

## **Treaty Room**

Convalescung  
in the treaty room  
Fig wood, little sun.  
We grew, simply pinned  
Arithmeticked to the edges.  
Every acre of tucked bedding  
Our jeweled dollhouse schoolroom.  
Move here fewer enemies  
To drag out cellared thoughts.  
To order them  
In warm gulf islets  
Broadcast in wish.

## **Jet Set**

Shaft light slots their corridor

Among the darling gray blocks.

All dust jacket  
Columned like the narrowest

marrow of window light, sifting  
Through tar and salt marred panes.

(a soil dark habit) all damsel eyes adrift.

For these jet set I  
Turn half their apocryphal

Glitter to August blond straw.

## **News Boy**

The emissaries' heart  
Dries on the platen of the

Printing press  
Curing in the cleansing sun.

Crazyhorse alone in the root cellar  
Not to succor the blond beast

But to make presentation food  
Out of mouthfuls of earth.

Shaped like last minute bunker  
Pills stored between

The gum line and teeth.

## **Semaphore Land**

A naturalist set to study the rural economy  
and agrarian reform.

Loves sketching and bas-relief.  
Took a watercolor set with him.

Here some orange (the colorist) and some  
sapling green, here some soviet gray.

Renders a tableau: lemon gold within bluish haze,  
a gleaming, spectral horizon.

Renders his rest among fawning girls,  
pillowed, midday, under their calming aegis.

Renders the lemon golden grain and everyone is full.  
(the banisters burned to the hillside)  
Paints the fawning girls, the blossoming semaphore land.

## **Room**

Spread through plural winter.

A room.  
North wall ruled in even measure.

Moss to its ether door.

Jupiter window opens  
on the kingly cold.

Carillon sound.  
And attic, a mile of silver air.

To wend through, tens or more  
queued aside the layered wall.