

The College Girl as Cypher

You, corn-field blond and blue-skyed,
bountiful college girl among bored nations,
bounding along in your new sneakers,
your wit openly declared on your t-shirt,

to me, a primitive soul, you are Desire
streamlined, sans memory, and yet,

and yet, unbidden in a paranoid moment,
your smile can slip into an Aztec skull's
and in the infinite fields the cobs are sudden warheads.

You, Sexy, are atavistic,
that time-out when, in a distant outpost of the faltering Empire,
an infantry-man, homesick, pictures his Iowa.