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Junkyard Kingdom

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Junkyard Kingdom

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Junkyard Kingdom

I was walking the dogs
through the woods when you raced
over the river with your dappled mare.

The grass tangled in her frothy bit
and I rested my palm
on the smooth planet between her eyes.

Your shark tooth dangled into your black
corset and the stripped Chevrolet smothered
in whiskey stared at us through the trees.

Cigarette butts and remnants
of the Fourth of July collected
at the edge of the river.

When your champion Appaloosa spooked,
I waited in my boots and torn mini skirt
on the roof of the car, comforting the dogs

amidst sweat and spark plugs.
The dogs rested amongst the cracked mirrors
on the ripped back seat.

All summer I dreaded this
marriage to the lonely earth
where you learned to abandon me.

The World of Desire

When I want too much, want more than is right,
your body obsesses me.
I'm not going to mention our fetishes
now that I've learned how to comfort you.

Your body obsesses me
when we think about sex out loud.
Now that I've learned how to comfort you,
I only have to play at being a woman.

When we think about sex out loud
we are more than two women talking.
I only have to play at being a woman
because I've spent years turning this invisible.

We are more than two women talking
when your voice is full of something almost breathable.
Because I've spent years turning this invisible,
there will never be a you without me.

When your voice is full of something almost breathable,
these are the moments I return to.
There will never be a you without me
because you are the original person to love me.

These are the moments I return to
when the twang of happiness nudges my heart
because you are the original person to love me.
Everyone is somebody's secret.

When the twang of happiness nudges my heart,
I'm not going to mention our fetishes.
Everyone is somebody's secret
when I want too much, want more than is right.

A Peaceful Gesture

No one spoke to me. No one wanted to hear
from a compulsive believer. Random snapshots

hung from the branches in the back garden
and daylight was no longer trying to establish herself

above the trees. The moon rose, white
as a new toilet waiting to be installed.

Thirteen people I didn't recognize lingered,
holding plastic cups, in line at the keg.

I squeezed myself onto a damp mattress
against the fence and lit someone else's cigarette.

I wanted to fall asleep, my face mashed against
the chest of any other woman with no interest

in debating the meaning of Rorschach blots
or middle class parasites.

We were a group, assembled,
committed to the threat of revolution.

We had hash stashed in the floorboards and a sofa
on fire in the middle of the yard. For a long time,

I thought I could go on for hours
arriving at the same conclusion:

A terrorist is an arrogant revolutionary.
The gesture of the bomb, simply infantile.

Your Kiss

Hold it against me.
Make it last like an ice cube refusing to melt
on the most molten day of the year.
Push it into my mouth.

Make it last like an ice cube refusing to melt.
Let your lipstick smear my lips.
Push it into my mouth
and don't even think about stopping there.

Let your lipstick smear my lips,
slide your gloss down my throat
and don't even think about stopping there.
Play me, I'm your best instrument.

Slide your gloss down my throat,
thrust your softness against my hips.
Play me, I'm your best instrument.
I'll bite off your buttons.

Thrust your softness against my hips
while our fingers unbuckle each other's belts.
I'll bite off your buttons.
Lower your mouth

while our fingers unbuckle each other's belts.
You pull me down hard.
"Lower your mouth,"
I say.

You pull me down hard
on the most molten day of the year.
I say,
"Hold it against me."

The B Bar

I want to belong to your happiness,
but your tomorrows have no vacancies.
Even if I try to love you less,
I want to belong to your happiness,
the way your body moves in that pepper-red dress.
This has nothing to do with those spilled martinis.
I want to belong to your happiness,
but your tomorrows have no vacancies.

Diagnosis

She traded her stockings for a marzipan talisman,
but the taste of marbles remained on her tongue.

She said, in the voice of a sugarcane paintbrush,
I always wanted you to be the one to kill me.

Next to the continent of her bed,
a few days from death's slum,

a phantom colony took me into their pretty,
muslin skirts and a parade of stethoscopes

filled what was left of the space between us.
A withered tea bag draped over

the lip of a Styrofoam cup,
like a rope thrown down into the chasm.

The Road Trip

I wake beside the highway,
rage your name into the last empty jar.
My breath stains the glass temporarily.
My fingers fondle the depressions.

You punk bastard. You're cute as black
brandishing a stolen guitar.
But I've seen you still as ruins,
your arms blemished by gorgeous rituals.

