

A HEAVEN HAVE TO HAPPEN

In the stalked air, three dogs grave along the arm
of a sea wall. They number more
in the keepsake prairie.

Be guarded.
Chamfer the vexed cork under a hilly light,
if need be. Bend your grievances
over the boulder hedge,
into a tone tartan night,
venting left.

We were all careful
people, once, serried in the shallows.

Be terrible, be elastic leeches.
I hung on a drug, a belief emptying out
into the morning steam, along the coping stone,
yes, my levitating head, yes,
your frequent state flower
I lauded to lament.