Ecology

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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.