

**You Know, Is All**

When it occurs to him that God  
Is made of tin. Somebody tells  
You            *You really are*  
*The Worst, sometimes.* Or your  
*Mother*            , after all.

If you are ever driving, you are  
Probably driving after dark.  
Or in some kind of dark she tells  
Me, *Look!*  
Out the window there is something  
Flashing, huge. *God is made of*  
*Tin.*            In the sun, a  
Hunger in the dark. A run of  
Birds comes on, in triangle form.  
May I offer you a sonic gift.  
I want to try something different.  
A fear of monster I have— also rain.

I want to go inside and wrap  
Myself in a blanket for a little  
While I want to cozy up by the  
Fire.  
Haven't we been on the porch  
Waiting for her to come home for  
Long enough? I want to finally  
Stand up wobbly if I need to be  
From the swing bench and walk  
Away. To watch a Christmas  
Movie or anything I just want to  
Go home and have it feel like  
I am Home, again.

*The scars of Industry reach out*  
*Forever, across the Plain, she*  
Tells me. I will never forget  
a lot of things but especially  
That.    I make you up the most

When I am afraid, and it is dark.  
If you are in space—            why?

you measure your entrance  
for days before you arrive  
come in, still, with nothing  
to say. *you can't open*  
*with that.* I pretend to  
have other things to say to  
you than what I've written  
down, what I've come here  
to tell you.

we talk about  
the good times, for  
a little while; some fights  
we had feel funny to us  
now, others we do not talk  
about.

we laugh a lot, but  
it is a guarded kind of joy.  
obviously, D comes up.  
we know a lot of why we  
didn't now. when I say  
Death is only birds  
It is the living that flies  
even if it ouches, you do not  
laugh but you've just taken  
a sip of wine and you are  
holding it in your mouth  
the way you always do.  
I can tell that you want to  
laugh at me a little but you  
don't you smile you  
nod as if you are agreeing with me.

we pray for rain.  
we pray for good  
long hugs. we pray  
for so many things  
our lungs feel  
tired & I fall  
asleep on your couch  
having said nothing  
of what I meant to  
again.

we pray for tarragon  
hickory & barley too.  
the shot you get is  
the best one, it is  
what comes just before  
or just after the one  
you want. we want  
for rain. I correct  
myself. Poetry is  
banned. No tree is safe.  
we pray for something  
we almost said, feel  
sometimes, like the  
aftermath of the fire  
in Paradise but  
concede to feel happy  
where we are, any way.  
we are water. we are  
water. we are sound.

## Where Everything Is Called

Born in the empty seat  
Between my brother &  
My father in a pick-up  
Truck I never rode in  
We are driving through  
Mississippi where every  
thing Is called the Delta  
and S is  
Crying, begging Poppa  
Not to take him home.

You wake up from most  
Dreams a different person  
But from this one I wake  
Up about the same.  
I've had it a hundred  
Times before.  
It always starts raining.  
We are always miles &  
Miles away from home.  
It feels like this river  
Has been dry a thousand  
Years.

**In Ponies, The Wind**

I am in no position to reach you  
Here. *The future of Texas is wind.*

*If I could teach you anything  
It would be to never, ever let go.*

I have to pull off the road because  
I can't see for all the tears in

My eyes. 'You are going off the rails.'  
[Calvary Cross in the distant

North.] This should be so much  
Less. [And never is.]

After all, You kept him- Bamboo  
In a Cowboy boot for ten years

After he died. You speak this  
Into an emptiness somewhere outside

Of Amarillo. *The future of Texas  
Is wind, and tresses.  
Winter always comes around.*

Sometimes I feel like I am nothing  
More than a massive lake of it-

A little canal, under a much larger  
Bridge. He says  
*We stand no chance against the wind.*

but it isn't sad I feel  
close to you  
for the first time in a while

So many little things  
Change, everyday  
That you are gone.

We got new cushions  
For the couch, weather  
proofed Covers for

The seats outside, a  
Welcome mat. One  
With big, big bristles.

The cat hasn't come  
Home, in three days  
For example. Barn,

We got a fucking cat!  
You have been gone  
For so many little

Days I don't think  
Even one, individual  
Thing is the same

As when you left it.  
          It's not  
*J. had a baby*

I really want to tell  
You about, though I  
Want to tell you about

That, too, it's  
*I'm going up the mountain*  
*For a few days, I will*

*Call you when I'm on*  
*My way back into service*  
*Don't worry too much or*

Have you listened to  
This song? I got a really  
Good pair of Levi's

Starched just the way  
You like and by the  
Way, what's your problem

With Cowboy Boots, again?  
It has been raining hard  
Here, too, but I can't seem

To get myself to go out  
side. Today was the kind  
Of day that'll make you

Believe in God, or  
Try to remember what you are  
Grateful for.

I am sitting on the carpet  
Across from the bed on  
The floor where C and I

Have been sleeping, on  
The day before my 25th birthday.  
I am watching her breathe.

She's just rolled over  
And her mouth is kind of  
Spilling out over the floor.

I begin to laugh and it wakes  
Her. Today was a day  
Like many other days— long

And probably forgettable.  
There are so many little things  
I wish that I could call  
and tell you about.