

COREY VAN LANDINGHAM

What You Will Encounter

Something is always spilling—
bird shape, bird shape—
from the sky we created.

Weeds tendrils the fence
you painted blue.

The boat's still out.
Your father or my father
is captain or anchor

or the largemouth bass
tugging the line.

When the owl took
the marking post, where we buried
what was left of the dog—

a head of fur—
the lake couldn't have slapped

time back any farther.
This is an emptied way
to talk about convergence

and vanishing points.
Geese. The skyline breaks,

breaks. There are no newly-
dead. You would have
liked it, how the moon

organzas the water.
But you were late.

For all this I didn't have.
Or you didn't show up.
I tried on all the bodies

hanging around the cabin
until I found a note

in your mouth—
it's good, like this.
I wore your skin suit

until I fell asleep.
Then I got less beautiful.

Less patient.