

# Wind

Not a remarkable wind.  
So when the bistro's patio umbrella  
blew suddenly free and pitched  
into the middle of the road,  
it put a stop to the afternoon.

Something white and amazing  
was blocking the way.

A waiter in a clean apron  
appeared, not quite  
certain, shielding his eyes, wary  
of our rumbling engines.

He knelt in the hot road,  
making two figures in white, one  
leaning over the sprawled,  
broken shape of the other,  
creaturely, great-winged,  
and now so carefully gathered in.

## Buying My First Suit

I remember thinking  
how I had grown

too few hands  
to fill the outer  
and the inner pockets.

Then, as instructed,  
I checked the pockets.  
Hands.

## Outer Space

And it is difficult  
to get abducted  
even in a cornfield.

You remind yourself again  
how it took every ounce  
of luck just to be born.

*We have been  
expecting you  
they always say.*

You are like them,  
obsessed with secrecy  
and perfect circles.

They are interested.  
Go on, they say, nodding  
in unison like sunflowers.

It is the inner space  
that hurts most, you say,  
the not knowing.

But by now the translator  
is preoccupied,  
fiddling at the controls.

## Go Around

Happiness may not be communicable.  
Yet there are cables under the ground.  
Have you seen the men digging?  
This one shoulders a section of pipe.  
That one is directing traffic.  
Go around his arm says.  
It is late afternoon and wavy hot.  
He has forgotten his arm  
is connected to his body.  
Here was once a seashore.  
Here was once a dinosaur.  
There is a tiny horse in the concrete.  
There is a brain we share.