This too belongs to me,
the awkward way you tilt your hair
and your slumped shoulder
in torn cashmere.

Tell me you love this,
the sour taste on the surface of our bodies,
the way our legs shiver
as if we are standing in water.

I have memorized every room we have slept in.
You will always be the sound of sirens
while I am milk spoiling on the side of the road.
My desires have become so small.

Other Lost Things

In my bedroom in Paris
a whole society of ruin
murmured inarticulately.

The cupboards were filled
with treasures, parasols,
folded velvet curtains

and the madness
of other lost things.
It will always be summer

in this bright box,
filled like an egg cup,
held to what's left of the moon.

Blue California

A state of traffic and the sunrise
over ambulances. I break myself
on the orange of the globe and listen

to the dead being driven off. Every lobe
of existence shrivels up like apricots
in the shape of ears, clotting the silence.

This is how it ends. The blade of metal
and me, injected by an electric
well of sap. My childhood was enough:

A dusted jar on the kitchen shelf.
A cupboard of amusement. A blue car.
Paintings hung on the yellow wall with white calking.

Madeline, my Rottweiler, hung herself
on the fig tree with her extra long leash.
I leave everyone I love until they die.

Initiate

I dug a hole in the backyard
and buried my grandmother's
silver ring under the new moon.

Then I let the faith pour
out of me like wax on ground.
The strawberries began

to dissolve and the mint
leaves hardened into
fragmented parchment.

I whispered my new name
into the dug garden.
This is where solace lives,

mole-like, unrecognizable,
and when the time came I forgot
the circle of myself solidifying

in silver, mint, strawberry and worm.
Each moment of promise,
stripped and exposed.

The White Party

Strobe lights, one misplaced
disco ball, spinning
slow as a smoke cloud.
Your cracked future burns.

What isn't imbibed
is stolen from us
on the dance floor. Black
unpolished latex snaps.

Sun flat and Vegas rich,
your scent rises
like helium in the junk
powdered air

and I'm still
in love with the box
of notes caught
in your throat's loom.

Eager Companions

We spent the weekend talking.
We watched each other's words hang

in the air then flutter off
on their unsewn wings.

We spoke sitting thigh to thigh,
whispered, my thumb on the lobe of your ear.

In the morning, before touching,
words flew from our lips and greeted

each other like eager companions,
and when we walked the trail

through trees, even the river
could not match our music.

We did not speak of husbands
or children, three hundred miles

east of this red country.
Nor could I have stopped myself

from craving the slice of your spirit
that is impossible to touch

with anything
but the sound of your voice.

The Stallion

This is how I was broken:

Draped on your back,
folded in berries, breathing earth.
The mound of your eye was too foreign.

Hazard of a girl,
I planned to tame you
and leaned into the hoof of your spirit,
the jaw of your gentleness,
the crouch of foraging grief.

You forced me into the corral,
spun difficult ground,
but you were not responsible.
I was delicate, blistering
in the place I loved you.

The scent of grass
on your breath was a comfort
and how you stood, shaking

your striped face, my stallion.

Caged Delirium

You want to teach me how to say goodbye
while standing naked in lamplight,
but I don't mind the sadness.
If you were an animal, I could love you
without wanting more than is right.

When you learned how to break me,
my bones began to hollow,
but I still loved your human ritual
crouched inside my July
like some homemade, caged delirium.

It's not that I need a purpose in your life.
I just want you to bar the exists
before I become another red dress storming off.

Leaving the Nunnery

Goodbye
trembling
woman
waiting
untouched.

Goodbye
dust
covered
straight
backed
chairs.

Goodbye
country
bored
minutes,
mouse
colored
seasons
gathering
frost.

Goodbye
splintering
floorboards,
tourists
gawking
beneath
bells.

Goodbye
broom
closet
secrets,
arguments
about
habits,
crinkled
prayer
book
pages,
pear
trees,
virginity,
worshipping
crowds.

The Hawaiian Condo Vacation Tour

There are boogie boards piled on the hood
of our rented Jeep Wrangler
and we take turns tossing them
onto the landscaped lawn as if they are Frisbees.

The woman behind the receptionist's desk
picks up her telephone and I can see
those red and white security lights
revolving in her eyes when she looks in our direction.

I love to get into trouble with you.
We are such talented criminals.
We've never been caught even with our wrists
held out, welcoming handcuffs.

