OUR DEAD CHILDREN

though they only lived in words

whispered under the veil of night.

 Though we were stupid.

And I remain stupid.

I hear the names we might

have given our children.

I see their faces drift above me in

Forlorn clouds.

I see their dead faces and think of

The house we might have

filled.

The fire I never built.

The pile of lumber slanted in the dark

The fox curled inside, nursing her dream.

What do you do in the face of actual grace?

A bunny dies.

Another bunny lives.

You let it in. You name it. You

Don’t cling too hard when it goes.

THE STRANGER

In Minneapolis I walk to a bridge over the Mississippi River. The water is pitch black there are lights on the black like silver weevils. There is a huge red and green sign blinking    a third eye over the water it reads GRAIN BELT BEER. When I was walking there I saw a horse pulling a carriage it had a white face this is not a dream.

A Man dark hair two kind eyes driving a lime green citibike skids to a stop *are you okay* he has an accent I don’t recognize maybe Georgian I tell him yes he drives away 30 seconds later he circles back, slows to a stop. *I want to make sure you are not going to jump off this bridge. Maybe you need to call someone.* I stare at him. Eventually he will leave and I will not say Thank You.

What did he witness   A stranger leaning on the railing of a bridge at night, bowed in mantis prayer, some black wing already slinking from behind their shoulders. My mother calls from the hotel and I sit up in my coffin to lie to her.

The horse had a white face. Around the American flag the gnats dart a path you might think random. The crinkles in a beer bottle cap tiny devil horns. In 1990 construction on Hennepin Bridge concluded. Nine years later I got pushed into this world in a hospital bed. The man on the bike is still slowing down, circling back, asking again.

SONG FOR YOKO

In middle school we all hate her because that bitch broke up the Beatles

That neo dada fluxus witch

Who does she think she is?

Crawling around the boys like a deranged black widow

Wailing bloody calls at ungodly hours

Inside the memory box she seems to wither

But back in reality she’s as dense as a briar patch.

THE BOMBING OF TOKYO a series of firebombing air raids by the United States Army Air Forces during the Pacific campaigns of World War II. Regarded as the single most destructive bombing raid in human history. 16 square miles of central Tokyo were destroyed, leaving an estimated 100,000 civilians dead and over 1 million homeless

So 12 year Yoko and family fled to a bunker       *I remember being hungry*

They repeat that line in all the interviews. Imagine all the people.

Yoko instructs to forget half the head memory forget a particular syllable

destroy the originals kill all the men you have slept with Make one tunafish sandwich and eat.

Yoko, I dug the hole in my garden I separated the self into nucleus

I left her behind to multiply

Slammed the closet shut but It’s still a dark pocket in the bedroom

Yoko, my tar black yolk

Which hen bore you? Did I come from her too?

In the shit stained coop

An exorcism ensues.

Yoko I talk back to the ravens in bed

I climb your ladder

I reach for the magnifying glass

The eye contains a single word

It’s all I have to look at you

*Why try to do something like that when a bird can do it effortlessly?*