

your head up,
your jaw tight,
your eyes take on

everything
with the same
consideration

of the old Romans
who asked questions
regarding the State
and the hereafter.

She No Longer Looks at Herself

In the new
and happy life
she is not looking

at herself crouched
in the easement
channeling her pee

downhill between
her feet, moving around
the gravel run off.

She is looking at
her love, who rocks
in the car of loud

soothing music.
She is looking
at the browning

wild flowers
beside her, stiff
in their seeding.

And her mind,
sweet problem,
has stopped yapping

the blah, blah.
The weather's cool
atmosphere is all over her

saying, "You are here
by the freeway. It is
the mist in the air at dusk

making the sun
look unusually
large, that's all."