There is no picturesque pose for death, head high, lean against eaves, the low roof dripping the rain. The bailiffs are frequent and cold as mists; they drive into the bones like winter. They don’t dislodge. Surrounded by daughters in shifts, the drift of women asking for love and bowls-full. They finger bare the wooden stones of the rosary, till grain grows smooth and links thin. Chickens scratch, and a pig in a good year growing fat; but this is the year for stones down, burnt thatch, taking the road to the port. The mimic mind endures no more, insists deliverance lies by water. There are stones of gold will never be found on other far streets.

WILLOW

This willow is kelp in currents sucked and surged by a lazy sea.

This willow is crazy tails of crazy sheep.

I can see frantic tassels twitch on the boobs of go-go dancers in Brobdingnag, after the eighth drink.

I think I am the prisoner of this tree, its slave. I am programmed annually to rake its million leaves. Anyone need some mulch? I can deliver twenty-five barrow-loads this year.

This is a monster beached in my yard. Its hair is green, its huge hump is visible backyards away.

And then the wind. The tree succumbs slave to the air about it; watch it thresh and lash and bound.
Shadow black distorts the lawns.
The snail creeps out from hedge
and bush, looks to the dropped mouths
of curled hibiscus on the paths.

The dew is whispering up to windows.
My unwise slippers lift up little puffs
of leaves. I'm unobserved observer
of lit rooms; someone's old men there
in shirt sleeves drink their last beers.
Committee men, they look committee men
in their filling shirts, holding the night
with reluctant departures,
the last beer instead of going home.
Their wives all sit awake in units
watching Epilogue. The moonless jacarandas
breathe the fog that settles down.