

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.