

Look at this

Bronco galloping through fog.

Wearing it off the shoulder,

the tire-split opossum,

its salt-&-pepper nightgown pulled

by hawks, maggots, this steel horse, smiles still.

Can you believe it? Smiling as second nature.

Look at this

the past, present, & futures,

the driver, the passenger princess,

Little Trees...Black Ice.

Behind us: a mill town built in a valley's thigh,

one brick laid on top

of another,

a theater flickering war movies.

It's like we're in the skull of a machine gun

looking for the exit, searching for the wake up

button.

In the rearview mirror

our hunger's answer gutted & hung;

a deer skinned to its pink warmth.

We left something

but can't quite remember what. *What?*

Look at this

not the bedroom, not the backyard

thick with trees,

but the kitchen, down the sink:

vinegar, baking soda, clearing the pipes.

In the end—water

will be the last thing we ask

to forgive us.