

Manmade Water

The weather was long and clattered. I guess there were clouds.
And wind from one way to the next. Good birds filled their bones
With air and made romance with bad birds. Bad birds dropped
Stitches above the river and called foul. Hunger left a mark
On my lowest incisor. I unmeant the line about birds. Stated clouds
As corollary for possible rain. Intentional flood. I bit through
The branch closest to the banks. Beneath the water. Above the other
Water. Redacted birds threw halos to the flood mark. I parlayed
Stones. Made query of the fence line. In diamond sutured drops
Of unproven rain. I made clatter. And then unmade clatter.
The weather grew shutters. Closed itself off from theoretical names.
It called itself hunger. I believed every word. Made elegant maps
To guide myself through fog. I counted every tooth from everything

Broken. I scratched out my letters and
unlearned the reason for wet.