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CONSENT

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The American People

The American people are
What the American people want is
Americans, yes, Americans say
The American people tell me time and
Your everyday American might wonder
Americans on Main Street have had it up to
What the American people are sick of
Options for everyday Americans are decreasingly
Americans bring up that very thing
Americans over here chime in
The American people understand
Most Americans know better
Your average American can't figure out
The American people find it increasingly
Everyday Americans want
Americans find this sort of thing
The American people are sick and
Those American people on Main Street
The American people believe more than anything that
Most Americans know nothing about
I've heard everyday Americans argue
Americans say give us
The American people find it hard
The American people are better off than
Americans are weighing the
The American people are telling me
Every day Americans wake up

Now

I.

Now the wracked bodies
of charred rabbits
have disappeared
from the fields
and the village is flooded
with people who can't
speak the language.
Each day we help each other
peel back our eyelids
despite the sun. We
prepare food with a
rusting knife made
by a child
we don't know
laboring
on the other side of the world.
We sharpen
a hundred pencils each
and work on new lines
to press into our palms
new veins to line our legs
new omniscience
to goad our hearts.

II.

To displace
the obelisk's
stacked stone
To invent new trumpets
tubas saxophones
To march
To attack first with rosemary
then predictions
to demand money
to accept tears
To run up the street
from our offices
in high heels
to grab our babies
to feed them
from our breasts
then and there
To light candles
in the grotto
to light so many
it will explode

III.

I squat over these rising white ribbons, these
maggots reaching
and twisting themselves

from a rotting leg joint. They
promise me
there are salves

for all of this. Salves stronger
than nuclear waste

with a smell
that could fill a church
like incense.

Biologists say
a maggot's whole body
is covered with ocular cells,

eyes that never blink. They
always
respond to the light.

Orange on the Horizon

Comme le feu, l'amour n'établit sa clarté
que sur la faute et la beauté des bois en cendres… — Philippe Jaccottet

Orange on the horizon—a boat with curved Viking sails
in flames. No, it's the moon rising. I still want to cry for help.
The ring-necked dove crying for help. The one with the broken

wing that we took to the rehabilitation center. *The only thing*
to do with a ring-necked dove is wring its neck. A non-native species,
they probably fed it to an ailing osprey. A boat with curved Viking

sails in flames. In Dublin, they built an office on the best
Viking site they had. *The only thing to do with a ring-necked*
dove is wring its neck. We're just mixed-up capitalists. It's nothing personal.

A fire—orange on the horizon—takes seven days to reach us. Day one
we laughed and skimmed ash off the sea. Day seven the gardener stayed
behind, drawing circles of water

around the horse, letting the cars finally explode.
Orange on the horizon—the surplus value we'll never extract.
I can't seem to drive my feet deep enough in the sand to hold me, to keep me

from treading water. I must float or stand. The moonrise reproducing the
means of production. This shoe is heavy and seeks non-native species—
Cuban tree frogs and iguanas—for smashing.

The only thing to do with a ring-necked dove is wring its neck. Dear
Orange on the Horizon, or to Whom It May Concern: For just five
minutes give us something different.

A tall glass building, windows with no drapery, and people and doves
we can watch rehabilitate. Draw a ring of ash around my neck, for
love. I will float and stand.