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Two Poems

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DAYS IN THE CAR

The flat road threatens
to whip me through the sky.
I remember a dying fog: it kissed
our bed and the right words
flew away.
I crouch against the muscle of the wind:
you, home, everything behind me
comforts,
bends like the trees.
I cry for you.
The radio wires you picture on a field.
I know you're getting up
to shovel the walk: it's your religion.
You'll swallow no one's lies.
You'll walk in the white city.

I wait for deer to cross.
You'll find me just below the rearview mirror.
See the other man; he runs behind
nervously, yelling this news:
your house leans toward the wide river,
the moon is balanced in your window frame
like a coin on edge,
the couple next door makes fierce love
on the smallest lawn in the city,
the night train is moaning
on its tracks in our sleep.
These details fit like wheels to axle,
door to jamb.

NIGHT

I carry a dream of wild ancestors.
The stray dog puts his eyes on me.
He sniffs and I follow
to this cold street, my river,
where we are touched by yellow light from windows.
Here sleepers journey,
talking with lifted hands,
the tops of chairs crushed against see-through curtains.
I look toward my neighbor
who sleeps with a future President; my father
who recites obituaries in the dark;
my lover in white
awake on her feet,
her eyes moving between the beds of old people.
The dog's paws tap the sidewalk
like a stone skipping water.
Tonight it is just dog and man
sitting nobly on an ice floe.
Above, the half moon
delicate as the tip of my thumb.