

STEVE WILSON
Extravagance

for Robert Creeley

Like a numbing thumb,
the moment dulls until it tastes
complicity. Of worry

then the crawling gnaw—to eat and eat is all,
is all. I've stored long
loss upon some kitchen shelf.

A jar that rounds along
the night. Worry words: that works
us sure, the way

a nightbird sures—through shadow sures
its call. At least
this once. This one, at last.