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Neck of the World

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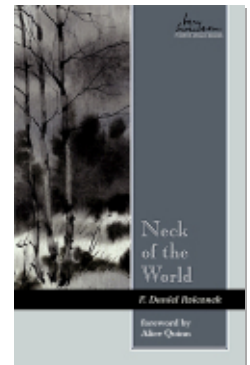
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FOGLIFTER

We the apple refuse the night,
its muddied trucks,
the world outside the orchard.
We're done with hands,
their shadows heavy
across us. The rain
is what summons. Bullets
drill coves into the air,
their creativity missing us completely.
Somewhere, you are through
with us as well, through with knives
drifting our oceanous bodies
and our hard children
scuttling like beetles down the drain.
The rain. A posture among us:
two flags droop as the soil
below gapes, the midnight crew
burying horses again.
Had we but skeletons
for what once were our wings
before they curled tight to the stem,
we could levitate until sunrise.
Look at us.
When we fall it is straight
and down, the earth swelling a little
to reap our gravity.