

### XXIII

notice the convulsed orange inch of moon  
perching on this silver minute of evening.

We'll choose the way to the forest—no offense  
to you, white town whose spires softly dare.  
Will take the houseless wisping rune  
of road lazily carved on sharpening air.

Fields lying miraculous in violent silence

fill with microscopic withering  
...(that's the Black People, chérie,  
who live under stones.) Don't be afraid

and we will pass the simple ugliness  
of exact tombs, where a large road crosses  
and all the people are minutely dead.

Then you will slowly kiss me