

one talent or another not both as reeds separate the white chop ice,
river's edge the sky is a barge my sister has lived round seed pods float
there at eye level, the lofted children of trees and don't you want to do
to yourself what a cliff does to gravity

if a cop is humbled we shouldn't say he is humbled? and if he's lost shouldn't
say? the crows are extreme here for being so common and haven't turned
against you walk the long river dug by mules and men who saw
the eagle I just saw and didn't call it theirs in the pictures
the songs the mule is a bond in hard times we
come closer what the snow has done to the field what the trees
have done to the view what the river, moving, does to cold air that would
freeze it

to the strip of ice flocks of geese as though to know your own likes and
dislikes were easy roll tan haybale the hay where breath is held
how think about history if not as kept as one does a woman a
servant who waits for your sigh tan haybale