

## TAKING STOCK

It is your own darling you confront.  
You take the offensive  
groping for words  
your hands nearly inflections.  
There is little to say.  
Of course you have a father, a grandfather,  
a machinery of ancestors.  
You are the hound beneath the tree.  
You are the treed cat, cutting your shape  
from the moon.

## DRIVING ONE MILE OF THE DISTANCE FROM IOWA CITY TO CHICAGO

On my left, slowly from the dusk  
like pepper flakes, a flock of sparrows drifts  
a beat, a beat, dispersing.

Ahead, ponderous trucks pull together,  
mate with a flashing of lights  
and divide.

A small plane moves noiselessly toward  
the changing horizon. I watch it become  
small, become one bright pinpoint,  
hoping it will explode.