

## CLOSET VISION

Holed up behind the whitewashed wooden slats  
slung like ribs above the greed-begotten candy, plaster  
papered *nowandlaters*, holed up and far  
from witches in the woods' evergreen fringe,  
horse chestnut brews, parents' crow commotion or  
robin squabble haranguing the fat  
wide open always out there, I read for hours  
on the red shag rug hearing market cry  
and grave slope, caught the men through ages  
of flint and full haggle in my 2 by 6 chamber,  
my heart hooked on Blue Beard and the dead wives'  
skeletons cantilevered to a door hook. Later,  
hunkered down with amputee hangers,  
catalogs, the bottle stash and jug wines,  
Jim Beams too hiding with air, no air,  
plus a stolen *Joy of Sex* circa 1974,  
its pell-mell positions and crouching

women, with the POV going scaup and rattle,  
some theater of being a little less bright.  
Saw one night the million paired eyes  
swinging upward, the hand me down generations  
spelunking in caves, fine lineaments braved  
by way of cream curd and lust and dictatorial DNA,  
felt through overhead squib and carpet warp,  
some full squat before the slate rock hearths,  
more buried in strata of granite, igneous,  
limestone, ash, the mind's eye leveled  
to one rectangle of light around the animal  
who wants to know that it knows and say so,  
lumbering down the long path to vanishing.