

A Body Discovered.

Until love seals me in a bag inside a heavy morgue drawer & tags me, I am anyone's paramour. Butterfly among the marigolds.

In the impossible summer city, I find your dumb boy bottom hanging out your dungarees, catching Frisbee or something.

It looks like you've got a little sun. I don't care how much you don't love me. I am thy inconstant sparrow.

Until you hear the loose seed of milkvetch rattle in the pod. That's how blue the long sky. There is yet no hawk's eye waiting.

But the great monster will come to take me someday. When it tears me, don't look. When it tears me with its hard hooks, don't look.

Do not resuscitate. I know the fog lets loose in wisps. They are the shape of moss on live-oak limbs. I'll tell you when to code.