

TAKING APART THE RADIO TO FIND THE SONG

Somehow my heart operates
faster than it should

which is perfectly normal

the doctor said
under certain circumstances, such as

I am a woman with a heart

anatomically smaller than most hearts
that get measured by machines.

And sometimes my racehorse heart

jumps the gun,
mad for the track that is just now

now beckoning the feet.

Or perhaps I am a poet who feels
and therefore stutters.

Once, to prove I had a second heart

growing inside me
the technician glided a wand

and out of the empty sky I thought

was my belly
conjured thunder galloping along

some distant shore. How

does electricity spark the heart
to open the doors

at the right time, and close them?

What miracle of salt
from the first sea sizzles

my blood, and yours?

The doctor takes apart the heart
molded from plastic, gives me

half to hold in my hand.

Who keeps the beat, lets
some hearts roam?

Let's say the fields

loosed with clover, or
sunlight blurting through a fence.

Let's say a rider

and the delicate foam that flowers
from a bit in the mouth.

Let's say bees.

THE CLOUD OF UNKNOWING

is basically what it sounds like
but I still get confused

which St. John of the Cross said
is the point. I know

you're supposed to not know
because God can be loved

but not thought. I know
you're supposed to cry out

like how crying in the shower
is the sea singing to herself

which makes some of us clean
and some of us cum.

Me? I was always no good
at those logic puzzles:

James is looking at Ann,
Ann is looking at George,

George is looking at X—
formerly Twitter—so who is Ann

kissing the third Monday
of every month?

Beats me.
Have you ever been called

bird brain? Scientists say the insult
is no longer true:

we just didn't know
how to measure the distance between

whoever invented Google Maps
and Whatever drives the warbler

to fling her body a thousand or more
miles over open water.

My daughter, who thinks
Lansing is the capital of Virginia

but religiously does her algebra
every day after school

with a chicken in her lap
and doesn't bother to look up

answers in the back of the book,
brings me an egg each morning

saying, "Mom, you know
don't you, you are

eating violets and worms."
Do you think St. John of the Cross

was vegan? He probably wasn't
blind when it came

to chickens, how nobody knows
if they love the way we think

love is loved, or if
their bodies clumped in the corner

of the roost come nightfall
make a sermon—or else

some dumb storm.

BREAKING GROUND

what are you wearing
my father's coat with the frayed sleeves
how do you feel about botany
sure hasn't helped me grow
tomatoes worthy of guests
so you don't like company
I'm always waiting for horses to come
carry me into the fields
are you married
yes
why do you think so much in bed
sometimes the sky sticks everywhere
what is the nature of understanding
once I climbed over the fence
to look for a red ball in my neighbor's yard
did you find it
no
is that the reason you're a poet
possibly
are you your father's daughter
the lattice around a plant may be called a cage
do you call it that
poems are seeded with errors
which is why I believe they are true
how is this going to end
the lattice around a plant may be called a ladder
are you still waiting for horses to come
look how sunlight rides on their ears