

Jetstar

What closer and closer came, what was faint
then dark and suddenly, furiously barking dogs!
Suddenly skies! The dawn tingled and belonged
where earth pinned us. Held in its heaviness.
The dew breeze air still somewhere around here.
Brakes slammed across the dawn. Crow began.
Roosters awoke. Swamp and trees living and palpable.
The air never air. Not atmosphere of all our breaths
deep and shallow to mouth opened in slack-jawed
indifference made me above the sky open branches.
Didn't spread arms outstretched steel us. Our bed,
the whole town sleeping guardian, suspicious
America wrought God and policemen lovely, lonely.
In their image. Their turned-away sadness and
reluctance. Sleep meant this road. The road we're on.