

Mailbox Flowers (A letter to the Nurse, unwritten)

Always wanted a wild garden growing about the mailbox
the silent majority, the living wild.

Surrounded by forces
too dark to be lit by dawn.

Nothing crystal about this murk:
it's like a blue snow, a crude poem

with the pushed-down knowledge
something bleak's coming.

After the *Shepherd's Special*,
I'm going to buy a packet, spill thin seeds

to shed
crude light, a milk-light of moss-rose, hiprose.

Steep
wild things.

Pitchdark
the going thru.

Lost nurse,
I glimpse you in sidewalk cafés, drinking like nervous fox.

Nothing lucid about this:
it's a crushed moon. But alive.