

The Wind

Sometimes when grief is at your hand and the rest of you is all,
then out of the wind flies some nostrum for owls, and you are its trees.

Out of the wind comes a smack of wheat, a white bowl, and a thirst for apples.

Out of the wind, wild and ultimate, which you will wrap, I guess,
around your intolerance with wings.

When rakes are in your eye and the field is about your potato
and momentum digs a skull in the hollow of your bell then

out of the wind time fires a ditch and stains everything in such leaves.

Out of the wind, the held-back wind which lies about the gathering of dusk.

And the yule-wind, skidding down legs of shame, and the wind of hair that burns
over the eyes of the self-healed.

The west star war wind and the brain filled with wind and the wind of a boom
town being eaten at by majority.

Out of the wind of blasted steel and out of the wind turning down lamps and kindling
and out of the wind in the room and the wind lashing about the humor of beds,

and out of the wind rising with ducks to smash swans in the grass for torture,
and out of such rain whose dogs are its fire.

The Debate

Town: What makes you think all these things have voices?

Road: I believe that's correct.

Turd: Shut up, I'm trying to roll.

Shadow: The pilgrimage has begun in my eye.

Soldier: The fact that dogs can hear them.

Town: Well, why don't you answer?

Long After The Fall Of Communism

I stopped my run and dropped my shoulders, my hands on the shelf of my legs, panting for a moment on the sidewalk, full of September sun. There she was by her car, her child in a stroller. She saw me leaning there looking at her and said: Would you like to come in? She pushed the stroller into the dark and I followed, inside the garage, through a door, into a kitchen.

The smell of pot roast. She took me to a back bedroom door and then past the king sized bed with a crib next to it, to a bathroom with a shower. She left. I stepped in. This house one showers in, literally. This house, in a neighborhood where all houses are fine. I got out and took up a towel.

Meantime she'd come in with her husband's clothes. I put them on. The odor of clean clothes. I was dry when I left and saw her asleep on the bed, her child asleep, the afternoon, so complex, asleep; the sleep ongoing even as I went to them and passed into the kitchen, the smell of water carrying its burden. The table set for three. I went into the den and its family pictures plus a white carpet.

There was no presence but wind entering drapes floating out and dropping back onto... would I be staying for supper? She was there, her baby in hand, fat, chubby, fat caught on hooks, this baby, this living room and a lack of wound perturbation, a lack of Sunday, or any day other than this.

Then, later, her husband, myself and her with the baby at the table eating supper. Talking about what the moon does, the grass, the last stages capitalism, etc., sound of the wind, dust, letters, the meaning of fireflies; our talk, the night open to its last page; the dark looking in at our movie through a window; the west doing its final burn.

After supper her husband and I walked down the street and then further, through a park to the river. We sat by the river. From the other side every now and then the sound of gunfire. He asks what my plans were. "Well," I said, "you knew by the way I came that I wouldn't be staying."

Master Of The Cold

I've also got the dark eating out of my hand.
Above the world, though...it's the only way.
In my neighbor's house, plenty of books on physics, astronomy.
She tells me of her difficulty with text.
To aid in her understanding, I could set up the following story problem:
The tribe moves, and that's how you know it's a tribe.

My house is full of political animals.
We have discovered Belgium, and so fail the test of indifference.
Meanwhile, the Cold marches into the town square.
My son looks out the window: What's that?
"Individuation," I tell him, failing to add, at the last moment,
"the destruction and salvation of the world."

Vengeance

Once you've been broken into and they've stolen from you,
even if it hurts, you must then open up your house
and allow them to steal from you again.

And when they've stolen from you down to the very last dog,
still there might be one more thing,

a wish perhaps, or priest praying in a closet.
Give that to them too, with courtesy.

After they've taken all this, perhaps then they'll begin to feel strains
of empire coming off what you no longer have, but don't let them stop.

Yell, "Over here!" then attack them with their longing.

Shove them back at you for more material, until they're exhausted
with nominal desires and normality no longer smolders in their breast.

Soon they will send you a message saying,
"Please, take some of your things back."

But give them, then, even your solitude, until they hate
themselves for the voraciousness of their need.

When they come after you one more time asking for forgiveness,
finally you'll be gone, and they'll be angry to the bottom of their citizenship,

having turned what you no longer require into their old towns, uselessly,
where they'd hoped not to work, and all their relatives will laugh.