

The Red is Fuschia

The red is fuschia growing on the rock
behind the grasses I call toothpicks, the other
is fuschia too though it is orange, just another
wave of the sun, I find a seat after moving
two or three times, the bay on one side, the cleft
tree on the other, all this to keep from dying,
but my main job is keeping the sun out of
my eyes, for this I lower my lids and hold
my hand up to my forehead, it is hard
being this close to a star, for which I wear
a thick black shirt—a theory I have—carved
lines in my forehead, waves sort of, a curved
shadow across my head, a kind of brush stroke,
fat at the neck just gone forever, the wind
in the hair like lines of nobility, the lower lip
about to speak; I have the proof in my hands.