

PANHANDLE

We marry and watch for
the kind of fog
we knew back in tobacco fields.
Put the fish in garlic
and curry while the coconut oils
soak into other vegetables.
Surely there is a cathedral rotting
somewhere in a greener rain,
but no red birds and it's
the red and steaming feathers
you need for the heart to settle into
its untaught center.

KIMBERLY BURWICK