

THAT MUSIC

There were wars going on—

we were lying there

in the constant singing
of radios

lonely
a scant defense

reading our hands

as an eye going
upward

a house strictured
in rain

and August
sweat

~

Tourists, again

we're told it's a terror
of partly knowing

in all manner
words

and shapes

buds in the palm, say
or the red of two

mouths: marked by monuments

to an earlier idea

and stopped by nothing
stopping

~

Nights' flagellum: contact
mines,

shardsealed fields,
dull.

Upended, rice
edge of a house

by its scent, rubber
and dust

to your left

down avenues where one
cannot speak.

~

What war?
We never heard.

Outside, the river's broken
murmur

faster, fast

and hewn, white
the sun

sprays of vegetation

your hand gathers
and the rain

you guess this time,
it's God.

SUMAC, WINTER RAIN

Seeded, a somewhere pulled
the veins

across ribs studded with berries
in the curved harbor

the letters of the words of our legs and arms
thin, pointed

each branch illustrating morning's profusion
waking a lamp, a scratch, a hole

the flat and empty landscape
on the far side

of the lake
where morning's ice lacquers that color

a wrist hoisted its ankles after
to forget the bombing