

Hosts

These unremembered sorrows
impossible to forget
the splayed, greasy skin of the animal
your car did not hit

its death permanent as water
of time the smell
hasting the roadside
rapid sweet and foul

consider the flagrant thistles'
natural malice
the planting of clover and cigarette
on the same dry soils

all mockery native grows
their instrument
chimes soft and metal vows
that you cannot

carry more than your arms hold
more than a body needs
strangers lurking in your blood
hungrily unnamed

do you nearly turn to cry
whatever tears are given
where are their tongues where are
the hosts of heaven