

## Landscape

I like the way  
lamplight makes the page  
of the book  
I'm reading gleam.  
A wild vanilla with  
crazed insects wobbling  
into my mind.  
I start to close  
the book  
and night appears,  
sheep stranded high  
on the outcropping.  
Between the pages  
is the everdark valley  
of no language,  
where words cross over  
hurriedly to reach  
the other side.  
I put the book down,  
the words don't fall out,  
or over themselves.  
They are locked in place,  
like fresh eggs in their  
cartons, asleep  
and dreaming of speech.

## Second Vision

Too many eyes, too many things to see.  
Twin cathedral steeples, nipples  
erupting from the breasts of God.  
Signs falsely proclaiming pizza is both  
original and Italian.  
Conversations boomerang off bent elbows,  
mismatched words litter avenues.  
Briefcases, laptop attache cases,  
bag lunches, boxes of pizza for one:  
FedEx will not deliver your life  
or you from it.  
Clouds invade your shoes,  
your pockets full of gray money,  
handfuls of anxiety fall out of your hat.  
Afraid to go home, afraid of the continual fear,  
drowning in the comfortable couch.  
Going to sleep naked,  
one sheet, one blanket,  
2,738 dreams you won't remember.  
Morning is a roving wolf,  
eating the bones you forgot.

## Eating Molly's Pie

It was a sunny morning,  
sky of flour and butter.  
I went out to eat  
some of Molly's pie,  
came away fuller than the moon.  
It was noon like turtles lounging.  
I went out and had some more  
of Molly's pie.  
I left the desk,  
overturned the timesheet,  
went out like a thunderstorm.  
I looked in corners where butts are thrown,  
looked at signs like forgotten face cards,  
looking for Molly's pie.  
Close to midnight  
down by the river,  
Hungry Davy was there,  
eating the last of Molly's pie.  
I cried up, all the way through my hair,  
wanting some of Molly's pie.

Klismos

(4th Century Greek chair, perhaps the first of Western civilization)

Ladies, be seated.  
Rest in elegance and wait for the news.  
Your husbands are in the fields,  
or fighting for Athens.  
When Rome ascends,  
when Saint Peter visits,  
he will be crucified but leave a seat  
for his crude descendants.  
But this will be hidden, kept secret  
from the tillers and the potters.  
They will have curved backs,  
broken backs, will lack support.  
Castle residents will know the comfort,  
the tribute from the fields, the gathering laws.  
Conquistadores will bring saddles  
and crucifixes to a world reclining.  
They will join with missionaries  
to bring enlightenment and germs.  
All the world will be seated:  
To work, to learn, to take rest.  
What wondrous device will ennoble us?  
How will nature uncivilized devolve?  
We will lose our legs, take on those of wood,  
carved with faces straining under the weight.  
Our backs will weaken,  
our eyes forget the wide vistas scouting danger,  
our minds will turn more quietly.  
We will be soothed.  
The oceans are crossed while we stand  
before the compass, afraid to sit and  
not see the upright horizon.  
These new lands have knowledge  
of running and resting,  
but we bring strange new instruments  
lacking harmony with nature.  
Forests are hacked down,  
the wood is shaped into towns,  
houses and their possessions,  
legs and spindles hold us in place.  
Intricacy and detail envelop our bodies,  
stiffnecked we suffer the hardness  
of where we sit.  
The plains and rivers hold freedom  
like butterfly wings hold the sun,  
we seek the prairie grass to burn.  
The western shore is gained  
but there is no rest for our business,  
still we are straight-backed.  
Leisure is acquired with sweat

and now we can know comfort  
of leather, of upholstery,  
feathering our labors.  
Finally, we sit: collapsed,  
to think of new inventions,  
made for human bodies.  
New devices take craft  
and they have arms, levers,  
footrests and let us dream.  
All in beautiful reveries,  
we take our seats.