

[NOT THE TREATS OF QUINCE BLOSSOMS. IN THIS RAINY  
CYCLE THE YARDS]

not the treats of quince blossoms. in this rainy cycle the yards  
are so much muck. levees do not so much break as buckle

we would let the river baptize and afterward: so relieved of pressures  
the earth could slide back into place: the houses slide back into houses  
and the river a river perhaps: a change in its squiggle. new bolo tie

we have been hit worse. have let waters reserve the next county  
as a chained hound. a second coming. but with so few human casualties  
the boating became a lark. it wash away, we say, all this business

and so we scrap: this the little chotchke we salvaged from the last great storm  
a token floats up in the night. and what bauble shrieks to us among the  
darkest rushes

[IN THE NEW GENESIS: A PART OF HIS SKELETON BECAME  
ME. SHAPED ME]

in the new genesis: a part of his skeleton became me. shaped me  
me as womb trembles forth. me wifeless with 300,000 retro sons  
me of no husband girdled and they to no spouse parcelled: salt pillars

must my skull be hut for them all? at night the anvils sing bingbong  
them kids is pounding out more kids. listen: the dna clinks its chainmail  
rickety ark of my body cannot hold. doves cannot land here