Recourse

(in spots of time)
Arms

the law is clear, an eye
for an eye, an ear for an ear:

arms hold hands, hands
hold arms: and the stone

is raised in the air, then
here and here: bones

break in images: there
there, calm yourself

down, and down again:
hunted, now you can

haunt: the shatterings
underneath purple flesh

the blood pulsing in vein to
vein, the spill that stains
Nest

soft is not what we thought
in the empty structure

of a house not yet abandoned,
not yet a house but ruins

in the making: small we are
chasing holes in walls,

hunting with eyes for baby
birds: we catch glimpses

of sound, shushing
one another to hear

the source, the reward: listen
how we got taller, one

shouldering the other, hand
reaching for feather
Cemetery

on the plain next to graves
we kick the ball flat:

feet all dusty from earth’s
brown, the green grass

in circles around new spring,
the hops: red petals hiding

black pores in each and every
core: the sky wandering

in absent light: soft small steps
among the stones

crushing: sound after dark
in this search among

the dead for something
lost in the black and white
Cars

the olive green told no
season, rusty metal bars

of no glass eating
windows, no doors to

open, we step in one
by one: frame lay

on earth’s dirt and stones:
nothing to steer,

no need: we stood hands
clasping air, right

moving left, imitating
as something a snake stirs

scattering feet turn
in the valley’s wet and green
Glass

school was always no class
we sat in some dim hall, close
to church, end of no beginning
we there staring wrong
answers, something there is
that loves breaks, someone
screams sounds shattering:
we scream together, tears
and all duck underneath
desks: walls beating echoes, fear
little bodies smelling the bad
wood: over and over,
it’s over: wrongs over heads
knees against chests we stay
Anchor

it was gulf and all war,
the window wrapped clear:

keys in, tape on T.V set,
the sirens seep in closed
door: we left scrambled
the eggs on each plate:
kitchen running room
to room: female anchor
caught in the corner, she
looking right and left

palms stuck to cheeks
jaws dropped deep: we

stare at her not there,
keeping laughter at bay