

## *Scarecar*

The orange scarecar in Molly's yard  
raised me up,  
in the years after her crash,  
my childhood years. I touched it everywhere  
when I sailed myself and the dream wreck like a boat  
over TV oceans.

Molly's daughter, Rachel,  
came to me,  
told me many lies,  
but I believed her, her royal blood,  
and the boys, men, she lead to the ruined car  
most nights. I asked her

how the accident happened. Her mom  
it seemed,  
washed dishes, set beds  
at the highway's Best Western,  
where one evening she drunkenly danced with a bellhop,  
at an obligational employee do,  
alongside a pair of high-ups, blowing cigar smoke  
into one another's mouths.

Rachel says Molly was drunk enough  
to let him kiss her hard in a spare, perfect room. Either way,  
she drove home lonely.  
Rain obscured the stars.  
and whether bent to light a cigarette, or worn  
enough to close her eyes,  
Molly and the road parted ways  
outside the Yantic River Inn.

While Rachel spent her crowded nights in the burned back seat  
Molly slept unwell, dreaming  
her old car alive. It warmed  
and growled. Behind the wheel,  
and tired enough to close her eyes, they would smash  
themselves next door.

*Rus in urbe*

The river would be blue one day and gold the next  
Streets screened with oak, linden, elm  
Its wild, narrow, shadowed, almost Alp-like glens  
Won from the water or blasted out of the rock  
Then war in the South repainted Broad and Main  
Sponge-off coughing around the Thames Arms  
Its workers bought their own mistakes  
Striking, banging every pot in the house  
Outside Building One, a twelve hour picnic  
Broken-up by the Quebecois, your house tarred  
The mill wheel hauling, the scald of sizing  
To be washed out later, before the cutting floor  
Mill bell at dawn, the five streets light and rise  
“Simplex” from the Tobin Arms, a hammerless gun  
Occupation for industry, market foodstuffs, comfortable homes  
At seven, the bell to work  
Dodge Renée, get your hands on a candle  
Come midnight, Ponemah cuts power

*Poem With A Knife In It*

Danny issued me  
a frame-lock  
to bullet the cava &  
Shostakovich from

uphill in Norwich  
past Benedict Arnold's plaque  
the way I drove. We  
stomped on the ceiling

of Twice bought  
twice loved  
empty for evening. The  
white bubbles packed

enough to blow  
a molar. I practiced  
thumbing the side-stud  
to snap the torsion bar.

Danny read the roofs: there  
was the candy store:  
mill shadow gone, there  
were the trailers

where we both  
hung out with this one kid.  
He smacked your mom? Yeah,  
at Wequonic School

across the street  
in 6th or 5th.  
Huge ancient arms  
rocked me to sleep

halfway down the dark mass  
on B. Here, he says,  
bottle raised up,  
throw it, I'll duck.