

doan brook

yet of course the abyss has lichens goats beech copse where clovers
lie like railtrack-flattened coins the goats descend further into the
ravine before tasting of the lichens until then I've put our name
in for a table a miracle would be all right

nodded to the sidewalk person playing with broken glass they put it in
their pockets as I approached *I mean no harm* cutting their hands tipped
the thin kid who comes from trees and is discreet and pumps your gas
until the owner tells him to go stopped at the driveway lemonade
stand driving away I saw it live lemon trees on the porch on the way
to the hospital pushed a car on the way to the hospital carried a shelf
yawned and guy on a ladder said *don't yawn that shit's contagious and I'm
up a ladder up here*

don't see the idea see around in the last act the loom becomes a boat
weaving its own sail for what flood never better