

Highbanks, Like a Child Asleep in Its Own Life

The small creek that drifts down to the river
in slow numberless curves
is buried in leaves.

Branches and trunks
stand like streams
feeding the sky into the ground. The banks

are gone under a sleep
that covers the world, hills, rocks,
fallen trees, like a second

ground over the ground. But in the blurred
bed, fragments of open water glisten,
and there, bending close

as a jeweller over his work, you see
the surface trembles
with a secret current running under the leaves

like the shape of your life eluding you forever.

Return of the Repressed at Hoover Reservoir

He weighted the bag with two car wheels
and slept,
but four months later she came up.
Some boys fooling in a boat
found her bobbing slowly through
copper-colored water,
silver back just breaking the surface
like a large jellyfish.
From the teeth, those tough parts
that last two million years,
they pieced the unrecognizable together
and found a car
missing two wheels, rusting deep in weeds
behind his house.

Suddenly, as if matter itself had turned against him,
after all those centuries, his life was over.