1-1-2009

The Suburban Mysteries

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Begonias lashed
to stakes still fall,
crushed by the weight
of storms so light
they travel miles
above the turf.

Damage is reason-
proof: a spine compresses
in a dream,

and the dream’s daughter
can’t walk it off.
She’s shorter

by a fraction.
There are mothers
in the begonias,

mothers in the thunder,
mothers controlling
their children’s limbic reactions.

*Have you seen me?*
O to stare from a milk carton,
gone through fields

too dark to farm,
into the old forest’s old
dissolving arms.