

VI

the poem her belly marched through me as
one army. From her nostrils to her feet

she smelled of silence. The inspired cleat

of her glad leg pulled into a sole mass
my separate lusts

her hair was like a gas
evil to feel. Unwieldy....

the bloodbeat
in her fierce laziness tried to repeat
a trick of syncopation Europe has

—. One day i felt a mountain touch me where
i stood (maybe nine miles off). It was spring

sun-stirring. sweetly to the mangling air
muchness of buds mattered. a valley spilled
its tickling river in my eyes,

the killed

world wriggled like a twitched string.