underground.

I found a chrysalis on my elbow

I found a chrysalis on my elbow,
and now I can't arm wrestle
or crawl under barbed wire.
I can't wear slings or long sleeves
and have to watch the scratching.

I pick off aphids every morning
and have to listen for wasps.
I stay away from collectors
and people who notice blemishes.

I stood outside,
and rain hurts.
So, taking a shower is safe.

I watched a bush,
and stems really shake.
So, swinging my arm is okay.

I should see a doctor,
but I don't feel that sick.
I might go to a scientist,
but nothing is too puzzling.

I found a second chrysalis on my elbow.
I only need ten to fourteen more days.
I can't lie on my back
or wrap up in a blanket.
I have to be careful of mattresses.
So, sleeping is exhausting.

So, I bought a harness
and found a good pole.
Together the pole and the harness help me stand
and avoid all armrests.