

## Positive

Here's what I like about humans.  
Every time I talk to one, it's a little different.  
The events of the hours and the weeks  
Know how to get into their voices which are wheelbarrows  
Of feelings and thoughts and will carry  
Anything their owners want them to.  
Think of the normal people who have empty wheelbarrows  
Until one fills them with sod from the side yard  
Or all the loose change one has accumulated in the house.  
Speaking to that person one hears,  
Never literally discussed but embedded in the voice,  
The impossible number of coins,  
The satisfying accomplished gardening,  
Even when they speak of their children in college,  
Or remember to ask you how you are. Abnormal people  
With hard, inflexible voices are stained by what happens  
In their wheelbarrows too,  
Sometimes the stain is like black enamel  
Or white lilies or a white bear,  
Sometimes they'll be spare, too brief, and sometimes  
Tell you anything you want to know, just ask.

## Incident at La Brea and Sunset

Early this afternoon we adopted 12 stem cells,  
After reading the threatening paper this morning,  
One cell from each of the 12 horoscope months.  
So far, each cell has no characteristics  
Except the right to bear arms.  
We took their 12 little boxes for their first outing  
Late this afternoon to Starbucks. Unloading  
Their miniscule side arms before we entered  
And placing the weapons on top of each box  
So they were in clear view  
Wasn't too difficult (strapped to a stem cell,  
A side arm sticks out like a sore thumb),  
Except we kept dropping the bullets in the car.  
You can easily load the bullets without dropping them,  
But it's very difficult to get them *out* of the chambers  
Without dropping them, as you can imagine.  
On the way home, we bought a nice thick book of fortune-teller readings,  
Which I have called horoscopes previously,  
One hundred separate forecasts, Aries to Pisces,  
By one hundred different expert human forecasters,  
To understand what will happen next to our babies.  
Yes, we already know they are embryonic stem cells.  
Yes, we love them.  
Yes, we already know they will be sent out on the hallways to do their work.  
Yes, they will disappear, it is their job, but the 12 horoscopes  
Have them disappearing in 12 distinct ways.

## A Wet Desk

The brass crab, actual size, doesn't dominate  
My desk, among five small fun objects,  
Because crabs have to move to fulfill their vicious nature.  
A still crab, though hard of brass, is not itself  
Without its quick frightening scoots toward flesh,  
While a five-inch white marble girl sitting with wings and a good hairdo,  
And a banjo, and no clothes, and small breasts covered,  
And laughing, about nineteen years old, white marble,  
Is herself because nobody else could be like that.  
She and the crab may sit near each other.  
There's nothing you want to know about the tiny plastic roses  
Or the expensive stapler too good to use. . . .

Shells in a closed box which is the size of the crab.  
The crab sits on the box trying to guard them,  
But at the touch and lift and command of my hand he must give up  
And sit on the desk, overjoyed.  
The shells—clams, starfish, a baby shark's jaws,  
Thumb-sized conches and dry, desiccated sea horses—  
These do not move and thus are pure in their nature,  
Here resting as they've rested before in another life  
On the bottom of the twirling sea.  
Up here there is the far sound of a miniscule surf behind the four stacked  
books  
Where I think I will not look.