

# Wild Goods

—  
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# Purgative Cant

she's got baby passing the strong  
men whom she calls the world  
I'll go beyond, she thinks, and by world means  
a kind of mortification

strong men splitting road headache machines  
their living is like momma's—a servicing  
irascible systems linked to other systems  
for which she uses the pronoun she to familiarize

she's sandwichtime  
climbing up over world to nurse their silent agreement  
will eventually eat container too  
mustn't resist transmigration though cranky  
from resistance imagines being jeered at:  
    almost worthless—meaning, something there to whack—  
worse than worthless

she won't care what world can do behind  
parked cars crotch exposed in clover  
also called sourgrass by which it's meant pissed on no doubt  
thinks *don't pick* to restrain feeling whole  
world overwhelming now that she's got baby

# Illuminative Cant

she's not yet light but by it  
sees innumerable minute correspondences  
that hook her by habit if she were a plant  
on the hill where *her* mother was corrupted  
I'll unhook, she thinks, and by habit means  
a kind of over-foliation

you girls of Parsippany

stuck in traffic staring out between heaven and earth  
tell me, for whom do you doll up?  
can't close the eye of desire  
just like that so she calls on her people  
who are not world but have put it in her

put it in a hidden thicket called invasive like gorse  
and scotch broom itch under acrylic outfits  
for which it's recommended rubbing rather than  
scratching said to be too specific

now it's as though her skin's coming off  
filmy sheets she holds up to view world through  
though it's gone meaning she's in falling husks of  
light she won't care whose  
calls out *my people* to what it rubs

# Unitive Cant

wild goods snapped alert—cries—milk lets down  
defoliated by exhaustion joy welling up can't extinguish

she knows she'll have to marry baby whom she calls  
her inner life: no shoes, position, or possessions, such as words

“too sensitive for world”

what a load of crap she thinks as they head for  
its interior and by crap means the cheapest kind of fertilizer  
could ignite rolling up and down paved hill  
where the strong men dream between snowy  
goose feathers sleeping perfection  
downy interior one-piece night can't be broken

she won't sleep, that is, ignore night, not possible  
welling up, the gut-wound from baby—her rapture in giddy fits  
like sex and drink but not that on the hill having loosed her grip  
says I do to wild goods and by this means I am

## Those Who Refuse to Amend

Sin	Punishment	Wisdom
meanness	rust	“The ocean does not exclude water.” <sup>1</sup>
smugness	indelible smirk	“As in water face answers to face, so the mind of man reflects the man.” <sup>2</sup>
idle chatter	getting lost	“I am not too willing to appear.” <sup>3</sup>
selling smoke	forgetting faces	“The darkest place is always underneath the lamp.” <sup>4</sup>
moping in deserted places	clothed in darkness	“Do not crush the bruised reed.” <sup>5</sup>
humiliating another	a flaming throne	“By the measure a man measures out, so it is measured out to him.” <sup>6</sup>
spiritual malpractice	never-filling food	“Sudden dreams planted to what end?” <sup>7</sup>
pretending to be hurt to avoid punishment	floating in fiery robes	“They are blind and dressed in bright clothing.” <sup>8</sup>
acting as you think they think you terribly are	a hell-dog pet	“Surely we were meant to pass these tombs.” <sup>9</sup>
stumbling through glances	felt darkness	“Make night’s bed to wrestle day on.” <sup>10</sup>