

YELLOW PICNIC

The final female stole off
With all the dignity when she left us—
Sitting and sitting around, growing rock over rock
Collapsing into the near-silence of geese
In spruce rows over the last of the lake

Water washing a muff of white cream—spectral perfume up the sinuses...
For a last chance riot upon sense

A gosling made of plates, disturbed—has been
Constructed this way—life, or life
Coming to terms with the discrepancy inherent in moving
As one of one's species, away from the goose
Of the self, akin
To falling in love with another, no matter how awkward the body
Along a lake of continual cracking

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Whosever hand I held
To appease the God-complex of the elders
Is now tall, and bald—the shit I feel even more distant, but will
Get up, get another if I want it

Swimming through crossed pylons
Pointed in the direction of the lubricant source
One could mail a letter through the illusion
Of a slit in the unbroken black surface, and could do so
Simply by sitting, and sitting simply
By looking beyond the execrable oxygen
Of its own masked reporters, the American poets

I imagine returning to life, and flying, headless
Into the clouds, with the lake still
Attached to my feet—like a comb
With a torso raking the sky