THE CREATION

Lifeless birds pasted on
an atmosphere
broken
into petrified rainbow

The sun has stopped
giving alms
Cold hands clutch at
fragments of winds that hang
on gallows
over North Dakota

White horses dance
calcified
their hoofs
begging

Only yesterday
swallows warbled on our shoulders

The Big Tent we lived in:
the flying bodies our muscles of stone
the honey we poured into our skins
that assurance we had
as we opened the moon
Brain, we thought, would endure
longer than bone

Our canvas rises to meet
those clouds
from which will come
the sea

FRUMKIN