

TREATISE ON FALLEN FRUIT

Sleep. And that's all we did.

We perfected a way of leaning

like beams on the verge

of ambulance. Slept in the shared carriage of the couch,

the television orange as a deer's mouth,

A missing student,

white noise from falling cities, and our lips over-

poured with salt: tomorrow

will work itself out. The world

sways between the quiet and guided

disasters. Like fireworks. Like the heart. Then smoke

in the night. We always found the paths back

into each other's arms. On my way home to you,

the carpool passed the overcast of Lake Michigan

and I could tell by the color in the water

that we had bombed Syria. However this started,

it is also about drones making light of men.

Like this does. Whether or not we mean for it,

the car glides under the bridge where brown lives.

I am coming back to curl next to you, for sleep to dangle

like playthings from our arms. In good years

like this we buy flowers.

I might wake by the fire first

and look for your word

and whatever you are saying in your sleep

couldn't possibly be. Imagine we are a canoe

in movement. I drag my thoughts behind me like an arm in the water

or a fuse. You know the throat of the world, too, is brown.

If there is a God, some secret weekend exists
where He sleeps with his legs stretched

like this upon an impossible couch.
Neither do we distinguish between love
and hush. Did I tell you

they stopped reporting after the very first day?
I looked every night. On the one hand we test the limits of passion
and on the other, the limits of history.

This afternoon they found the black boy's arms
and legs in the lake. After that, the children played

in the water. Then it got to be late. The police ask again
for us to leave. We pack our things into the smalls
of our backs. We move hellishly slow, the light from an explosion.