

DEAN YOUNG

Now That Tomáš and Jim Are Gone

I worry poetry's out there alone
with a hurt paw. In a paper sack
in a New Jersey rest-stop. Could it hurt
to fall to my knees? To flaunt
my disorderly crawl? I tried to throw
a search-party while it swung above us
like tomato juice in case we got skunked.
In case we got politicized by tar.
Meanwhile it was glimpsed across town
in someone else's underwear. It wasn't
even Halloween. Once I held my breath
nearly long enough. Once I woke
as if dipped in ants. Ant biting my eyelid
mad about a plum, ant on its planet cranium.
Granite too is mostly air, only
my thick-headedness stops me
from walking through walls. Poetry
doesn't mean, it incinerates.
Meanwhile it appeared as a kachina
in a gas station in Mexico. A flattened
bottlecap looking animate in yellow
shadow. Sometimes kerosene opens the sky
in a puddle. Dew, excessively. I touched
her breasts in a dream. Some kids in the park
pulled tight a rope between two trees
and tried to walk it. My dog senses
something invisible in the pyracantha
that wants to play without any irritable
reaching after fact or reason.