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Ecology

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Daniel McCann

Ecology

I thought I saw them, the sheep, through the trees again.
I was not myself. We sat on lawnchairs
And discussed the year of the tiger
Which had passed. Yesterday I saw my wife
Cupping her arms around her head. The white jonquils
Presumably—they were much the same
As past centuries, yet today, as the clouds
Crowd in around us

Their pink and cerulean blue ribs
Breaking and setting, an eternal wasp flies
Across the newspaper on the wrought-iron table,
The print still withheld in the black, braided mystery
Of our ever having been
The human condition.

The locusts drown our voices
When there is nothing to say.

The caisson at the edge of the yard,
Entombed to cattail and marigold
Hides a case of apricot liqueur.
Our parrot speaks from the *austere porch*.
To the north, the dried lakebed with its rings of evaporation
Increases its panoply of artifacts
With each gyre until, at last, in the center
A small pool mirrors our two pale faces.