

Weaning

The quiet of windows pours its sand in my ear.
What, what? ask the dolls of evening

though they do not wish to hear my answer.
Five hens are alive in the brush, purring

toward the slough. No one here has a rifle
but the wind turns abruptly and returns a report.

Three bright orange vests hang at the ready.
The doe turns in her frame above the stove,

and her season climbs like the moon into its place
in the sky's clock. The green theater

with its elegant aspens goes more threadbare
each week, so I'll soon see the others, heretofore

only heard. Just to the south the casino lights
ride the underbellies of clouds, and further

down the interstate more world twirls
in its papers and drinks, while the baby throws

his feet through the bars, and the father
takes him like a little canoe on the billowy

lake of his chest. Comes a mewling, then,
from my dark, a mooing, a whine, feathered

or furred I can't divine. The girl with the flat face
and bleached lips read her poems in crisp

Ivy League whatnot, but I got sidetracked
by the way her torso seemed stacked, pressed

in layers like shale, so there was a weight to her
that hung in the bottom of the eye like the bulk

of a tear that never quite falls. It's true
the intelligence was clear as green ice, and just

as hard, stripped of its *I* and heat. Her baby
burbled on it the back of the room happily not

in the poems. Oh little rabbit of grief on the spot
where the last dog was turned under, don't speak.

I make a fire, then dream a fire: wind carries
little rags of it into the woods, and the crackling

in the grate enters my ducts and wakes me.
When I look out, the grass along the fence

is crawling with light, and the last wild asters
press their blue buttons into the cold glass.