

again, to remember how plainly
the darkness sees us, always
as if we were eight years old,
the battle of our parents rising
and crashing through the night,
and we far under the covers,
turned breath to breath, one breath.

IF I WERE A SWAN

I would ride high
above my own white
weight. I would ride
through the lightening
of the earth
and the darkening,
stillness and turbulence
coming on in the core
of me, and spreading
to the hard rain,
to the dazzle. Leaves
would turn, but I
would keep my eyes
in my head, watching
for grasses. This
is what I would know
deeply: the feathering
of my bones
against the bank.
For the rest,
I would be the easiest
wave, loving just enough
for nature's sake.
The world would move
under me and I would
always be exactly

where I am, dragonflies
angling around my head.
Under the black mask
of my face, I would think
swan, swan,
which would be nothing
but a riding, a hunger,
a ruffle more pointed
than wind and waves,
and a hot-orange
beak like an arrow.

AN INTRODUCTION

A little point of contact,
catch of an eye, and I
start fleshing out the whole

beast. He pulls off his
boxer shorts, and we are white
against the linen, afternoon

sun stripping between
blinds. We are ravenous—
only a few moments before,

detailed and courteous. We
have bought a house of bare
wood, rugs in patterns.

Saturday mornings, we look
for chipmunks in the woods
behind our house. We