We skip the free buffet with the moped ice sculpture,
pick the lock to the three bedroom showroom,
undress under the kitchen skylight
and leave an egg shaped stain on the marble floor.

Mother's Descent

She's lost her wig
on the hotel roof deck,

forgotten her turban by the pool
and is mistaken for an elderly woman near the bar.

She's dosed her throat with Codeine.
She coughs baroque. She coughs western moon.

She is anyone's refugee
just before the border.

Consider her descent:
She'll leave me with pillaged beauty

and I'll push my lips to her photograph,
brand her image with my best kiss,

glad she taught me to travel time's fiber,
to pack for emotion, approve

forbidden toxins into and out of my country
like newsmen, like thieves.

Favorite Things

Without
favorite things:
a page of my mother's
handwriting, my father's blue ring...
ashes.

Daemonheim

In another world, in a chain mail dress
of ocean and green,
with wrought iron gates and palm

turtles like lotion in hands,
I'll be paddled on a boat by a family of moles.
Out of charcoal

dank caves, you'll come prancing,
kidlike, disheveled. Your arms
will be the tools of magnificence.

After sunset, fire-lit and sand happy,
we will dine on insects
and speared fish.

In the cove of nestless trees and mica,
you'll slip your wrist
through the shadows, puppet

a head-dressed peacock and summon the rogue
familiar of the lost realm
wearing a wig of seaweed and moss.

Terrain

I will leave this world
the way water leaves a sieve,
wearing a linen chasuble.

I will be greeted by the virgins
of your failure, tamed like a stone
by their abstinence.

You will fabricate the next religion
on the axis of virtue and shrapnel.

And there will be no reason for us to hinge
the wink of this life to the road ahead.

You will conquer the vowels of silence,
rape the emptiness. Leave it to you,
clocked master, to find me in the harem
room rewiring bombs.

Inhale

The first time I saw my father naked
I was sitting on his bed with my coat

still on, having just walked in from the snow,
and through the lobby of aquariums

filled with face-sized fish, blue
and two to a tank

My eyes dropped
to his un-belted trousers

stragglng at his feet.
Two women were holding him out to me

like an offering,
but they were not beautiful.

It was this
I had wondered about my whole life.

It was hideous, beautiful,
shuffling to the diapered bed.

I stood up and away from it,
my handbag in hand.

The Office

This is the office of intimacy,
the den of my resignation.

Here we go again
talking the labored tongue of love.

You are sitting in your straight back chair,
the leather paled by the movements your body makes

and I am here on the floor,
the rug rough against my knees as I kneel beside you.

How many times have we sat like this,
still as the dust on the oak desk

hiding in the corner beneath piles of papers,
the length of the sofa swaying toward us like a swallowing wave?

Your hand is in my hair, my face pressed into the taut,
black satin of your skirt and soon

I am going to have to stop myself from crying.
We are drifting together through this unknown ocean of sadness.

I have to steady myself.
My wrist locks into the loop of your arm.

Time passes so quickly now.
Outside, the sky darkens

and the stars bare themselves like bloodless teeth.
I have this idea that you are happier alone.

You won't want me to say this,
but haven't you swept the dark air,

cleared the slate of my memory?
All night I fear the patter of your heart

against the back of my hand will cease
and there will be no one left for me to love.

Anthem in Bedlam

I was thinking about
your fear of apples

and how the dead
are always available.

You propose the bed
and brace yourself for flying

things. Now you know
there is more than one way

to rape me with your body
dressed in that anthem.

The History of the Rose

Bees are like hypnotists
carrying the remnants of a life
I once thought we could live.

You thought we were sinking
as we hollowed our bones into boats
too small for that child.

Now your eyes are draped rooms
without exits. The invisible part of me
has built a temple there,

all papyrus, hieroglyphs and incense.
This is what the garden taught me:
The stone fountain fills with still water.

Leaves and petals gather
like witnesses to violence where the shadow
of the thorn is no longer anyone's mystery.

Absent

No one notices the ghost who comes for me.
There is no other way out of this terrible garden.

I press the moss-locked stones into my pockets,
cupping them as if they were water.

I have longed for the invisibility of a river,
or a bed beneath the scarred ground.

Footsteps led me through the quiet years
and I was as happy as any smiling stranger.

Now this soft absence comes to call,
delicate as the surface of a moon-fed lake.

