

SARABANDE

Two by two we tempo the cloverleaf, swallow
blue downers with our turn signals blinking
alone under Jupiter, singing in stop-and-go.
The yolk deftly separated, tongues & grooves
not wedded but lockjawed,
we hitch our moon to a melon-balled hour,
anoint our collars with dishwater.
See the stray filament, the one loose thought
adrift in its galaxy? Fix it with a light-span
parceled into windows and fluted into channels
we churn until morning. Only imagine,
on the far rim, a satellite spins out,
goes ruckusing over the cliff's edge
past Discount Liquors, the landfill's last wink.
All night we mosh our torches past the guard gate,
laurel the rodents gnawing our woodwork.
Even here, in the half-dark, some treeswift,
some felon, some flung self goes break-beating
through a bad neighborhood,
knives the guy-wire of evening and reels.