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FAMILY SYSTEM

We're in a giant mom and dad linked by a heart.
We're going round in circles in the figure eight
made by their bodies and cinched by their heart.
Where their lips touch is another kind of heart.
Where their stomachs meet, a third type of heart.
They sort of know this, but they're too busy convulsing.
They think they're a constellation fastening in space.
And we're going with them on a vague run
for groceries. It's a long ride in a station wagon.
It's the screwy roads of an upper-class subdivision.
You think they resemble a galaxy spinning,
but to them you think it's like being inside two plants
joined at the stalk. Which might be right—
I've also been guessing. And wanting to twist
like they do, wanting to try some weird positions
and see what happens. I saw a model of it once:
A smaller arch passed under a bigger one
around what looked like a tomato slice stuck on a flywheel.
That's not how I'd describe it to them.

NEW REVISED STANDARD

A prayer is an edge with a bump in it.
String articulates a face; that's prayer.
Each prayer contains an I who traces a line
then stands on every point of it at once.
The Good is my sidewalk. When I'm tired
I link myself to a larger town
unsettled as of yet. My agitated arms grow knotted.
The term to describe this is *inextricable*.
It's paint mixed in water.
Its words often animals discussed across a grass.

A CIRCUMFERENCE

I want to walk the entire shore, around the continent.
When I reach a river
I'll have to decide whether to turn inland or go across.
If it's the Magdalena River
then questions and more questions.
If the river is yellow, then what is not so troubling in nature.
Where there's a hoop and hadn't been
and steam where I needn't any.
And where the world is bigger and my vision, too.
And in my travels a house droops to the bay
and a grove already into the bay.
A crank is spitting golden bits
and there are many geese. There are many kinds of birds:
ducks, large ducks, royal ducks,
ibises, egrets, herons, quail. I've seen falcons,
marsh hawks, sparrow hawks, goshawks and many other birds.

A TREE

What I was doing in the thunderstorm:
I was shaking my fist at the God of trash-talk.
I was stomping the footpath to the fencepost.
I parked—a star shot—I couldn't take it as coincidence.
I said a prayer to the God of sleeping outside
who's the same as the God of conniving.
I said a prayer for anyone who never came back.
I said a prayer to the God who answers back.
I said one for you if you chased your Gods away.
And one to the God of table manners
and to the God of horseshoes. And I said God
if you're God you're God of my lamplight
and of my undershirt. You're God of my feelings
which are mostly. But also of the trail I walk
but also toward a taller you.
Hey God, I finished the rock dam. I went in the field
and said one of patterned animal tracks and one to you
of cattle birth. I said one to the farmer Judy
who's always talking to herself
and one to the snapshot of the thing that's always happening.
I said God if there's the choice you're a God then
if everything's a choice.
This was in half-light in timber it was often.