

New Country

Our new country is built on falling apart.
Within our boundaries, we insist on disintegration.
Our national flower is any that has lost its petals;
Our anthem, the crash of something heavy and domestic.

Our philosophy is this: to be separate
Is to be whole. Picture a straw
Divided optically from its drink.
You get the idea. What others call

Reason reminds us of the moon and its attempts
To right itself vis-à-vis its “features.” The top beauties
Of the day aren’t actually rotting, but in case they do
We’ve buried their pictures in a location

Near you. We are the better for
A slapdash domestic routine, raw shirts, the wish
For manumission, puckered napkins, that stern cleansing light
Of repair shops, drops that pry themselves from distant

Desert winds, toy piano rain, and so on. Our favorite writer says,
“The best advantages of marriage are temporary, but can only be gotten
If it’s regarded as permanent.” We live honest lives
Of deception. If you’re together, don’t come.