But the silence is false
and tomorrow has no vacancies.

If Only You Knew

Kiss me before I waste my life
resembling roses and women
I never wanted to love.

Don't look so surprised.
I just want to be haunted by you
in the usual way.

Kiss me between this dream
and the life you had before you met me.
Kiss me until I blur.

I only wanted us to be close,
but I am being forgotten and worse,
You're losing our faith.

Alzheimer's Daughter

I ran out of the apartment after fighting
with my husband, crying hard.

Snow gathered on my shoulders
as I dashed into traffic.

I hurried toward my father's nursing home,
signed my name at security,

slunk around the bend of the empty
nurses' station and into the dark room.

He was lying on his side,
drug heavy, breathing slow,

the view of the Hudson
was shuttered closed.

I lowered the guard rail,
climbed into bed and spilled my face

into the shallow ridge of his spine,
my arm wrapped around

the taped diaper around his hips.
And even though he hadn't known my name

for years, I held on tight to the last
months of my father's life.

The Honeymoon

I didn't get married just to come to this
unpaved island, hedged with nude beaches
littered with fat, bald men.

You're in our beach hut, pale as the shards
of coconut writing the seventh chapter
of your dissertation again.

At night you take me to the yellow-roofed restaurant
but the only dish they serve is blood sausage
and it's been months since I've eaten anything
other than iceberg lettuce so I could fit into my size 2 wedding dress.

The one tourist shop next to the pier has a broken door.
In fact, everything in this natural harbor is broken.
You are so enthralled by your own run on sentences that you don't
notice the way my French disintegrates when I order wine instead of water.

I drink the wine. You eat the meat that looks like rats my cats have killed.
And when I mention soul mates, you say you've had at least three and now
you don't believe in them at all. I came here with my brief notebooks,
braved the bare beaches in my black bikini while you basked in shade.

The sun turns me into the Arab girl you didn't know I was.
I can no longer hide from you. The white sheets remain unstained,
but I'm watching that blue ink bleed all over your seventh chapter.
And when we sleep, you dream of theatre, Denmark and the vast, inhabited stage.

Woman, Descending

1.

This is your body, clusterlight of my life.
It is a lotus.

A dense blossom of white flame
ignites my fingertips.

Look how each petal bends to my breath,
how blue the contrast of your eye

and the rising substance of vowels
like anything losing air.

It reminds me of sunsets, those rose-
hipped valleys where the heat

that escapes is no gate and is nowhere
nearer to opening than a month of mouths.

2.

Having come so recently
from the unknown world,
I did not fear it.

*Death she says,
is the one place you can't
follow me.*

We are standing in the kitchen
with the lights turned off.
The kettle has cooled.

A stripe of moonlight falls
across the counter,
undisturbed,

and I think how far
this light has traveled
in order to reach me.

Mostly, I want time to pass,
want the soft hinge of her life to loosen,
the way I have loosened.

3.

We are all part water.
There is also a drain.

It is what you fear,
that tunnel spinning you out of yourself.

I have stood on that salt-lined lip,
your precipice, learned to balance.

4.

I lose everything.
Your mother's necklace

on the dance floor, that slack
chain snaking my throat

so quickly vanished.
Haven't I learned how

these slant objects gravitate
just out of my reach

until they are nothing
but flares of memory?

These are the vacancies.
The eyes of misfortune.

5.

I almost thought we made sense
being together

like egg in a porcelain dish
or anything soft and held

by something as beautiful
as the moon steadying herself above us.

6.

Come back, even if you lie.
I cannot take this fixed absence.

We are all damaged in our own ways.

Why does God want to
pick us apart like
puzzle and cloud?

7.

I turn everything down.
All those thoughtful invitations.
This has been happening for weeks.

Although I still wake early to sit
under the sun, bake in that
mutable air, find the violence in anything.

8.

I have at least three versions
of you: a secret door,

a room under the stairs
and a bendable ladder.

I have loved you as a woman
loves a house, built you up in this way.

Now I no longer know what is beautiful.
Where is your voice, your laughter like fog?

9.

When I think about oceans,
the bottomless blue

and looming distances, I realize
I was a girl like paper is to tree.

You have seen me come from this
dark earth to seduce you.

10.

Tell me there is something
left of this life,

some muscle of devotion
between us, or should I unzip myself

into a canyon of blue bulbs,
expose myself to their bee-stung faces?

