

Squat

Not quite on our heels is where we sit
flatfooted but not necessarily displaced.
It comes from living without chairs but not
without hemorrhoids. The nates actually rest
just between the points where the tendons of Achilles
disappear into calf muscle. It is a posture of long waiting,
of endurance, for noting game upwind as it grazes nearer
or the sincerity with which oppressors deny that it is so.

Leaving Town

Not just slung on the son
's back in the rubble of collapse, city and child
unprotected in her studied inattention to
the chair his
daughters carry
his moans
the memory of all he was
struck down when all he wanted to
brag her body and the indubity he had
been inside it only part
of him part her but from him
all he could summon and therein get
the son who would shoulder him
aside from his naked rimes to her
body beyond comprehension but by
daughters to sacrifice as he alone among men had
permit until he was made to limp and still
his unbidden mouth tells her
glory only after
death grows close enough to tell instead
the tale of a grander, more degraded world to
come where she is less even
than empire.

The Terranovans have been accused of being
too dim to imagine the wheel; but
then they did
invent the pipe which clarifies
cultural preference concerning not
only the means but the goal of
transport.

Exactly what
percentage of the fun is
getting there depends on where you're bound.

At the Briefing and the Secretary

he says them damn
Fedayeen Terrorists, the nerve to fight without
uniforms just 'cause their daddies didn't
pony up for the Posse de Ville, thereby providing
gratis a gloss on redemptive paramilitaries at least
as far back as the embedded farmers, their shot now
heard at last across the River of Fulfillment
the product of a clearly irregular predicative sequence
involving ricochet and appropriations of torque with
which to spin the globe until the drill
drops into the right hole.

Rummy grins
beneath the office windows that reflect all
light above the bridge of his nose back
onto the scribbling fellaheen below
squeezed by the bight he twists into his
story. They clamor for another turn.

Authority resides in the rain

that what we call wet
dampens the trees snakes and us without preference
beyond the presentation of surface that may be in some
way penetrated so adhesion establishes molecular
associates without regard to intuition or systematic understanding whether
epoxy or amber resists that natural coherence, that
the agora is everywhere and always the province of
the imagining but no less real for that which Horace asserts
Ulubris contains which claim we can declare authoritative as
rain since nowhere does everyone know more than
elsewhere that the imagination cannot be verified by doing the same
thing again that there is no same thing that the rain falls in time
each drop coherent in response to surface pressures that inform it as we are in
formed by what we can say to others without regard to position
or the definitive qualification of the real.

A Song of the Fur

The Janjawiid grow strong just north
of catastrophe on the south side of
ridges they grow

tall and potent. They live
to restore the right of the Cavalier to
every virgin.

We will uproot them. We will
cut them down their pendant sacs
unspent. We will save intact the flowers
of grace their depredation. We
will immolate them

ourselves. May
God bless us that worship
In the fatwa of our astonishment.

The Lateral Undulation of A. Hatchet

*The sea piles against
the inflorescent mountain.
The wax my bees make
contains tiny grains of salt*

Oxalis yclept
sorrel fm ME *sorel* fm OF *surele* fm OGer *sur* meaning
sour as in
sourwood aka
sorrel-tree so called for its bark is
sorrel an umbery orange

sprays of tiny white
cups panicked midstory in
'a sea of green's
sour as oxalis in salads and
sourwood bees their favored honey as one
tree equals a clovered meadow or
a glade full of the oxalis commonly
called common wood
sorrel

At the neighbor's to talk shop work, who'd seen, that morning, a snake sticking its head up out of a hole in the tarp that covered the woodpile and had shot it, thereby explaining the clap as of two planks smacked together he'd earlier heard. He went out to the woodpile and took the tarp off. The snake was half-way up, bridging two tight four-square stacks: a glossy, dark-phased young timber rattler—four rattles to a button, it turned out—watching them, a raw spot where the slug had torn away the skin from the top of its head. He picked up a six-foot sticker and fooled with the snake until its head was clear of obstructions and the neighbor shot it again. It slumped, maroon blood dripping from its head. He poked it out of the stack. It slid off the stick and began to swim away. He picked it up with the stick and carried it over to a stump and laid it across the top. It rolled off, heading for the woods, but it was doomed, so he whacked it at the base of the skull. The stick broke in half, but the snake stopped moving. He carried it home to the cabin, nailed it through the anal pore to a black gum and slit it from the anus down the belly to the ruined head. He slit the tail back past the scent glands, cut the skin free from the anus to the end of the slit in the tail, sliced the snake in two behind the glands, and began pulling the body toward him, using the knife to cape the skin, first from the belly on both sides of the ventral incision, then working around to the back. When he got to the mangled head, he cut it off, leaving it, along with the tail and its rattles, attached to the

skin. The long tube of meat was unshadowed white, seemingly without sinew, one sinuous muscle attached everywhere to the skeleton. It could have been succulent over mesquite, but he threw it to the coons. The hide was delicate as a lady's chain mail, velvet scales in wide bands of chocolate gold and ochre, lapped over silk spandex skin. He laid it out, scales down, on the grill cover, an old enameled steel table top, and buried it in kosher salt, traife nonetheless, though the coons couldn't care. Clear weather would desiccate it in a few days. Cleaned, emolliated, worked, saved against the ritual slaughter of the serpent, that the dangerous world may be declared perverse at our convenience.

Kneeling on the east roof of the new
print shop to side the clerestory while the bumblebees work
the sourwood a few feet north of the shop wherefrom they will
repair to the grill top near the cabin porch to
pinch a little *sal de machado* for their wax.

In what sense might the trees be said
to respect the other apart from as part of
the appropriation of as much of the commons as they can
support though the light remains above all
reach for it limited by capacity to pump against the grave
earth's pull called depressive for refusing governance by will even
expressed along the horizontal highways are shared with
a comity that respects the irrevocable but
avoids appropriating the path of the other in order
that the first-part party be not reapportioned as well might
words be guided with similar restraint in light
of the Pyrrhic outcomes common to boundary disputes

