

Needing the Lies

Spices, a poultice-----
Mustard, ash, salt-----
Time is crawling in an ooze,
The blur of fevers wafting,
A sticky itch, persistent,
This suspicion
That doors of disappointment
Are beginning to swing...

Cranes, cranes
Represent the spirit, the white,
The eastern wings of monogamous
Hope-----
Cranes for the souls of soldiers,
Cranes for us in our origami
Of connected tissue...

Water, wind-----
The quintessential *we*
Borne aloft by these elements,
Carried forward to the Beyond
Of volcanic basalt five fathoms under...

Right off our coast a ship goes down, &
On the air, 24 wars, one for each hour,
Brings fresh reports that peace
Would be newsworthy...

Oh cranes,
Deliver a poultice.
Years later he cattle cars still chuff & I grow,
A volcano, violent with tenderness,
Needing belief in the home