

RAY AMOROSI

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*In His Own Acre*

Teach me your madness.  
Is it in the Silver Bell not pink enough,  
the dandelion press too sweet.  
No tent moth on the trees mouthing perfect  
holes, dripping slime. No  
mite or borer.

Me. I'm not so good  
as what I do, grow, or appear to a tap  
root that can't be dug or poisoned out.

Teach me the worm's method, becoming two.  
No festering. No  
gawking out the window.  
Let the weed I bend over for  
be yanked up without spite.