

CHRISTMAS, 1968; SISTER, 13

At seven a.m. most winter sun
over the semi-tropical canal
bores a fuzzy channel through amazing fog
to make us feel warmer than Florida.
Jane, is your coffee? virgin desire's focus
in this brightest-gray, evenest light?
to your musty mouth, morning tongue?
Star ships stick in the throat.

At least the TV tends to pastels.
I don't think my eye's diaphragm shuts much further.
You don't play with the blinds or the Tint,
you ask questions, harder and harder.
No, I don't suppose it is much like
my 707 yesterday. Yes, they can't say they're lonely, yes,
we are spinning at thirty-three miles a minute,
yes, I am excited. The soft, round sun
breathes on David, Chet, the astronauts, you, and me,
and parents, wife, and the town are asleep.
The crocodile you've seen in the canal about ten steps away
sleeps under wet glass. Braving the morning
to fly to the moon with my little sister,
shocking awake my tired, unmonitored body for love of her,
the fat round machine we ride is not engineered
and I hate the shinier and shinier sun eating the fog
to show telephone poles, expensive houses, gas stations,
and bring out the family to ask how far they've gone now.