

The Pretty Ones

I could learn to love
the ones back home,
the silent ones who don't call, the ugly children.

I could learn.
But pressures build up in absences:
scare forth the weather-witch

the devil of the weathervane.
Voice, you're not mine

whispering ugly deeds:
"see, hear, think no evil."
But this ire—

it concerns the way clouds corner the harborboat
veering in.
It concerns the way money affects the healing spine

not to pay for life
for one bad morning.

Christ, the world's hard, scheming:
the lake of love—steaming, this morning.