

Two Poems · *David James*

THE MOO GAME

Take off your shoes and socks and place your feet in a pail of milk (if you prefer, you may warm the milk slightly). While mooing, imagine the wall in front of you to be a hill, with grass, with a stream and butterflies. Moo and moo until the sound of your own voice vibrates through your bones and a chill shoots up your spinal cord.

Then put a sock over your head and sing the milk song, making up verses as you go. Milk is my friend, we drink all the time, white as a snowflake, or anything that rhymes. After the song, stand up straight and suck hard, pretending to be a straw.

To end the game, step out of the pail and pour the milk on your calves. Watch what they do to it.

THE TIRED OF YOUR PRESENT LIFE TREE GAME

Find some string and tie your hair to a tree. It is least painful when you allow your feet to touch the ground. Stay as close to the trunk as possible. The object of the game is to become the tree.

You must stand silently and still. Close your eyes and go blank, mindless, swaying a little in the wind. Let the sound of rustling leaves occupy your total existence. Try to sleep for long periods. Dream bark. Dream tree. Dream deep, cool wood.

When a robin builds a nest on your head or shoulder, untie yourself and start a new life.