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Flagging my hand against the heat
I imagined the look of a king
waiting for a late report

saw his face slam with the door
shut with the question,
How easily my ride came!

except the driver sits beside his wife
: a foolish queue of two.

Fused by their long escape
the smell from Auschwitz
steaming in their hack, they steer

: the duty of a queen
to help a king look out
for kingdoms on the right.

She hunts customers
he hugs scrap.
The metal in their throne
is closer to the jewels
than us, you and me

we sit back
(in case of sudden stops)
accepting laws from every throne
I rode helplessly against the heat
against the offer of that door.

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I felt a raid :first my shoes
the laces snapping from the altitude
my jacket slack, tumbling slow
the cash parting into snow and speed
last, my life :naked and alone

-- for 30,000 feet my chute never filled.
I was replaced without a watch
surrendered
like the deed to the lot :Marie
takes the house by entirety. Always
the transfer, the poverty

that leaves the ease to act.
I attack, fly!
a trail narrows in my hands