

It's when the stars
are so heavy
that you can't even see them
and stubborn ice crystals
are falling from the window
you move into the yard
and face the mountains
arms extended in the wind
while the dog looks on puzzled.
He doesn't know
about the other animals
the inside animals
that stare from limp pages
shout from the television
and will not burn
refuse to let you
ignore their truths —
one rape
one assassination
and many kidnappings.
Tonight they rose in unified anger
a sacrificial camel
slumping and betrayed
jerking blood and wilting
like a smile
as the audience cheered
and licked their lips.
You ran outside
forgot your coat.
You stand there now
and I watch from the window.
I think
you are calculating distances.
You wish you could fly.

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