

IMAGES OF LITTLE COMPTON, RHODE ISLAND

Hear the tendons in the swans'
Wings stretch, feel the tautness of
their futuristic necks, imagine
their brains' keyhole accuracy,
envy their infinitely precise

desires. A red-nosed Good Year
zeppelin emerges from the mist
like an ethereal albino
whale on drugs. One wanders
around a credible hushed town.

Mosquito hammering through
the air with a horse's power:
there will be no cameramen.
We will swap bodies maybe
giving the old one a shove.

That's an awfully lot of work
for you I said and besides
look at your hands, there are small
fires in the palms, there is smoke
squirting from every pore.

O when all is lost, when we
have thrown our shoes in the sea,
when our watches have crawled off
into weeds, our typewriters
have finally spelled perhaps

accidentally the unthinkable
word, when this rock loosens and
the sea anemone welcome us
home with their gossamer
arms dropping like a ship

from the stars, what on earth
shall we speak or think of?
And who do you think you are?