

FATHERLAND

Two missionaries came down a sandy hill in New Mexico.
And Doctor watched, chewing his mournful string.
Two testaments of Jesus, they
showed him. Sun & moon, you see.
Man & woman

at the brink of expulsion from the Old Country.
Boxy, Doctor did not let them easy or give his sway.
He did not trust good news
on American soiled
white sheets, you see.

Doctor himself was feeling no Mighty.
He pulled his string + (empty) Depend box—
bump bump da bump between
the piñons & the willows & the sweet muted hues of
yesteryear, like his very own opinion.