

GRAHAM FOUST

Happening Pastoral

And fell awake or like it. And arrived in twitching
field. And looked for something
growing, something okay to break.
And got busy. And so tracted out the ground.

And now the tongue, so abused by its making
that it no longer means much, crawls.
And now there's only looking and the field.

And the field. And the relatively small-
scale killings in said field. And gray, gray
and not-gray, gray
and maybe-gray, gray and gray.

And you sink, bad dreamer, your skin-sides
up, your surrogate face put first
to endless nettles. And from intricate fruit
to simple bone, you'll say
you love a body. And its crushing need to be.