

Laura Carter

Swagger

You swagger like you're in a
country of no old men,
and don't forget to time America (it's running out
of time to make a play for you),
big moon (America), moon!
All these poems are so little
when what we all need to invent
is a dome to take world
back from her captors—and who are these captors?
Some might say that at night states make a noise
to be wallowed in later.
You swagger like you're in a young country!
(And not an inference
that takes a star away from old sun.)

What Is a Story of Earliest Sun?

I.

A sun is
a neck,
as poets've
been saying for
as long as your dreams have

been about mouths.
But wait! Thoreau was
in woods
and not city
(he was not too early).

A life support
might be a cosmic real,
which seems to be what those
who are most afraid of
making change adhere to.

II.

So is it *veritas*, or is it something quite different?
All footlights are on you; footlights are there!

You promise to send you along luck
that you received on an early morning. But wait:

you promised an escape.
Oh enlightened one, which moist dream were you living behind?

To send someone balsam for her furs is allegory
that refuses to play along in an ordinary way.

To refuse to send might be just as good, yes.
(And yet there is something in an Icarus myth that applies to you.)

III.

If you have woken, forget about
parts of the day you thought you
saw, as if there had been a flood (of some kind),
partners of day together.

You should look back
to see what's changed about this world,
for there's no going forth
without looking back into your past to see what you can make right.

You only know you didn't want to be hurt,
again, the same way that you were hurt there.

If you have ever hugged a tree, it's okay.

A tree may be there
to keep you from falling in-
to a start of something you can't
see without those who love you, forms of support.

Clearing

Starting out is seemlier
in a world made colorful by
its lack of wasp. Where's wasp?
Should you be waiting on a wasp?

You could go either way
but choose to hold to a different sort of line, if you will.
(If there's ever been a line.)

Instructions

Never certain, how proceeds
outside a beer garden.

To name a thing is to give it a worth,
something to remember. You choose to see
a writer's name as carrying her
away from cinnamon crush.
Something's new!

Pilgrim

You loved a pilgrim soul despite measures.
Did you awake at the earliest?
You fear everyone did, but finally you
sink into a nameless sea-ing—
though earth's place is a different path and where to land.
You remember telling about
a person you still love.