I will curl myself at the edges
if there is no other way to make room for you.

Out of Habit

Locked in the box where I keep my passion
I learn how to be terrified.
Because I am only half myself,
I disappoint you.

I learn how to be terrified
when you dangle anything dangerous.
I disappoint you,
my love stained companion.

When you dangle anything dangerous
I don't mind your strangeness,
my love stained companion.
Although I want some purpose in your life,

I don't mind your strangeness
and this disco life we live.
Although I want some purpose in your life,
I too have circled back on myself

and this disco life we live.
Let me be still in your silence.
I too have circled back on myself
when I am suspiciously happy.

Let me be still in your silence.
The days sink like spoons.
When I am suspiciously happy,
your spirit won't enter me in the old way.

The days sink like spoons.
Because I am only half myself,
your spirit won't enter me in the old way
locked in the box where I keep my passion.

Maria

Maria grew roses in the difficult ground.
Suburban tool shed with fertilizer, rotting.
Apple trees, shedding. Every Sabbath,
twin candles sunk into the ivory tablecloth.

She perched a tooth on her bottom lip,
tucked her fingers into bunched new leaves.
Whisper of a woman, I can't seem to dredge
myself out of your terrible garden.

The Violin Maker

You say there is no better wood than walnut for making violins, and with an iron, you bend ribs for the C bouts and clamp them in place. With your powdery hands, you attach the rest of the ribbing and remove the mold. We enter the wood room and decide on two fragrant pieces of spruce, maple for the scroll. Back at your tables, you arch the raw material into shape, cut a channel along the perimeter at the top of what is soon to become my very own instrument. You position the purfling, smooth the shape of the body, add a base bar when you near completion. Carefully, you size the delicate scroll, carve the desired shape. Now the ebony fingerboard is ready to be shaved, attached, but the glue and clamps delay the swiftly forming music that has already started to gallop between my arms.

The Danger Game

for Anna Polikovskaya

Shot twice in the elevator,
once in the head,
the Russian reporter is dead
at forty-eight.

Once in the head,
it was so hard to forget
at forty-eight.
I couldn't stop staring at her photograph

it was so hard to forget
I don't have what it takes to be a journalist.
I couldn't stop staring at her photograph,
Her kind, serious eyes.

I don't have what it takes to be a journalist.
She knew a few too many things about terror,
her kind, serious eyes,
reporting on Chechnya.

She knew a few too many things about terror.
She went down in the elevator, the story missing.
Reporting on Chechnya
in a danger game.

She went down in the elevator, the story missing
and there are no witnesses
in a danger game
where only truth carries into the next world

and there are no witnesses.
Shot twice in the elevator,
where only truth carries into the next world
The Russian reporter is dead.

Another Woman, Descending

You almost
remind me of my mother,
blurred

at the edges,
looking slightly pained.
She wore

the same shiny
silver dress
in the picture, standing

next to my boy-
faced father at a banquet
in Manchester.

Those creases
across your hips
look like a bind

of liquid aluminum
above your crinoline
shoe balancing

on the stair,
your arms behind you,
lifting.

Alpine

The sun melted the clouds and the sky
cleared so your spirit had room to claw
its way into the elements.

It's not like I'm saying this
because it was August,
the dead simply
made space for you.

The smoke from my cigarette
filled the car as I drove toward the shore,
as if I thought I could escape you.
Isn't it just like me to run from anything
permanent?

Then came the next year and I left the blue
side of the earth for a grimier climate.
The soot coated me, condensed into armor
and I flourished, turned this masquerade
into a truth that blanketed the place I'd com from.

The summers repeated themselves
and I taught myself how to disappear
like a hard candy dissolves on the tongue.
But when I tried to re-enter my life,
my home was sealed like avalanche to cave.
What could I do but leave my body to rise?

Just Before the Crash

for Karen Schmeer

It was an almost silent sound.
The blue sedan rushed toward me.
The yolk of my life smashed
into the city street.

The blue sedan rushed toward me.
It reminded me of pigeons flapping
into the city street
blinded by lamplight.

It reminded me of pigeons flapping,
the moment you think a wing will brush you,
blinded by lamplight
lifted off like a storm.

The moment you think a wing will brush you
Everything stops,
lifted off like a storm
the way film slows to show memory.

