

A Heartless Procedure's Your Matter of Opinion

You say that like the wind
doesn't speak wind chime,
like you wish
penicillin hadn't won.

How am I supposed to love something
that hides its name from me?

We got there and couldn't find
a place to park,
the poet had his chest open
and it kept beating
all over the empty parking lot.

I'm trying to do this
with both hands
he said, hold still.

I held a compress
out to him, he roared
and we could see the strings,
the sawdust coming down,
backlit into snow.

The Number of Hives Before We Panic's Your Matter of Opinion

I tell the underbrush
to get ready
and start counting down
from wetlands to one hundred.

I tell the zombies
to get ready,
that there will be brains
enough for everyone;
threaten to sing them
the Jesus song
about patience (not gopher-bark).

I tell myself to get ready;
this is going to hurt,
like leaving the arboreal
to forage on the plains,
that time our eyeballs changed
to navigate open space.

Hold my hand now, don't cry
or make a sound, the voices
are entering the house.

Be very still and listen
for them to search the basement.
It's a game, it's only
a short train ride.

We'll make our own country.
Your father has gold
in the bottom of his suitcase.

The telescopic lens
of Voyager still sends us
a perfect roundness
we could live in,
light years away.

My Inside Voice Is Your Matter of Opinion

I turned my hands
away from you that spring
as a kind of joke.

A season's worth of pan-handles'
scalded threats
turned inward,
coiled and senseless.

Look at me, I'm springtime
I'd say, stand behind you.

Let my hands decay
and spread their fingers.
Let the punchline of my body
move into the storage unit.

You can stay with your sister.
We can all laugh.
Even the seed cones of your arms
held inside the husks of mine
will seem funny. You'll
look back and...

We'll all look back
and...One day you'll think
back on this and...
At the end of the day, we'll all look
back and...Looking back
on all this, I stop
to think, and try
to keep in mind...