

1977

Untitled

Sandra McPherson

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by crossing water, always steal
the fruit alive.

But a shoe has no strength
to pull out of the mud
and stays there in long lines of trees
while the fruit mounts up
and rains down.

Untitled/Sandra McPherson

Preoccupied as last year's matted nests,
we are writing in our journals
morning of the 15th, trying
to keep the youngest quiet.

Flustered by tappings, gasps,
rattlings, snappings, chewings;
contemplation so denatured
it just documents:

"And the calves gallop with stiff rearends . . ."
etc.

We are like nests,
we should be soft lodging.
Matted.
Empty.

Oh, it's lead to look at tired people.
That's why our smart pencils
keep moving.