

Praise song with coyotes and foxes

For the trees of course their secrets their lives
like old spreading deltas a long clock ticking on
their indifference distain even their stalwart nature
courage of root and rock their raucous brief birds
resident moths praise for later their ice-burdened
deaths their deaths in thunder crack and shatter
how water can do so much with so little add acid
and even these words become invisible water
in the lungs water for the boats water in the boat
of the body thick its tidal blue tubes how rain
how the rain-laden clouds turn us luminous
as old paintings sad and sadly beautiful

praise too

for the future its greedy infants their time-turned backs
for the way they'll mutter and nod over our dry bones
over our teeth full of poison and meat

praise for

the foxes who curl asleep in my daydreams who are
questions vivid as fire vivid as heat who scream
in the night praise too for those darkneses when
the tide of sleep carries everyone else far from here
so that the foxes and I alone keep vigil awake with

the stars

praise for of course my beloved stars

their faint light their deaths the news of which will be
kept from us for years for the light years and the dark
for those hours when what you love has already died
but the news is slow to arrive for the unbreakable speed
of light speed of sound for each and every silent minute
silent hour when you continue on as if something awful
had not already happened

for the phone call the one

that said she had been gone already a long time whole
hours while for once I slept in the welter wreckage and
joy of facile dreams for those moments when the coyotes
woke me as if they already knew and were made sad as if
they knew the same moment her house knew the moment
it felt the body's sudden vacancy felt the body falling in
quiet thunder the shock wave immediate and unthinkable
the death recorded here in their dirge as if the echo of this
would not go on arriving for all the remaining years