

| Lies |

Low they settle like stones at the
bottom of the fog-pond near home,

don't snowball as some say, but
simmer in summer, call to me on

some laundry Sunday to become
better acquainted after eloping

years ago with victims. My brother,
the broken lamp, marker on the wall,

who started it. They nestle in his New
York apartment beneath a scratched jazz

record and the unpaid electric bill.
Others sleep near old friends,

though most with the women I loved.
Each own jam jars full of gravel:

some small and awkward, some unending,
phantom things without envy or embassy.

I love them like abandoned children
spread throughout a nation. I wait

for them to find me surprised at home.
Jake Marshall told me not to throw rocks

at our school. When the window burst,
the teacher bled from her head and

I sifted the story to the Principal
of pleading with Jake as he crow-hopped

toward the union. It must follow Jake
like an off-key hum some days, when

Mrs. Davidson lifts her finger like a
needle to the bald scar in the middle

of her scalp, feeling the groove
for the tune to remember.