

## A Yielding Hole For Light

Where were you when the West  
Antarctic Ice Sheet began to collapse?  
On the way to Iowa City  
to see my first sumac and coming  
to know its name in asking  
it's the way of coming to know  
as if in revelation instead of simple clarity  
I tell BB what I want around me  
are the ripe and tender ones  
wine the color of weather  
the lush bearing of our longing  
going on in my way, stupidly sincere  
one foot in the office the other lolling  
about the field, do you prefer the gravel  
to the scrub grass? I prefer the ear  
to the throat, calling choice  
what's ancient, trained  
to chew on the cork like it was mine to do with

I'm not necessarily not destroyed  
by the loon looming on the horizon  
you accuse of having no inside  
I stand under persimmon and see Frank

and the white bowl, heat machine  
beaming luxuriously, ground of everything  
ground of light, makes the field wider,  
makes hedges fall  
Or the courage or not  
of me and my friends  
orbital in lilt, directive in drink  
while container ships brim  
and caps and bergs  
slope across the slog  
I want to be able to continue  
to love to stay alive  
The epigraph belongs to Gloria Gaynor  
the green pervades, it's a diamond, we all are

## Lunchtime with Woodwinds

I wish I could write a song  
to make the world  
yield to this rushing

lapping what starts  
tonguing what parts  
any possible other world than this

inertia for pink medallion  
inertia for those skeptics  
in the building

who think of the unknown  
as hemorrhage – quick stop  
that thing from surfacing

I want to rub along  
the webbing I want nothing but  
the cove's yawning jaw

for how else could possibility emerge  
you see that honey  
seeping through cracks?

let's consider unbearable facts  
beat this meat against the rocks

you call that virtue? knock knock

is this the proper place for the symposium?  
small of my back requests unfolding  
requests enveloping entry

call the operators  
to open pathways  
to vessels which gleam

rightly and rush  
to make this here inlet  
a humid blue bowl

to resist enclosure  
and the loaded laying down  
of structure on soft earth

as desire can never perish  
blind in the rush of weeds  
trying to get a glimpse

of the law  
falling away  
and in passing breathing lift

## Out on the Wire

If I dip the tip  
between the old world  
and the same  
river twice  
how to measure  
the wind at my back  
who harks here  
against misery against  
private diminishment  
attachments precede us  
and we are obliged  
to replicate conditions  
on the compound  
They hoot for work and cart  
in flesh & commerce  
we want the morning  
of unstructured grace  
parted lips & northern lights  
to harness the force  
of a thousand layings on  
a gaping mouth  
of no market purpose  
walking blind

out into the road  
toward the end  
of this world-system  
or is that just  
local lore?  
I lug this bucket around  
for tillage and for trade  
it's what I use  
to feed the wolf her milk