

ERIN BELIEU

Burying It

*There's an old man I know
who lives in a TV-sized house*

with one window.

*There's an old man I know
who has one smeared window*

from which he cannot see.

*I know that window is the ghoul
of a window, crazed all over*

*like filigree. I know it like
the caged hamster knows;*

*all the furred things handled
until they give.*

*

You made up a science project,
a weather balloon--

so I ran around the streets
with a huge plastic bag trailing behind me,

transparent, shaped like a giant
used condom. Oh, we never cared
what anyone thought! We were

those kind of people.

That was so funny.

Me running and running,
filling it with wind
that wouldn't get in.

*

*I know an old man who's afraid
to eat. If you touch him,*

*bruises appear everywhere
like dark carnations. He is emotional,*

*but only in traffic. He has a window
that clings to it's frame*

like shatter glass after an accident.

*If you moved,
the whole thing would run to liquid.*

*Glass is like that.
Glass is always looking*

*for a reason.
I think it would be best for everyone*

to hold very still.

*

Did you know honeysuckles look like wasps
if you look at them?

My son told me that.

My son sees everything because
he is close to the ground.

My son sees everything
but pretends to need glasses. Why does he pretend
to need glasses?

That's a kid mystery. The blindness you have,
they want it, too.

My son finds the shine
people lose in the weeds and
he gives it to me.

*

Remember the time at the Mormon cemetery
and you filming me running over the graves?

Did I make that up?

You with your special camera that cut time
into pieces.

And the statue of the pioneer couple
burying their stone baby.

They caught bubonic plague and died,
all the stone people.

Poor baby.

You were making a filmstrip. I'm the girl
in it, running over the graves.