

Douglas Korb

Myotis Song

On a ladder in the air
telling myself not to fall
as if my mind could sing
to my feet and hands faster
than 1-mile-an-hour. It is
thoughts that craft actions.

hold onto rungs hold onto drill hold onto 4 screws hold onto tree hold onto earth

16 feet above ground is where
the bat houses go. It will take 2
years for any bat to find me
if they find me at all. This morning
the Internet said: *Dear Bat Lovers,*

What a roller coaster of a day it's been! Has it gone that way for you too?

Maybe. I will silently watch the
silent myotis may they come
this May. Black flies! Black flies!
Fly black bat, fly! If I fall, I'm
fucked. Two kids

and a wife. The bats too are waning. There is no moon.

απόδοση

The sleeping country road crests
over bramble and Budweiser can vine gutter

meeting brook and fence post, broken
at the corners, as stars shine

sloganless in the billboard sky.
All of these objects, coiled in this rucksack

heart, strike: *Return*. Return to
me. Now is the time for traveling

but Penelope kissed her man gone.

απόδοση = **Greek**, *Return*. Pronunciation: apo*tho*see

Reflection

It all seemed so simple inside the bone
before the world was framed
and the house of personality was filled

with broken glass and shale.
You worked in the ice grocery where minerals
hardened. Now you watch

your face crack blue - a diamond
cutter splitting gravestone. What a sphinx
this is. It is only the couch who knows

you are here. Your body, an inconvenient
jewel, hovers over the cotton plateau.

You are a frame that can only be punctual,
a brimful house of broken shade and ash.