

BEHIND THE COUNTER

No, not enough—dispatching gazes on
toward the messy sighs of serried leaves
the sunlight shuffles in a spangly breeze
behind the window's nearly private pane,
the children with their freedom and their names,
and seeing, superimposed against those trees,
a neon light drowning the thought of bees
cicada-wise, a fluid, shrill refrain,
and swallowing bleach, chat, coke, luck, disease,
fluorescent light on oaks and fumes in rain
as common modern stereoscopies,
and adding up another customer's fees—
to lay your breath and way aboard a train,
to ride and slouch, clutch your Innisfree.

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LEE POSNA