

Two Old Lovers Go Exploring Late One Saturday Night In Iowa

We clear away the chairs to dance.
A legacy from the old days — no electricity,
only a hum, a tension in the moon.
Because I have followed you

night after night I know too much:
not the worst way to die of the decipherable.
The splintering floor is almost dignified
by my desire; fragments of music

stroke the Grange door. So we try again
the toe-and-heel, one-two-three, believing
we might crack the surface
I put my arms around you

and manage my several mistakes.
Too earnest, too slow,
beautiful like an exact word,
a weapon. Alike in our trance

the moon and I mirror the future: utterly bare
the sleeping lanterns,
how they sway. In my unconscious
I'm bored with being

alone. The cattle teeter
and crops, undulant,
frustrate the scarecrow. Hell
honey, the wag and lick of the sun's first ray.