MORT DE NATURE

the way a physical being
can stand
erect
in the shower
at eight pm
bathed in light
still
life
like a vase
on the paint table
picking up
the blues
from the painted
hues in the surface
made meaningful
by electric
tension
even at a distance

MOOSE SHIT

found a pile of shit
the size of a spare tire
filled with wheatlike buds
this was one strange dog, I
thought...before realizing
it was Moose Shit
right there in my driveway
piled like a memory
cooling in the winter morning
it reminds me of my divorce
the "monster" itself, gone
leaving only this
tangible pile of scat
to freeze there in the driveway
until I clear it away