

Sense

Nothing stops the peacocks from crying in the yard.
We can't see them, but we have ears, and they're awful,
So bright and everywhere.

Loud across the lawn.

Their weeping, their plumage, their blue—
Louder than anything should be. We can't get our work
Done inside that racket! But hey— that's a peacock for you.

Gaudy as hell.

The sycamore tree was blossoming, but now it isn't.
It's bearing weight—it's bearing fruit. Green fruit.
Pears. There are pears falling all around us,

Heavy in the grass.

They don't belong on the tree, and they know it.
So they jump. Stupid pears haven't got the sense
God gave them. Don't know how lucky they are.

Meanwhile.

What else is there to do? The pears are thunking
Against the earth and the peacocks are screaming
Louder than before. A girl could run away.

Or she could lie.

Down I goes, like a pear, down. Screaming
Like a peacock. Down I goes, into the grass, heavy
With all my intentions, my various sanities.

Thunk I falls.

And from here only the sky and the bare brown branches,
looking for all the world like sycamore branches. And grass
tickling both my cheeks. And the peacocks are sleeping.

Quietly I lies.