

Farm III

Small waves strike
The dark stones. The wife reads
The letter. There is nothing irreversible:
Points to the last sibilants
Of invading beef and calico.

Pretty soon oil has
Taken up the place of
The dark around you. It was all
As told, but anyway it never came out just right:
A fraction here, a lisp where it didn't matter.
It has to be presented
Through a final gap: pear trees and flowers
An ultimate resinous wall
Basking in the temperate climate
Of your identity. Sullen fecundity
To be watched over.

Oleum Misericordiae

To rub it out, make it less virulent
And a stab too at rearranging
The whole thing from the ground up.
Yes we were waiting just now
Yes we are no longer waiting.

Afterwards when I tell you
It's as though it all only happened
As siding of my story

I beg you to listen
You are already listening

It has shut itself out
And in doing so shut us accidentally in

And meanwhile my story goes well
The first chapter

endeth