

Two Poems

Jean Day

[Whereas my own insignificance is vast...]

Whereas my own insignificance is vast
in the dream of the pajama drawer ransacked
(no redemption song, no party affiliation)
We wonder what to stand up to and whom:
natural resources or false pipettes?

Warm wind ruffles receipts
and the sawing of evening insects floats in.

Among the unhoused meanwhile are some
anxiously circling the problem of shape
in squirrel caps, tattered gaiters,
futures filled with dull smoke and
staler mirrors

The experiment fails. The hat falls.

Two crows eye the dead of a different species
as if bored by the prospect of another job
in the animal racket.

[Please, can you help this individual?]

Please, can you help this individual?

She waxes wanes lies cheats poses kneels

as if to sew:

How many pairs of bored-stiff jeans can in fact offset

(she asks)

a Biedermeier bathing suit?

Would you prefer a head carved in stone or cheese?

If a leaf is a form of earlier leaves

we'll go great lengths to flower

is a question I never thought of asking,

yearning up the stem.

Movement first, then drills.

That's the way it was and is, then.

Opposite oxen keep trying

to tear these pants apart

but we are smart:

"If the clothesline's real, the pins must be
its abstractions"

leaving just coronas

where would be silhouettes

or sap

finer and more filtered

filiating as we unfold

in formal procession.

