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Battlefield

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BATTLEFIELD

To be remembered as a battlefield—
I don't have any cause to be that.
I'd like the hats of doom to escape me

across the prairies of blond hair,
Custer
in your white suit like a winter-killed deer.

In the tiny cactus, trenches are filling with rain.
A sage grouse looks our way and up,
up into the clouds she can whoop

through: where her feathers fall, the aimless
petrifications . . .

And

be winning! May hair be your only braid!
And may the greasy grass never go to sleep
beneath you.

Please carry your
river with you wherever you go.

As

for being thought a scene of remorse
you are lying on your stomach

and you have just
opened your eyes
another morning.