

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.