

The Fantasies They Covet

Bandits roamed the outscape near slatted borders no
overlap and thin columns of visible sky through which we
slipped blasting paraphernalia or field hollers a
backlash their shifting embrace caught in a dragnet of
soluble light a crow rocking a thin branch high in a fir
a kite found among the clouds transformed its surface
detour or blood the crow's shadow climbing a slope
through clear-cut tumors sloughing off angst it became
you the ambiguity taking cover before the blast