**Poppies**

Hair in the brushes, in the bread bag, snagged in my bracelet

and clogging the kitchen drain. Your hair
and how it hangs, your face and how it falls

—your throat, how thick: your feet. Your fuse.

Your body and my body and the mark on the wall above the bed—

one crow sticks

and cracks—a black sip from a flask. How the grass grows geese

from a goose. Water

and the way it floats
the gulls and bugs

and boats. Your will and what I want—

which words when, where, and whether or not
I’m home.

You’ve got me ringing like a neighbor’s telephone.