

PAUL S. WOOD

Among Any of Various Slow-Moving, Arboreal Mammals

It rains, and the agoraphobes go about
their daily routines, happy, as they sometimes are,
that this town curls quietly in on itself
and shuts its eyes to the hills and their fuzzy likeness
of something wild. To the hills as they murmur,
half-articulate, beneath their spotted blankets.
In those days, as you would say, when there were giants
in the pantries and the gardens. When our life
was almost what we'd hoped for:
the dropping of a spoon on a linoleum surface;
a going for the mail and what it might suggest—
an adulterous thought against the backdrop
of a checkered curtain; a crooked fence post and a length
of sagging wire. It rains, and I think of you again.
I dream your cows are standing in the road.
It rains, and the river floods the yard
with bits of cardboard and plastic tubing.
We were told it would sometimes be like this,
that our pasts would grow vague and full of holes.
A certain amount of water enters the kitchen
and our future correspondence will reflect this.