

VIEW FROM A REGULAR FANTASY

love flies these planes
they are small and there's room for them
they make loops

for a while each mountain stands
small as the years
that matter

and the red loud lights
a dog in the drive

black lump is it love
can it walk
sweat like today
by the field, our own dull paint

still flies
by the scared square room, by the west each day
we should not be shocked
by ourselves