

Fall 1981

Cadillac

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CADILLAC

We kept a rabbit named for a car
and a car named for an old woman
while the old woman down the road
kept thirty horses under the cedar trees.
We gave her squash, she gave us manure;
the squash grew thick, honeybees
staggering from the blossom tongues
pollen-covered and a little drunk.
The rabbit sprawled white and drowsy
in the dusky light of the grass,
and the year passed flower
to flower. Trees grew close
together, the blossoms closed by dark.
All things were fragile with us then.
On the shaggy trunk we loved
there was a wound in the wood
that bark closed over and concealed.