

FIVE O'CLOCK

for S.

Beyond the fence the grass left
uncut for the cows to cut.
But here, such roaring: his arm muscles ripple
as though the earth were upside down
and he hoisted the mower's bulk overhead,
laboring to unfurl aisles.
He wants me to marry him.
Has been carrying me with those same arms
through all our rooms. Could set me down
in the field. Whatever it is I say.
Hello hello the field always says.
Goodbye goodbye the same green way.
Now I could watch him die or he
could watch me die or could we agree to drive
in one car till a wave washes over the road?
After the cows eat some they keep
chewing and chewing. Eating is better
than being done eating. The swathless field
eats red sun whole, eats shit, eats our mutual air.
We make love, and love. We make supper and supper.
I had not known this want.