

## Disobedience

A homespun sorrow arrives  
with the discovery of Christmas gifts,  
each November in their wings sprouting  
safely under a big bed. With familiarity  
wide-brimmed hats unlike guilt, though including it  
parade the whole room. A word you forget  
to look after right when you need new blue  
over the walls. Mystery is not a circle. It is not  
even like a picture. The snow globe you meant  
to say you love.

## Fear and Trembling in Las Vegas

When the fish tank turns off here  
is a place to restore faith. The next room  
I will swallow without water. Hold my hand  
before the hawk in my throat barks.  
This omnibus scarcely becomes a tower.  
My love for Jesus and the salad spinners  
flicker hotter than Venus in a G-string.  
I kick a boy and he cries. Every bucket  
is an ugly mirror I catch myself poking  
holes through. Shouting into envelopes for friends  
in cities. Shouting into a thing like fabric  
and not one in particular. A whole fruit tree  
grows in my sleep. It can't decide to be a pear  
tree and so becomes through a window and drops  
figs on the bed. I see the footprints  
you want to make. The horse is more  
than a hobby. We're sure to find  
the wrong secret on the back of light  
if we hook light to our mouths. Open up  
the horse and page through any old news  
at the beginning of news.

## Staring at the Face

Gossamer, isn't it? Expressionless with many expressions,  
Younger arms stretched out to wires and multiplied and woven and shot with light.

I am especially myself. Betrayal!

The harps are in the sky like saucers. The light leaves but not from the eyes.

Boys the size of bobby pins scale your shoulders. They are drab with night.  
They climb back down like angels and dig a bore pit in the sidewalk. Our fingers match,

Stones under glass. Glass is like you, only you have pores, you are a screen door. You are through  
The screen door and it's you. You are the through and the screen door

Opening and closing. The boys eat back clouds. A blonde angle  
Sharpens from the ladder. Cranes are arms that give portraits

Credibility. Frightening. Difficult to say, difficult to watch. The color of so many nounless things  
I recognize. Fences croon. The wind comes from outside and inside the house.

## An Apology For Junie B. Jones

Every bird is subjective  
Heat and one crawl space  
Shifting springboards of wakeful silence  
The blanket is purple, is blue, is anything  
Other than white in the bright shade  
Sieve in the field pauses  
On a dangling chapter book my ear bleeds  
Around a gold hoop, I totter  
For hours with the other  
Pointing at heaven

For all it's worth the sun beetles tip over  
This glorious handkerchief, a sycamore not keeping still  
Bananas twirl their skirts in the pale kitchen  
It does not have to be this animal to have the wrong hinges  
And my mother's head, hushing and quilting with water  
In many places disappears, the felt floral broach  
Can be seasons, hear us from all the way up there  
Doppelgänger grows curious and sweet on a hook

It's incredible the shelf life  
Cut carnations in tap, the worms reddening  
Reveal themselves under my chin  
Simple-minded tiles speak, scrape surrenders up  
From the windowsill, a cycle of songs  
Soon an open hen loosing its feathers  
I bring my best leaves and the librarian

Will not have it back, the fruit is very close  
She has a beautiful green head and is not a duck

Walls are phone numbers, any color at a time  
The construction paper and forgiveness, a diamond  
On the patio going dry  
I arrange the years of me, a chord going stale  
According to proximity with God or this light  
Expelling from the fuel station  
In a polite hurry to the center  
Of something, my ear thrums and I reach the good sense  
To unlock the wings

Luxo Jr.

It's under the skin, no proper touch for spheres, interrupting the eyes  
with a flat ocean. Filament is such a good thing to say. Here I say thank you to  
feathers and Christ. The night is sleek without the turbulence of a basket  
or a bush. I had been preparing for fish, robots, all the perfect lies with both palms  
gaping upward. One cheek puts on the complexion of a lounge  
chair. In order to fit a tight space, most things coil. Tungsten and the row  
my body undistributes, childsafe Frankenstein, dandy novelty hopping a mascot  
for light. I want my feet to be prunes, so the sun or a window is featureless  
and undeniable. The faces of people and all the movies we adore  
punch us in the curtains. Any bulb will do now. Any wishbone gone  
clammy. My mother comes in to say I was born at this time. Her hair is stiff  
when the wind blows through, a robin perches on a single strand