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The Course of an Urge

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THE COURSE OF AN URGE

I.

Pick a shore
worth a sponge's
bucketfuls
back home—and scrub
every surface
with that liquid—

II.

I've chucked birch seeds into sinkholes
and wept—I moved near this lake to get
some rest, but today from the foyer I hear
a loon: I become lucid. In the poolhouse,
sniffing around, I can't find any hooks...

III.

Tall
tall worms, tall
tall pipes—
tall tall
fish, and tall
tall eyes—