O Bird Singing or Whatever

### Keepsake

of only personal signif cance, his eyes

when he was not fully in control. He had

a job. Even pushing grocery carts back

because he wouldnf stop smoking long enough to do it with both hands. After a while I grew impatient

about himself but with a vaguely Italian name.

Of that time I should recall the wildf re out by the drive in that exposed the mountains abandoned shafts. That it was someones job to f ll them before dueless hikers tumbled in.

hung too low. That birds taking of from the tailings pond burst into ame when the dried phosphate caught the wind. Did any of this vein into his dreams? I donf know, I wasnf listening. And somehow we didnf seem alarmed. Look, there were distractions. He liked good music and picked up litter. He had a jaw like Ben A eck. He fl maybe name a cat Aaron Purr, if he had one. Now the drive-in movie screenf been torn down, but you can still see where the f re burned. I sleep so hard when I fn allowed that I recall only dark outlines of my dreams. My son

to f nd his blankie, pull the covers to his chin.

window: A car\$ headlights ash as it hairpins up the summit. And when I stumble into sleep\$ opening. I tunnel in, headlamp ickering on strata that \$ been mined before. I can't keep track of the larger mountain, what \$ collapsed or is a moment from catching ame. In the slurry every job I fre had that I was shitty at:

we should all like to keep.

# Magi

in a storage tub I cannot f nd

and the tree it s almost too big

we donf have enough to fll those empty branches

thought there would be a dif erent ending

to find him there were holes

in his sentences backf lled with I'm scared

and they  $\operatorname{can} f$  navigate either

#### I fl thought maybe I had lost it

a tree topper so now there **\$** no f nale

there now it's just right

now it's done

there **s** a whole lot of *pa rum pum pum pum pum* 

but I guess that \$ the point

I would like a whole ock

more promises washf there

before it plunged into the beloved wasnf

what if I don't

live to see my girls

shush of course you will

## **Blueprint and Ruin**

When we moved with our first newborn into this fies raised ranch house,

could soothe him. Clearly, even someone dead could be a better mother. I paced the wailing baby, envisioning a dif erent place. Busted out some doorways. Imagined the popcorn ceiling scraped. I was

I could hear some hardwood creak.

untame. In high school I liked being

and we ran. We had to go back the next day

new hardware I install. Where f the ghost a house. Then wreck me" whosoever, either and let in the ragged morning light.

# Dear Highways of Our Nation, I Am Sorry

I did not stop at all of your points of interest. I am sure they were very interesting Kind regards I fin sorry I found your truck stop t-shirts so stupid I had to get one. Your airbrushed cougars. Thanks again. I fin sorry I never found the right sign-of for my postcards. With best wishes. Warmly. The coal cars chugging parallel and then divergent from your

haul it in, haul it in. Fondly. Talk soon. I might complain that the interstates lack imagination, but they were built when we imagined we fl have to evacuate our nuclear ruins. Cheers. Ciao. I fee lost track by now of how many gas tanks I fee burned right through. Dear highways of our nation, I fn sorry I did not stop by the comf elds to watch the solstice pour its light through those half-buried Buicks arranged to mimic Stonehenge. I fn sorry I drove through your rust-belt cities just to see the fossilized factories. Staged my bleak photos to leave out all the people. Never spread a blanket on your shoulder or pulled it of and shook it clean. Sincerely. How have I come so