

ATTEND THE CROWNING HEAD

I will listen lovesick    country    to your rain

in the amnion    your sac of ruin

ravens call the caul descending

I will keep our faces

the ground receives the sunflower roar    of a lion bowed

to its shreds of mane

while ten thousand children

chime whitely in the sun

can we not succumb

the bumblebees hang on gray and quiet    to cosmos' last violet sails

will I author us

full honey in the hive

in cursive arcs of swarm flight

there is no acorn    that believes and knows

cooled caw of an anthem    the woolly caterpillar sleeps through

I can only    keep watch with you