

A blue canoe setting off in sunset.  
Left behind, we await her return,  
news of fish that fly, gems big as hats,  
flowers that eat meat.

### CHICKEN LITTLE

Yesterday the low-end guy  
on the steps with the new neighbor's  
couch huffed between upward umphs  
about an asteroid due in 1992 or 3  
to collide with planet Earth—  
a geyser of dust unfurling  
like a dropcloth between us  
and the sun, source of all life.  
Or it could just nearly miss,  
shred the stratosphere,  
the already blighted ozone-rind.  
Same old story: freeze or fry.

Once on Star Trek the Captain's stuck  
on an asteroid that's really a ball  
within a hollow ball, a people  
hermetically sealed and devoted  
to a computer gone ka-floey  
like a cheap touch tone phone  
that dials 3 when you push 6  
so you finally quit calling  
and wait to be called.  
Anyway Spock's only got a couple minutes  
to phaser or one of the quadrant's  
thickest populations will be caroomed through  
but down there Kirk's in love or McCoy's  
in love or maybe even Chekov's in love.

Upstairs my neighbor drags his stuff around  
so loud and stuttering it must be two things  
he shoves each time: the chair or table or couch  
and that thing inside that makes us sink  
in water and sleep, softens our harangues  
and puts lazy panic in our nightwatches.  
*Bright star! Would I were steadfast as thou art*  
wrote Keats, coughing into a lacey thing,  
wanting a tender swoon of starlight  
to be himself upon his lover's breast.  
He thought what was up was up forever.

I have this stack of TVs:  
one gets picture, one gets sound,  
one does nothing but hum  
and the news comes through  
of a space cannon pointed the wrong way.  
Down on the wharf a bunch of us  
are memorizing the waves,  
how they pick themselves up  
to throw themselves down.  
Somebody do something!

### WHERE DO WE COME FROM? WHAT ARE WE? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

From the richest dirt man first molded  
his world bowl-shaped, his bowl hand-shaped  
to catch the blood of marriage, hunt and birth,  
the ceremonious black-juiced spirit pricked  
from the skull with a beetle-jeweled pike.  
At least that's one arrangement of pottery shards.  
Last night a friend called whose separated  
husband came home to tear the sleeves off  
her dresses, throw a lamp through a mirror,  
knock a couple of her teeth loose. Then he