

Feral Mornings

And when the thorns tear. When sunlight
is blood along the ridge. Something is coming,

I believe. And July, it seems, is a stewing pot.
Even coyotes slink. Even dead hickories lean

to tell their secrets to the wire fence. And what
of the miscarriage of hours when boys

throw stones at screeching cats? Something
is dying there, it seems. Something is this fist

we form to make a heart. Even mud breathes.
Even legs go swishing through the grass,

speaking in tongues. The blood-red heads
of the vultures dream us to this spot,

affix us, imagine this opening in our bellies
to reach the entrails.