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.

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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.