

A Crow's Skull

Found beside the railway line
and bleached in a tin

then sent to you before I knew
the trouble we were in

this skull like a ring
is the least it can be

hardly bone and mostly hole
it only tells of what's missing

what's no more and is not
and all its candid articulatory

is granted by what's been lost
as mine is now I speak of us

The Specs

Darling, d'you think you can't see as you did?
Then take this tin, this battered tin, this tin
that smells of cold metal, old metal and rust,
and find slotted inside it these silver frames.
Hook them on, for I want you to see as you did
again. Others have. Those who've aged or lost
have worn them a little while and regained
lovers or sons, their memories or minds,
then returned to their lives less vague, less blind.
Now look at me and tell me you see me
as you did, tell me I'm fully restored,
that I look to you as I looked before.

The Turn

Powdered milk and matchboxes are what you smell,
the trees crackling, half-lit already,
and the wind like the sound of the sea in a shell.
You pull the front door to by the cold horseshoe,
for all the luck in the world has left you,
and wander out of town. The weir never stops,
a loom of foam, shuttling salmon and sticks.
The fireweed smokes. The moon faces you
over the fields. You're dressed in weeds and drip
like a cave wall, so long have you spent with her voice
running through you, so hard have you swallowed her echo.
Ripe apples, the fattened river, rosehips
and the owl's cry applied like a light to your heart—
your pinhole heart, cringing in its burrow.