

on figueroa mtn. with child and a dog

we gathered pinecones then got under my old blanket
on the horizon i saw rocks not quite touching
the dog straddled us dripping saliva he was
leaning against my head when i came
then he trotted off somewhere

your eyes moved open and close
opened and closed
ocelot all ocelot
and the little girl utterly silent
moving down the slope of a hill
toward where the sun should be

"O blush not so! O blush not so!
Or I shall find you knowing;
And if you smile the blushing while,
Then maidenheads are going."

-- Keats

that summer there was a dinner party
we turned out to be the only guests
down my shoulder the town & harbor
but your eyes never left mine except to pour
for three hours we drank wine & said everything we knew
then i came around the table & touched your foot
just where the bee had stung it
one night a month later my wife stood & said
I think it's time you two left