

*Contours of Fall*

A show expected of them,  
    fall trees in late September  
I imagine dream of ugliness,  
loss, discolour,

like girls of old New England  
    clustered a time together  
might well have done to brace themselves,  
shriek in a mirror,

as the contour is approaching,  
    men of miles away,  
who see what comes as no surprise  
rapturously,

and the trees can no more stem it  
    than the girls behind the door;  
all slump into the strict allure  
men gallop for.

The brown they think goodwill to them,  
    the red they read as love,  
the golds and ambers anything  
they're short of;

so the trees turn and the girls walk  
    and neither learns a colour  
to make these strangers go away,  
not grief, pallor,

not misery, till a stave of contours  
    swings by in a breath.  
One colour does for all thereafter  
in the north.

## *Wasps in Sweetness*

All creatures that are creatures that I am  
have mustered dabbling in an amber pool,  
at what, I wonder. As I reach the rim  
some creatures I see satisfied and still.

All creatures that are creatures that I passed  
have fallen on one meal. I see so many  
eyes so fixed, so many seeking west  
and figuring it's down. The air is honey...

honey, dregs, and grain. If I'd been called  
to mix the air myself this would comprise  
the whole of it, all creatures of the world  
would fall to it like this. I am the size

of all the creatures as I start to drink;  
I taste them in this milk that each declined  
to finish. I am marvelling as I sink  
to work, late struggling creature of my kind.

## *Photos from Before*

Pity and envy now for our late selves  
in photos from before, when we led lives

we have to deal with now. There was a lark  
we all were in on, and we can't have back

the pronoun as it was. What was it for?  
We talked ourselves into an atmosphere.

I escape to, where the forest trees  
are green and sleepless and I realise

they're each about to turn. And how that feels  
is like a wade through infant boys and girls

who think my jaw will drop. Perhaps they saw  
my face in an old photo from before,

and don't imagine I would have a clue  
they are going to do what they are going to do.

## *Tomorrow in the Sand*

That day had eyes—if days have hooks and eyes—  
and I had hooks: it's not as if my feet  
don't print upon the earth. I showed my face  
at breakfast, I was chatted with, I shared  
    comments, I was heard;

I jogged on the grey beach and in plain view  
of fishermen. And yet there's no account  
of me, there seems no trace, no residue.  
I felt like something one was going to find  
    tomorrow, in the sand.

I sat at tables set for families  
and as I left them saw no sign at all  
I sat there. This itself is one of those  
notebooks that I bothered for a while,  
    in which no syllable

gets written. Waiters and receptionists  
saw through me to the windows. And the sigh  
I gave as I went by the wedding guests  
turned heads towards the shore. It was a day  
    oblivious to me.

But it mentions you repeatedly, will swear  
it saw you, nods when I repeat the name,  
though the unlikelihood has been made clear,  
and though each day that ever said the same  
    retracted it in time.