

## IN MOTION

Somehow I knew they'd suffer  
for me. In their spread-out coats  
and blue napes and I'd

steer through their dens,  
or punked in lynx, I'd weather the roaming

highways. And where are you in the shepherd quiet?

Is that you  
or a decoy of you? Row off to the cooler patches, go to the corner pagoda  
for ibex tranquility. All I think

of is the wrong route to the trestle I took once, the rumbling train, the water's edge,

and the loose  
kite. A tail for a scarf, a paw for a full stop,

and at the penny's end, how some  
nuzzle the tenterhooks,  
how they teem

in damaging weather. They circle until the grasses  
lie down. A few sentences rustle,

the day's unconsolated. I've dreamt up the riddles and figure  
that's where the future is, where the carousel

fleeces in the bright light. Those rearing up, panting in stitches.

an eon spanning the screen, and there's a knack  
and zeal  
in their hides, and I take to their ire

reminding me there's no end to the undergrowth  
and steel shards in the winter clouds.