

## *How Feeling Too Much Is like Tracking or Taxidermy*

If I keep my binoculars focused on  
the past field, something might arrive  
to coax the present field from its ghost.

Only the rude meadows snow.  
Echoes die the way sheep lie down,  
shorn and in melancholy groups.

I crouch small at the quick of the earth.  
When I act, it is merely a catastrophe. I create  
a fiction of my breath when I breathe out.

When the soon-footed print of a mammal comes,  
the sound is like reeds as they knock at one another,  
like measuring cups nesting in a drawer.

Wire me in a trap, but my tendrils will swell up.  
As my lover springs from the minerals,  
I spring from the fern-bitten dust.