

## *Children Standing in the Mist*

For several nights now you wake  
and wasted bison  
are crossing through your hallway. The stars  
in confederate speech with the emptiness  
saying *if you are still sane*  
then you must be the long white grasses  
in wind.

What does the prairie have to do  
with you or the golden yield-lines  
of cicadas on this desert road.

You were given three paintings done by children  
in the space of a week,  
each unbelievably narrates  
a star splattering *for its own sake*.

If you are to remain sane  
you think you must  
become what the printer Blake  
beheld on the dark landing  
in yellowing windowglass—

the albian corpse of General Custer  
feeding a black apple to his horse  
who has been dropping green packets of manure  
in your hallway mirror  
these past three nights  
of a measured madness  
that you explain to your wife  
began that early morning when you first  
entered Kuwait.