

the geography where the boys live
includes an unlatched gate

because sometimes the dead oak
wonders

what hammering of sound encases
morning

like thrown stones
some mummification

of sleeping
deranging

boy breath & boy sweat
& soon they run

out the back door
woodbound

smashing garter snake heads
toads

boys loosed into the lowlands
conjuring

that old gnaw
as primitive as spit

sepulchral rain
pockmarking the river

brothers like formaldehyde
clouds

brothers like bruised
fruit

dreaming of squirrels
blood-red

& oozing
every occultation

of fever until mother
calls

& the house around them
hardens

then ferments
as the boys sit

at the supper table
then later sleep

& dream
while the gate

opens & closes
its animal eye