

Freak!

Writing is endless and why not?
The perfect metaphor moves in the poem(page) wants
To be found. Freak! At work, the ultimate geek.
(Circus of deserted animals) I swallow the poem whole.
Flaming fire doesn't burn. The precise meaning
Isn't that devious. (Yet, I long for you.)

It isn't hard to discover the East has an ocean in the Mid-West.
That's right! That friend writing me that a kid under your care
At that summer camp had been struck dead by lightning during
The night.

He was an only child. I, youngest of six children, sent you a
Letter about insoluble losses and Snodgrass's *HEART'S
NEEDLE*. I couldn't write you a decent poem.
That perfect metaphor moves in this poem(page) now.
It's full of longing for you.

Rain, wind pounding the canvas sides of those cabins
Kept me awake the next year. You'd invited me there by then.
You've never written to me, lain in the same bed with me, but
You would be the only one I would with. I worried that
Lightning would come again as you ran from cabin to cabin,
Slapping canvas siding down on the sides of those cabins.

I saw your face when you came back!

The Mid-West farmer knew Rimbaud.
I said, "The smell of the ocean in the desert
Brought him back to France and he said,
"No, his poisoned leg."
Why have I come home and How?