

## **Drowning**

Without stones they will not sink,  
skin-and-bones, the sleeping cats  
anesthetized, sick hollowness  
for leaking water, in plastic bags  
warm and limp, will not slip easy  
unto death in the rain barrel.

Without stones they will not sink.  
The bulbuls have come to the fence  
with songs to the height of summer,  
how all about the world's restless.  
Without stones they will not sink.