

## Homerun

Well those streets, those rondotondo Savannah  
 streets where the purple morning is a lizard  
 and their marriage is arriving home after being out all night,  
 drunk and exhausted arriving, still chattering, carrying  
 pieces of camphor bark. He keeps thinking he used to be an ape,  
 gorilla in the Congo, eat all the flowers  
 on the acacia tree. She stops in the garden,  
 kneels to wash her face in the fountain: sweet ass  
 in the air. Across the alley  
 the iron bells ring in the church where Woodroe Wilson  
 was married. How did he get up in this tree?  
 How for that matter did he think driving the VW  
 on a homerun around the bases  
 would impress her? Willie Mays on wheels:  
 you'd better take another look. The sun  
 sidles in like an undistinguished cousin,  
 shakes hands with the bushes, the cobblestones,  
 fawns finally around his knees. Attaboy. The stone steps  
 behind him lead to a parlor decorated  
 in the worst fears of the DAR. *Nobody*  
*has an important history.* O nudie pix  
 from the photomat, give those technicians a thrill;  
 you are so fine in a black negligee, you  
 follow me? They live on a park  
 named after J.T. Carruthers, the first romance writer  
 in Georgia. He was noted for dressing up like a woman  
 and eight straight years of nightmares  
 about fish. Now the loan shark,  
 from a bench under the sycamores, sells them  
 a new chance at life. Tomorrow never comes.  
 He can't make up his mind whether he is laughing or crying.  
 She helps him with that, as he helps her: touch his face  
 and say, *tears*, or, *a smile*. He is grateful, which may be  
 why he is down on his knees in the dirt again. She looks up  
 from the stone pool her face dripping

and he thinks if she washed up on the beach  
 she'd look like this: eyes closed  
 skin stung with bites  
 where the soul worked free. 'You want  
 eggs?' she says and tilts up,  
 but he can't stop wondering, as usual, if one  
 of these days her passion to be a cloud  
 will overtake her for good, cancel heft,  
 and she'll float off, over rooftops and trees,  
 without him.