

Aubade to Replace the Sounds of Morning

You drink rain from a plastic cup.
Light gathers like flies

on the red meat of today. Itch of green
fatigues, a little baggier,

the legs inside them narrow flint sticks.
Song of light, and song of strong air,

heat which leaves a bug in the ear. Morning
is the echo of sleeplessness. You get up.

Which is to say, all you do is listen.
God might be the salty wind reminding you

of somewhere you can't get to. And when the guard
smokes, the guard smokes. You start to imagine

the wisps as his breath in a cooler air,
but stop. Your suffering partly is to resist

the endless imagining of an otherwise.
I am telling you

this from a time long gone.
In my heart is a screen

door, a dress, a hand
on its other side. What you eat today

will not cure your hunger. What you eat
today will not cure your hunger.