

what little fountains we are

what with the differences nothing to be ashamed of

some of our fathers were perfumed spit out of the precious

mouth treasure at the bottom of a fountain neck

cocked back held by red hair

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My father condensed in the sky and was a lock who fell

from it. Dark feather you never clatter among that

tile array any louder than a smoke array upon it.

Only one compartment left to hold our sneakers

walked around the red tile like the town square.

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dear ceiling of pierceable gold-color not to shine to rest

we throw victory our birth to the hollow air like breath

capped in the dark trunk of a tree by the changing climate:

a long way from the apartment holding the oboe's female

scent suffering not yet expanded us past the window even

so the window is open, there is no reason to make us a frieze of it