

## PLANT A MOONBEAM

This remarkable mole cricket's body is covered in hair

It's moving its eyes

There is face paint

And there are gears under the candles like a suspension (of pickerel)

The psychology of minnows

The air is about to absorb this biological sculpture

A nest like a wig

You could have heard a pin drop

I'm not good at meditation

Wild horses, with shining legs, lead to a chronology of meaning

A police car drifts slowly past the house going one hundred

A woman starts speaking and steps out of her robe

Then there's the dust in the shadow, like the crease of a mail slot

The next thing I know I'm holding a mechanical pencil

It's right here, I say, but the mapmaker remains unconvinced

Cattle, he says, are easier to work with

The smell of a lake in the summer, I say, as if the body's denatured

A transference of heat

But I'm leaving out the living (breathing) moment

The way her lungs opened like a drawbridge

A black thread surrounded by blue light

The way the doorknob often turned on its own

The tip of a knife like a series of thoughts that require no effort

The blind wing passing over the egg in each buried bulb

Little triggers, hidden in the grass

## THE INVENTION OF AGRICULTURE

Just hand me a maraschino cherry

The brightest of the five murdering nympho-chondriacs

Barefoot

And how he survived by drinking his own urine

Right there under Milk Thistle

These are a few of my favorite things

Swisher Sweets

Harry Nilsson at 3 a.m.

Wet Ones smuggled in via electric toothbrush

I know these days we think *airplane*, and for some maybe “the Wright brothers”

Checkerboard landscapes or a snowy coastline

A small bag of salted peanuts

The airplane allowed us to kill so many

We also began manufacturing pigs, a recent realization of mine

A sin

All manner of flesh rotting

Intestines bloating beside a wall

As the flange opens and shuts in my heart

Out comes the new merchandise

The beginning of a very long ending