

Crepuscule with Joey

The sun's only
Half of your DNA

end to end away,
which is part

of what makes
this hyperbolic sunset

the most recently
discovered species

of *what the heck*.
This afternoon

we eavesdropped
on the maple & its three

octaves of color,
so now let's spy on fire

flies, the new dusting
of distant suns,

each off-tempo cricket.
I like the way guesswork

feels in your mouth,
& my fingers

want to trace
every anthem they know

across your spine.
I'm stunned,

a mute man in a city
made of tongues.

The Calls of Extinct Birds

I've learned that sometimes
you have to accept that the day

is inside out, a birdcage
built out of birds

imprisoning a ball
of wire, which does not

sing. I've learned
that you can hold

a funeral for every passing
moment, or you can watch

them the way you might
watch a mockingbird

sing in the cold,
the music made visual

in small bursts
of condensation as the heat

of each note hits
the frigid air. I'm trying

to learn that this moment
is not only now

but also everything
that has brought us

to now, the way
the mockingbird's

unreeled repertoire
consists of both

car alarms & the calls
of extinct birds.

It's time to catalogue
all the extinguished

parts inside me,
& all the ways I can

reintroduce them
to breath.

Weather Report

Look back through
the hoops & rings

of heartwood, they say,
& you'll find the early

weather that shaped
the tree, the barren skies

that starved, the thunderheads
that fed. Tonight the wind

is made of pine smoke
& tar, & as some kid

shapes a heart
into the new road,

my heartbeat settles
to the trees' memory

of how to let go: gold,
coral, flame, all carving

the dark. How easily
I could be on a first-name

basis with heartache,
my mind corkscrewing back,

but instead the shifting breeze
turns the air into a sweet

bath, & clouds swarm the sky,
not dirty rags but copper

heaps, so sun-shot
that I can't help

but admit it:
my only real job

on this street or any other
is gratitude. I've walked

into a story again, a man
holding his hearing aid

out to his lover's lips
as though he could touch sound.