

## Some things that come together in coming apart

How stuck am I on the polar ice caps  
now that they're not so much there as historical  
novels people pretend to have read  
but really, who has the time? Like it's haveable,  
time, like we can stop driving ourselves  
to the market and crazy soon enough  
to have anything left to claim for England. Melting things  
on that scale beats the yo-yo I stoved to goo  
and a spanking, someone  
needs to come along and send us to bed  
without supper. In our defense  
we're stupid, gullible, smelly, we're not  
stupid, that was mean and categorical,  
we're wired and emblazoned and impressed  
by the singing of birds who are merely  
shuttling air from one spot to another, holding it  
as we do each other in a waltz  
to let it go further on, where it must fend  
for itself. These bits of song-air  
and dance are changed forever, everything  
is changed forever all the time, I'm not here,  
I'm up ahead, running with my arms thrown back  
to embrace how mild life seemed  
when I first noticed light coming to rest  
on my mother's face. Creatures  
who generally have trouble with story problems  
may not be the organisms one should ask  
to anticipate global warming. A car  
about to be started in Poughkeepsie  
is the tipping point, after that, all is fire  
and water, all is lost: do you  
shoot the driver, learn the backstroke,

enjoy long walks into the high ground?  
I keep returning to the ice caps,  
their vast calvings in my mind, TV stars  
of our dissolution, my head  
thunderous and cold and too small  
for their wounds but well-suited  
to my hair. The debate as I understand it:  
it's too late, it's not too late. Smart people  
agree we're not that smart. Here are clouds again,  
telling me they make this up as they go.  
If we don't owe it to ourselves to fix  
what we've broken, we owe it to ponies.  
That was manipulative, but I love ponies,  
how they let our children  
ride them in circles with helmets on in case  
the circles fall.

See side

Mind as wave: whoosh. As wet. As yet  
thinking needs a dress to wear, what better look  
than sea green or sea foam, within  
never gets out without without, how cool  
is that, that the sealed self's  
not an option, hence the object of my affection's  
conception. As in, I notice you  
on your boogie board, therefore I exist  
to see you're bad at balance, a savant  
of oops. The fall's all we've perfected,  
reaching for the apple with the words of our hands,  
the yums, the Henny Pennys at our disposal.  
I come onely, you two. Boo-hoo. Group hug, the all  
of us, this wave charging hard, foaming  
at the mouth, as if to slather with embrace.

Life

is so big. Eyelash in the salad. Aldebaran  
light-years to the right

of the margaritas.

Five hundred thousand

new "jobless claims." Quotes. Was Bonaparte a fool

or a genius? Yes.

Rates of currency exchange, thermal exchange,  
chromosomal exchange. I begin  
to fill up, as if I'm a glass

and the world is water, is rain

is storm. Backfire

I think is gunfire and gunfire

I'm sure is close.

The feeling that mysticism

is the only way to be polite, that the stick  
fetches the dog. While I was masturbating,

more rainforest

disappeared. The feeling the sun is saying

*do something.*

The feeling it's impossible

to know what to do. So there I was:

planting bulbs

for a greensudden spring,

dialing my congresswoman, blushing,

hanging up, redialing,

rededicating myself

to gestures, walking right up to the sky

and asking it please

to stay.

The slog

the trudge,

pushing the boulder the pie-chart the petition

up the mountain. Save the whales,  
the decibels,  
the Earth,  
the me. When I thought of life  
as climbing the shadow of a tree,  
I climbed.  
When I thought of life  
as a race between words  
for empty and words for full,  
I was at the end of this poem.

## Scenic Thanatos

Dog  
fucking a dog  
while a third  
dog watches  
outside of  
Famoso beside  
almond trees, some

of these fields  
have been used  
so hard  
fertilizer  
has turned  
to salt, I am

driving  
to LA  
where I've never  
been to tell you  
it is lovely  
sometimes  
how eager  
we are  
to die

## BRCA1

She has the gene, the cytosine, adenine  
her mother sister had, her sother  
mister had, they've named the gene.

If I named a gene  
I'd name it Gene, I knew a Gene,  
brother to Greg.

We are like genetically  
mice, tiny creatures with toes,  
she is like genetically  
87 percent likely  
to have breast cancer, ovarian  
cancer: ovum, Oppen, open, closed.

So come July, away with thee,  
mammaries and ovaries, live together  
in imperfect harmony . . .  
it only takes a day to remove the real  
and add, pick a word: prosthetic,  
cosmetic, the faux breasts and the egg sacks  
are just gone, call them the nothings,  
the novaries.

And there I am/was  
cringing, and there she is/was  
smiling, touching my hand, saying nonononono,  
this is a good thing, the best thing  
the universe has come up with  
since the wet kiss, I am taking  
dialogic license there

but she was happy as a torch  
in a Frankenstein flick.

The townspeople have gathered  
to kill the monster.

It's dark, but they have fire,  
she has fire,  
she's going to kill the monster  
that killed her mother, her sister, if I may pare-a-phrase  
down to its essentials:

hurray.

But ouch.

Hurray.

But seriously: ouch.

And the world, one day, had a second sky,  
a sky for just the sky  
to stare up and deepblue  
and into, and a lake for the lake  
to dive giggling in  
and doggypaddle across, and a new  
and soon improved her  
sitting there mid-life  
grinning brights, grinning hard-core  
and full-bore and seriously  
madcap happy about a knife.