

Michael Craig

MASSACHUSETTS

There is a gramophone pointed at a boathouse.
Tucked between tobacco barns
are the meadows I like to drive through.
There is the saying, *at the threshold of a cowshed.*

Also there are those who stay up late
trying to see things accurately.
Go stand at an open window during a snowstorm.
Wipe the snowflake from your eyelash.
There is a boy talking to a snowgirl.
There is a boxing glove buried in a snowbank.
Shadows of birds on a snowy hill.

Throw an orange, it disappears into the snow.
Wrap yourself in a blanket.
Wipe the snowflake from your eyelash.

Some people say I try too hard.
Some say I repeat myself,
speak into myself,
have made a molehill out of a mountain.

Sit down for a minute. I think some things
seem more difficult than they really are.

There is a goat tied to a tree, that's all he's used for.
There is a dollhouse which I ash into.
A cow bawls in the distance,
right outside my window.