

Out of Spring Horoscope

finally
spring
carves
itself
out—
the benches—
sitting alone
in
this climate
courting crowded
vestibules
with posters
of sun
four
months
posters of
poppies
sitting
taunting
the dead
pomp
of
a fucking
daisy
posters of poppies
alone in the window

winter's
apostrophe

the town's
favorite
barber--

poppies

from
here—
nothing
is

they're not

could something
come

from cold
pouring

a porch—

gardening
sometimes
looks

more like a fight

your car's in
a fight
with

a hill

I'm in

have less
wheels

to
lose

could you sleep with

keys in your hands?—

looking
forwards

to knees—

say something

in

spring's receiver—

sprayed avocados

with

ninety nine pennies

they're not
coming back

not fighting

much

a quiet in that

obvious statement

but--

yes--

quiet

there are words
I
refuse
to be
good health

like
pink wood

of the television set

I'm having trouble

adjusting
the screen door

can't look

spring bench

in the wood

just yet—

can't make

things misplaced
in snow—

they'll come back

shiny

they want to

I want them

I want to make new

town
out

of found
white

hens

and—
no—
just—
you—

can't look you

yet

with a straight

one

and say come

and say

collect

your keys