

IAN U LOCKABY

Defensible space i

Maybe I will detox like the forest. Maybe I will detox like the dead.
(even breathing that smoke now—how it will ever rid me of itself).
The smoke off the crow. The smoke off the crow that tells of the fire
in the forest, that burning lung the charred birds were breathed from.
The must of broiled fir resins trapped in the embering feather down
of their young.

if a crow—

then a black ice cube pressed
against the grain of the sun

while the afternoon mugs drop
pattering spoils of a milk'd black coff-

-in the over grown carpets
lay a caffeinated belly bitter against
the sleep against the damn

bright slipping away. if a crow—
remembers you,

by what:

Something growly
in the vanilla leaf—

don't dawdle now

it's plenty late.

if a crow—

a manic feather
copulated with—

when the weather turns
black fetters

cherry juice seeping from
the living ground

under the weight of ev'ry
step a way thru autum

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Once a whale

ate a crow

it was the meeting

of the loud dark sky
and the quiet many cathedrals
of the sea.

The whale belly is
my belly is
our belly
is the quiet cathedrals
full of belly silks

I taste a sulking crow in the season

I devour many mediocre
specimens

of
us
myself

A crow grows a quivering tumor of feathers. It acts like a quiver of feathers—not for being bowed, but admired. Suddenly it breaks a beak and wings its way. The sun is smaller than the kidney stone of a fig.

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The low black wings of a low sky machine. A low sky a machinery of mood.

Of black wings moving in a frenzy of black fish. In a low prey. Is a low pray.

Is magnificent and moody the only way towards prey.

The fish a frenzy so magnificent and moody like a machinery of black wings.

A low sky machine.

If the magnificence is fish. Then the machinery a mood. Therefore a black wings.

A black wings its way across your temperature.

Defensible space ii

Maybe I will detox in the forest. Maybe I will detox when I'm dead. (even this carcinogen huff, fogging the summer sun, going mean genes in the farm hands, an offering of ipecac against the tomato harvest—as if that old root solution might wrench the ash cough out of). The smoke through which the crow flies descended into and all about me. Everywhere a burning root system. Everywhere, a root fire growing off the splayed tail feathers of a crow.