STUDY #5

the under-rafters wintering the house finches. the heatstroke
curling the jasmine petals until they are free of lemonade.
how long until I become a people
-watcher and memorialize sundresses into birds? last sunday
men remade from salt named the zinnia, trusting the
transit of winter, remembering the grammar of the lost body: a hand
reshaping the purpling terrain & the dark, hungry soil
swallowing the roses. how do you explain
to the cardinal that we are all trilogies in the making? the park daisies
fold themselves into coats, into lost children, into postcards
chased through doorways. This year, I speak through a medium.
I séance the dust, wait until the stones rattle the city.
here: a corridor of weeds, an escape of my own invention.

UNTITLED

spring silted the train window
into green; a kestrel
unwrapped from the brown of a fig
I have a habit of saving the last
seed; cupped against my collar
the promise of a new limb, lofts
filled with mallow. when you asked
me what I saw, I couldn't tell you that I
was looking for the horses. I could
only recall the downpour,
my ear against the wild
mushrooms erupting after the rain.
in time, the garlic
flowers have grown green with collapse
so perverse with texture, buttering
the throat because my body,
is like that too, a temple, a field.
today, i'm eating cranberries
on the mezzanine

to reach the only form of love I know,
chasing the last train home. i often
think about how if not for vessels
we'd have to catch milk with our fists.
a world where we cannot fashion bodies.
from the dead wood or language
our sounds into meaning.
but what do I know
I open my mouth for rain.

Lessons Taught by Hunger

In our rip of country, calves
nurse from thighs of soy

but it learns how to wick
us flesh, pumped spoiled

with bitter milk and swill by leathered
hands, red with newness.

there's a mother it can't name.
a napkin of warm sugar. a yearning

for pastures of valleyflowers, their honey
unzipped from the soft molt

of aphids. a bucket storing loose skin,
a purse-to-be. it doesn't realize

that its body is economy.