

The Over and Over Video

The same weather would rearrive,
stack itself in
piles rather than only hang
as it seems so now to do.
Keep worriless, this is no activism whatever.
Movies the size of a deck of cards have me weep.
A child jumps into the thousands or millions, hood
pushed over his eyes, sinking down to
the cold ground, if millions
frozen. He never fears dreadfully
suffocation, to
be below the hills as they unhinge.
Even under it winter
could never be so terrifying.

Quenched

We sit in the nave as a child
laughs in a nearby room, meaning
nothing of a child in a nearby room,
of the strangeness going on here.
We pass many exits on US-23,
one of which I see particularly from
when I was a child, though I don't remember where
we used to take it.
A blue vase painted with
small white doves has an entire woman inside of it.
She is aged completely.

The Brother

"My eyes are full of yellow bricks. There are dry tiny horses running in my veins."

—Barry Hannah, *RAY*

He moved out to Montana to live in the shadow of a horse.
He sat under it and it sat over him like a big chair. Always
the cool side of the sun. Nobody was anywhere.

One evening he started scooting backwards
and soon he wasn't all in the shadow anymore. His hair had made a shadow of its own
a dark bush on the dry grass
but he wouldn't look back. Why look away from the mighty horse

glowing like a heavy cloud. He kept scooting back
til the sun warmed his forehead and he kept on
til it poured over his eyelids. He opened his eyes finally when the sun was at his neck but
too late came quick and his head caught fire.

The shadow of this looked only like steam.
By the time the train passed again he had already fell into a black pile of powder
the horse standing over him tall as a tree.
The boys always press on the glass at sights like this

then something else draws their eyes away.

The Shark

He stands beyond the wall,
as is custom, helping his people,
the same place from which he once told me
that he had contented himself to live only critically,
as he had recently understood necessary,
to the response: isn't it preferable
to live passively and urgently
as one submits to life, hoping that
in times of urgency one may be urgent, and
in times of comfort and neglect
one may breathe deeply and let that be it?
Coincidence of human and luck.
He tamps grounds into a brittle puck,
calls to a young girl beyond the wall
telling her of the horse animal, how
it is one of so very few whose stare alone
will cause a man's neck hair to stand on end.
I think to myself, how many men
without wandering the eyes of toothy beasts
have ever spoken so boldly across this room?
Not once have I confronted the bear, but the shark:
it took all my hairs in its thousands of types.

Intelligence

Intelligence is a fine thing,
the worst thing we can know of.
And who knows?
One day we might right claim it! O
and by that time we'll certain be
something of a princess,
standing over the steaming cabeza
of our work, simply pointing
at the mighty things,
turning them to the smaller,
mightier things.
It might all be so easy
with intelligence.