

In Two

The woman in the field is knitting the grasses
together and blowing them apart.
And you know, no woman has ever felt as bad as you
after you have done your laundry
with the sweating feeling that there is something
dirty somewhere.

The woman made herself a mohair blanket to be shook in the wind
so the whole yard is dotted with blue fibers.
Like, sometimes, the slanted afternoon shows you
every fingerprint you have left in the whole room.

The woman is in the town where she lives, bent forward against
the rain. So you can see the C curve in her spine was made
from years of practice, walking toward something unpleasant.
And when she is home, she fluffs the comforter and climbs right in.

You leapt around your room while she slept
maybe youth is a light burden to bear before it gets heavy
maybe the spinning ceiling makes you feel at the center
of all the things you hold close.