

Bumper Sticker

Careening over the
highway in
my lightweight
Japanese
Death Star
buffeted by the great and powerful
winds

icy winds
of winter warming
cold air with hot air
under it

accordion pleats
of natural disaster
my disaster

in the past if you were to say to me

or to rage at me
in a poem
about America I would charge you
a great failure

to even use the word. It is
banality
this land is suffering because poets—

their great cohort—

I look twice
to save lives.

Applies to Apple

for Bob Ajar and Roy Kortick

onion in her
cynicism

peel away another layer of

apple

the weakest
link

rolls down the hill

far from the tree away

and bruised
and rotten amongst

a bunch

applies to

human

applies

to endeavor

the ruminant

remainder goats

fed on fallen

apples make flesh

make apple milk

apple-goat-meat

in apple-goat-milk

aged

and resplendent with

spores

and cultivars

age-old

endeavor of

humans on a weekend
visit other
humans with their animals

seeding

(the) human web
(I've been in it so long)

press of bodies

to draw away and press

on other areas

of apples
of need
of desire
to move away

from the city famously

and even farther away