

## During the war

the field is green.

I drown too much wine.

My long silk sea gown.

The news drones

on & on like a wasp in a full wet stem.

When I track

your brow with my tongue

you caw.

Grass & its teeth

look up the slow cream viscous

sky. My

eyes shrink small.

We do bad things in the sun.

Count of crows mix

on the wire, they come,

they come with their thick black god-

like call.