Everything stops
and I hear the deadening crack
the way film slows to show memory.
This is where I shut off

and I hear the deadening crack
before I know my bones my shattered.
The is where is shut off,
two steps from the curb

before I know my bones have shattered,
the yolk of my life
two steps from the curb
It was as almost silent sound.

Brushy Creek

for Amanda Lee Miller and Dominick Logan Cornelius

On the bank of Brushy Creek
near County Road 137,

they lie together, almost touching
below the bluff. These

two children tucked
into their last bed,

their bodies
gathering water.

River water slowly surrounds them
like a worried animal, like

any real mother. Above them,
windblown cornfields, a few

scattered, roof rugged farmhouses
and coming toward them now,

strangers: a picnicking couple,
hands held, walking, still in love.

The White Rabbit

After my step-father shaved
her head and exposed
all those ping pong ball sized tumors,
I still didn't understand
that she would be leaving me.

I remember taking two
showers after coming home
from the hospital and curling wet
around a stuffed white rabbit in bed.

The morning of the funeral,
I threw out almost everything
I owned and sat, waiting,
on the peach colored rug.

Later, the house filled
with visitors, friends
and people I didn't know I knew
came to sit with me in my room.

Widower

I made a ladder out of spider webs. I taught the neighborhood dogs how to detonate bombs. Birds followed me for purposed of translation. Veterinarians sought me out to speak to their dead patient's relative's. Then one evening, I seduced the spider who spun the legs for my ladder, let her lay her eggs beneath my wardrobe. I could hear her spinning herself toward motherhood, shining each spindly opportunity, sucking on the meat of a flea's wing. Her death was celebrated by the onslaught of her children, not unlike the flash flooding of any Western coastal ghost town.

Self-Portrait at Eleven

She just shrugged and went into the kitchen.
I put up with my grandfather
every day
when he lived with us.

I put up with my grandfather
after he listened in on my on my phone calls
when he lived with us.
I thought he hated me.

After he listened in on my phone calls,
he grabbed me by the throat or the back of my hair.
I thought he hated me
and wondered if he might accidentally kill me in a rage.

He grabbed me by the throat or the back of my hair,
I hadn't yet learned how to feel fear
and wondered if he might accidentally kill me in a rage.
I imagined him having to explain that to my mother.

I hadn't yet learned how to feel fear.
He thought he was raising a girl to learn her place.
I imagined him having to explain that to my mother.
When the welts from his belt buckles purpled my skin,

he thought he was raising a girl to learn her place,
so I started to fight back in order to protect myself.
When the welts from his belt buckles purpled my skin,
He used to beat me too, my mother said when I showed her,

so I started to fight back in order to protect myself
every day.
He used to beat me too, my mother said when I showed her.
She just shrugged and went into the kitchen.

Crime Scene, Revisited

Sirens inhabit the night, red
and ominously revolving on the yellow tape
assembled by the uniformed men.
Their work done, the tape unrolled
snaps at them angrily, like the wet ends of gym room
locker towels, windblown, used.

News vans and black detective cars
ignore these weak barriers. In the middle
lane, a winter coat and spilled pocketbook
are first noticed, then chunks of cars,
gray tonight then the broken heel of a woman's boot.

In the midsection of Broadway where bushes grow
and no one walks, even while crossing,
a red blouse, red as new nail polish, flutters
almost romantically in the after dinner wind.

The Morning of Our Stillness

It all starts with words too small to read,
requiring measurements.
I'll let you be the hero,
reaching for the jar of pancake flour
while I pick the stems off blueberries.

Someone looking at us through the window
might call this devotion,
the way your wrist reflects the sunlight,
or where my hair, sticky from sleep curls
in the place your whispers tend to linger.

The skillet sizzles with heat
right before I burst into tears again.
For months, I was almost a mother,
hunched over a crib in the darkest corner.

Now I am only a winter,
fondling useless berries,
their indigo skins, sweet wreckage.
We are no longer expecting.

The Field of Motherless Horses

Drenched in the field,
shouldn't I hurry
to dry the horses?

Instead, I pirouette
along the mudstones
and sunflowers.

Euphoria has
stolen my sense.
I am not cunning

in your way.
Illusions and nomads
distract me.

I also drift toward hollows.
And now your uneasiness,
an organic code,

mingles with the magic
elements. And so what?
Beside me,

a mottled mare,
like gravel, tenderly
hoofs the earth.

Isn't this how
your death begins
to disarm me?