

HIS FINGER EATEN BY A PIG

A glance as damp as a rainstorm, tonight she's sewing a tiny bible into the seam of his pants. A river of leaves rolls down a canyon in the thread.

But in the tunnel of his chest an ancient civilization fails again to invent the next wheel of the heart. We're forced to live cheaply, the animals we are, muscled in love.

This weather finds the crack in everything, worries it, a kind of praise or excavation, as if the darkness like a bird cocked its head at the question, hopped once, into a hole in the earth, and disappeared.

You're a witness and the horrible ordeal is over again. Time for a loan from the Ministry of Excessive Laughter, a moon worthy of greater sorrow than mine.

A hopeless case, she said, gathering hope.