

July 27

In the poem, the
“I” disappears sweet old lady
especially when
plastered

to the page, she says

things about her
self by describing
her previous world: fussy

babies, anteaters, flowers that
come out

of nowhere, she is
sweet toward
her mother, of course, but also
the stray dog & weeds & things
with stingers and smells and even
the occasional freight train, barely.

certain ideas swim up easily
when I consider them
from a distance, lady, how sweet, like

the moon
not alienated or even that old, moon-wise, a
planet that lets itself
heal itself

the sweet old mama lady gets older, sweetly

the morning is so
sugary. “Poem”
is automatically full of
words
spelled out with feelings sweet between
any two people trying to see each other
from far away
together,

like a pandemic: everywhere, sweetie

sweet person, h-e-l-l-o, this sweet
ness is just what the morning said
would follow us into the repeated
day, the sun makes our house look
funny while this sweet new
sound of warming sneaks up