

JERRY HARP

*Life Together*

The drink is bitter, and the root is sharp,  
Dug from the woods out back, then boiled  
All afternoon into an acrid tea  
We take with vegetables and dark bread.

“My one companion is darkness,” you say.  
Night comes down like a final thumb.  
Seems everything keeps beginning all over.

Like a terrier I chase down flies  
Tapping against the windowpanes.

Crows unsettle the trees,  
Their murderous cries unwinding  
The light—obsessive revisions of the script.

The days roll out like dice,  
And cars go drifting by like days.

Listen, there’s a sound in the wind,  
A squealing pulley hoisting up  
The beginnings of another scene.