One wakes to another door.  xi

*(Burden of Inheritance)*

There are apples,  3
Rose, the mother,  4
Boys, girls, some of them siblings,  5
Both of us under one boy or another.  6
Even from their graves their disdain  7
The children were left right there, weren’t  8
Worry worry worry and pluck my eyebrows bare  9
The twins’ teacher claimed she’d never gone skating  10
Even the parade of turtles  11
The air was heavy with blood.  12
*What brews here, you think, is a hard green,*  13
(Yard Fire)

A crow at my mouth. 17
When I see a woman 18
The world, how greenesses 20
The galaxy was fertile that night. 21
He climbs the staircase of his dry throat, 22
It is the horse in her he fears, 23
Her biscuit in her hand, 24
Warehouses of palaces 25
The moment it became 28
A lake in February— 29
Husband, who is that woman there, 30
He looks over at her body, at rest, 32
Of course they cried at leaving, 33
Should I not have said hello, 35
(Looking Down)

The man stood in the frost. 39
He scolds, she nags. Right after pancakes. 40
I do not want to finish my potato, 41
There is nothing she can say about the window save it won’t open— 43
If by following him, 44
Your dog’s dinner. 45
You want to dip yourself 47
I found myself looking down 48
How can anyone conjure the invisible 49
My job is to extract your soul and usher it 50
I had to let him go. 51
In the dunes, fox tracks, and— 52
Nothing is the thin wall of glass (as thin as skin) 53

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