

# over and behind

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fishingpoles in the back like fingers outstretched  
while these fingers smush bugs against the windshield  
with dirt stained knuckles and hwoh not even thinking about bugs  
instead of their wrecked bodies i think about your words

heavy clouds sag and taunt like tongues  
i see the sinking violent glow of one of the sun's  
many fiery soft demises  
ah oh let me tell you  
this demise is the one kind of demise that can only happen now  
and yowch and breathing realgood and the skyfire  
the skyfire behind the telephone lines behind the blackbirds  
behind the creosote boards over the dust over and behind  
someone's quarter-section of irrigated corn standing firm  
the soft green eyes shimmer like peas  
the soft beating chest soft beating chests another soft beating chest  
out in the dusk the corn is missing  
its invisible arms its invisible head its invisible torso

there is no evidence of the soft amputation of its imperfect parts  
except for up in the warm sky where the hot fiery sun falls  
and falls and falls and i do not scream