

Love for the Wrong Thing

I sit on the part
of a tumble of wall that splits
this field of twigs
from a Rhode Island of moist gray grass,
and I think about the papers
we buried in there, receipts
for something, say candy cigarettes,
electrical tape,
a gift of superman band-aids.
We meant, I guess, to dig
them out one day,
married and destroyed by our lives
like our fathers,
but tonight, I say those slips
are lost, or I say
they were swallowed by seagulls now crossing
a harbor. Floating to Wickford,
they are sacred as sea scrolls,
naked as bone now,
though we wrapped them
in the packaging
of whatever they proved we bought.