

AND WANT SHALL SHUN YOU

Again your body is staggering
in the phaseout
of the olive moths, October
of the grizzled petals and one
tree all roughed-up and rootlets,
schlock maples here and on the hill, polite
birch like a believer autumnal but zeroed
by plains. Howbeit this is not all.
In the work of destruction
is the strange blanch of intension,
hatches of winged ants,
the fresh monstrous wheat.
This interim is but a savage laboring
to cycle the blue of ice-weather.
There storms fall into ocean.
Here we sleep on the prairie—
with wants, with beastly wants.

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