

## **crisis**

The air is hot and then it's cold.

The water wants out so open  
your mouth and say, *snow*.

The water wants out right there  
on the tongue. The flaw is always  
breaking away. Watch the fire.

It wants out of the place  
so it splinters like insects  
out of a hole you pour light into.

Fragment, then drift or alarm.

## **revolution**

The bite mark is unmistakable. Human and threatened. The clouds go  
on moving; thus, weather: anvil, horsetail, blood clot

above marsh, wood, field. A horse is useful. It gets the body to battle,  
but what the body does once

it gets there cannot be read by pattern. Some clouds are all energy we  
do not want everyone to possess. Little boy, keep your teeth

in your mouth. You are not my flesh and blood. Some flowers mimic a  
dead horse to imprison the blowfly. Take the flower first.

## wild

Jar my mouth with your finger—petal  
nest for the unborn bee after the mother is gone—darkly  
burrow in what she laid  
and sealed with mud—little bandage holding  
the shape with blood—break it apart—one soldier locked to another:  
one living, one dead. I said to the god,  
*I want you inside of me everywhere at once.*  
The god said, *I want all the power taken back  
and forth.*  
*Your fingers are iron.*  
*I know.*

## **open war**

Open into apple blossom into stigma, bee, apple  
into open mouth. Open war into calm above a water  
unmanned. Another failure on our part to commit  
–cide by –cide b/y our own two hands. Open as a body  
after detonation, half of me is still here. The only  
thing you have to fear is yourself. Leave  
the rest to me.

## **garden, and gun**

You be the garden I leave my boots in when I walk barefoot  
after drought. *Do to me what no one has done.* What  
can I do but undo you by asking for more  
than was asked before? Make the lake a cloud. The field needs rain  
again. *Again?* Again. One butterfly is torture,  
flower-faced, a teaser. The wolf cannot discern the dead  
lavender from the living: neither is lavender. Red is always  
hunger; yellow, possession,  
but blue is nothing if not contrast. Only kill  
what you can eat. How do you know what's poison? One  
skipper's tongue  
is the length of another's wingspan. Monarchs taste milky like the  
ditch they  
feed in. *Glutton,* never eat enough to kill, only sicken.  
The wolf regards all movement as red and beyond red, heat.