

The Mission

wreckers!
that's what they all are

just when I'd carefully balanced
the last matchstick
across the top
over they came
in formation of course
and shattered the whole construction

when I looked up
and saw
how cockily the wings saluted
I realized
those pilots weren't even aware
of the damage

ON THE BEGINNINGS OF SPRING/DURING WHICH
THE POET EXPERIENCES AN ECCLESIA OF THE
SENSES/WHICH/IT IS HOPED/WILL LAST AT LEAST
INTO THE SUMMER

green shoots
like eyes
find me here and there

— Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Mass.