

I won't sit still

* *

Drink it?
Any time now the world will turn,
and the popcorn,
late in the bowl—

Morning, is it
a mortal flare? Laughing ourselves awake

we stare, tanager, columbine, holding sunlight
in our teeth

EXCERPT FROM THE POEM "MILK SONG"

venus venom the long loss

is it the great beauty she hears the lullaby
the wide song the lap

the lost sweet curve of milk the
rubber squeek the melody drains

into dark she throws it back the mouthful
the mistake

the dying the almost dead

through the last tiny finger the milky
the tiny living

milky song

healer voice
rocking

lying in milk the baby the sick

venom *she could not atone*
striking the great gone blue-red

Mother

to strive for to win to strive

to lose

*