

Sleeping Late in a Duplex in Moscow, ID

Because the milk from a cow's udder's
warm as a mouth, the pulse
like a marble down the teat, someone's forefinger and thumb
reaching up to pull down another,
and outside a crow out-performing the cock,
and outside the grass out-singing the moon,
and outside in some other state filled
with corn and cabbage and steers
rolling their unified lonely bellows
over as many Sisyphic hills until all converge in a valley
as in a teenager's loins, as in the pitch
of his subwoofer across the street
this early morning, beneath which, or hovering
above, or threading its way in and out
of the bass filling the air
like so many dark balloons rising past our window,
is a garbled anger softened by twang,
is a hummingbird, slightest emissary, all sickle
and speed beyond our screen saying
you are just a set of organs
imbedded deep in a dooryard flower.
What a tantrum of wings.

