

FROM VI. *THE OTHER MARK WISE*

MARC T. WISE

where

we stay

to be done
unfinished

absence
between shields

SUBTRAHEND

he says scared
so many times
you think

start to take his hand
through the door

to explain the
barn owl in blue oak

you drop his hand
& number
the problem between

you & the bridge

head under creek-
bed holding your breath
with sandfilled nostrils

fear he says

tells you how to feel
takes you there

HEIMAEY

the harbor one hundred feet from close
scrutiny bound restless scales
schools awaiting nets to drop
ladders hanging on cliffs

scrutiny bound restless scales
weighing cargo boxes in coldslipped steel
schools awaiting nets to drop ladders hanging on cliffs
& feet to sock pavement

weighing cargo boxes in coldslipped steel
dig a yard in the ground
& feet to sock pavement
& protect the dough with foil

dig a yard in the ground
in order to bake the bread
& protect the dough with foil
& wave the dirt off the top

in order to bake the bread
& catch birds from cliffs
& wave the dirt off the top
& stare at the newest mountain in the world

& catch birds from cliffs
put a hand down
& stare at the newest mountain in the world
look at the ground

put a hand down
moving in schools awaiting nets to drop
look at the ground
the molten harbor one hundred feet from close

WHAT LET'S YOU

He wants people out of my poems.
Maybe it's the way they look.

He says something about money,
about how to

them, what it means
is this: too much &

then some.
I took *them* all out. Now,

put me in.

EAT MORE, WEIGH LESS

recycle the flak because
it doesn't happen just once