

& the best poet in town packs a gun
 Because there's no way
 back or out just a tighter & tighter squeeze
 with junk to drown your sadness
 & junk to wire your madness
 Because you feel imminent death all the time
 though I'm not afraid no I'm not afraid
 Because it's throwing a bright idea straight to hell
 & becoming the slow & patient destruction
 of all you ever wanted to do.

Anne Waldman

FARM WIFE

Dark as the spring river, the earth
 opens each damp row as the farmer
 swings the far side of the field.
 The blackbirds flash their red
 wing patches and wheel in his wake,
 down to the black dirt; the windmill
 grinds in its chain rig and tower.

In the kitchen, his wife is baking.
 She stands in the door in her long white
 gloves of flour. She cocks her head and
 tries to remember, turns like the moon
 toward the sea-black field. Her belly
 is rising, her apron fills like a sail.
 She is gliding now, the windmill churns
 beneath her, she passes the farmer,
 the fine map of the furrows.
 The neighbors point to the bone-white
 spot in the sky.

Let her float
 like a fat gull that swoops and circles,
 before her husband comes in for supper,
 before her children grow up and leave her,
 before the pulley cranks her down
 the dark shaft, and the church blesses
 her stone bed, and the earth seals
 its black mouth like a scar.