

## **Perpetual Country (Blood)**

It's ok to be out of rivers and weak.  
Even today, wind troubling the lake's thin chemise,  
two green birds kissing on a soldier's cap,  
a Kansas calf's warm blood misting the bullet

made miraculous by speed. We fail so perfectly  
as if it were designed. Sugar and sex the closest we come  
to kingdom come. Friends grow children now  
and I have to watch what I say about heaven

and birds. Is it better to let the shuttered window be  
silent, to speak for it, or spit twelve swigs of gasoline  
and let the whole thing go? I have given my other cheek

so many times. My sisters and brothers are waiting  
near water to see the next miracle. That's them,  
their antennas up, god smeared all over their faces.

## **A Bear Falling**

A bear falling from a tree  
with a dart in its neck  
is not quite a metaphor  
for a hurried life,  
or no-good ends.  
At any rate a bear is falling  
from a tree and I don't care  
for metaphor.  
This is the goddamn world.  
Sure we have loss, but when  
did we not? Sure the clouds  
are at our throats, but  
isn't this a happy kind of choke?  
A bear is falling from a tree,  
violently asleep. Imagine it  
mid-air, back-first, in a city  
you've never seen  
in a country without words.  
Imagine not knowing this earth,  
hurtling toward it,  
not quite unable to fly.