

BOB HICOK

CIRLCES IN THE SKY

Dead things here
get a fan club
of vultures. It's beautiful
to watch the sky admit
it wants to eat.
One vulture
tells another
tells another, theirs
is the largest wing-span
of sharing I have known.
What they'll do
to my once dear
fence-leaping deer
is make it a dun sack
between road
and river engaging
in their voyages.
Comings become goings
become stayings
at times for a time
that when it ends, usually
there's no ritual
for snakes and cardinals
and shadows
of goodbye. At least
this hovering
of truly ugly birds
unless you look at them
metaphorically

reminds me to think
of someone I love
and prove it.
So if your phone rings
in a bit, it could be
sort of death calling
to ask, how's it going,
as I sort of hope
you'll be life
answering, fine.

ON THE EXISTENCE OF THE POETIC ART OR THE POETIC ART OF EXISTENCE

What if hawks grew from your wrists,
such that picking apples or washing
dishes or masturbating felt
like flying, but instead
of a tongue you had a horse,
a tiny horse in your mouth, and to speak
of the hawks, you let it run,
and to speak of the emotion
of the horse, you wrote letters
to the stars with your hawk-hands
on the sea, on waves
that are an endless whatever,
dude, since every moment, a breath
crosses your mind as a cloud
of starlings unsettles itself
wistfully into a shape of desire
that's never there by the time
you've wondered, what was that?

VALUE

Something of a bowl, imagination
I carry and different nothings
full: rain I bear
to your drinking or red
dead leaves -- I have forgotten
time -- small, ovate
as words, that fell as talking
of wind to itself. The bowl
of my cupped hands,
the seam of their join
porous as a thought, this one,
of a starling bowered
in my progress up a hill.
A hill that fits also
into the bowl, as does the bowl
fit into the bowl,
as I am the bird
I am carrying
carrying me, had you wondered
what makes me human.