Two Poems

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LAUGHING

*We should laugh at the idea of a plant
or an animal inventing itself.*
                                        —Jung

We should.
But we don't.
At night,
behind trees we walk by,
animals are inventing themselves,
inventing claws and powerful hind legs,
growing coarse fur over almost human forms.

And plants in our unweeded gardens,
altered by a sunspot,
or too intense moonlight,
suddenly develop large gazing eyes
at the end of long stalks,
while harmless vegetables
become muscular and mobile,
like carrots unearthed from the unconscious
making obscene gestures at us from our plates.

We are not liked
by plants and animals that invent themselves.
If we must laugh
it should be nervously, choked,
with a hint of dread.
Then, if they heard,
with their grotesque new ears,
they would be glad.

ALL THIS TIME

Because of the witnesses, because
things of enormity.

Because voice.

A rhinoceros crosses the highway,
followed by its shadow, followed
by the pale children of its shadow.

High in the trees,
the moon stays the way it was.

Later, more of the same,
then less of the same:
night falling on the sunflowers
with a color emptier and sadder.

All that spelled backward.

I walk through summer
wearing the only black coat.