

DEAN YOUNG

May Pole

The obvious is on fire again
making it brighter than everything else.
My preparations are useless
but I predicted that so made none.
My brother returns from the front
with half of someone else's face.
Xang Shi lets loose her arrows into the sea.
Not an ideal situation,
so many wound firmaments,
the signals cutting out, props
from previously calamitous dialogues
blocking the exits.
I haven't seen you either for ages,
our last communiqué a singed daffodil.
By then we'd been engaged a thousand years,
unallowable in most states
even the dream-state where the eyes
move back and forth beneath their lids.
A wish acts that way
right before it pupates.
You can see not see into a cloud
and you can not see out of it,
there is no softer collision, no
heart that can resist.
It is all I remember
of being inside your body.