

**My Daughter Davis-Monthan Air Force Base, Tucson, Arizona**

Cared for, laced  
into a sequence three  
pipe bombs gave themselves  
to the streets about your school  
hardly making local news

There is a light that neither  
of us will absorb

winking in it all the while  
by its known waves the state's  
cargo planes keep from folding into our streets

Maybe you're the steady  
light impulse to start a new  
spinning in the privileged  
soft heads of everyone so when we wake  
we are each the queen, the happy  
ghost in the halls of the old cruise ship  
maybe I am

The martyr takes her state  
and her neighbors inside herself  
making an imbalance of terror

How will you, in your years, account for the victimhood of which we were bereft?

They were little things  
in the hollows in a matrix of demands  
and performance reviews  
we did to make wall and sky  
sway like long wheat in a wind  
about you like something  
that wasn't continuous

If this talk could go on  
the dead  
might lay a little deeper in the air

## My Daughter Not You

Maybe mirrors are not our only hosts  
a turning in your eye  
and you look up

far behind the dead there are many mistakes  
whole nations we can't handle  
make their rustling

Colors, furloughed  
visit your head

they can't help themselves

and on this sidewalk  
cellophane and foil  
brighten your arrival

What inscribes itself in your eyes  
is a small canyon –  
and in its bottoms the chattering speech?

It isn't enough to say images

Seen, the still pine needles  
a tarp billowing at the lower winds  
are a weather

How long could you look?

In the foreground a wet child appears  
who isn't you

The two bits of peeling white light  
she tossed into us

are a gain, a weight

water falling down  
your back in the shower

an edge  
you can join

**My Daughter Charity Thinketh No Evil**

after Herman Melville

Glad, on  
time pennies  
click hard  
at your teeth

everyone is throwing them

Gathered about you in a circle  
on the deck  
everyone is catching them  
a blue flame about their heads cocked back  
    over the railing

Glass  
you think  
in the middle  
and wheat stands from which time

is made  
on the upper decks'  
passing of the banks

That's not the brittle  
moment above you

On shore, leaves turn  
their grey  
sunless sides  
every which way

The riverboat  
is very small

it will never get here

## My Daughter Emily Dickinson

To wipe away  
the track of your next minute  
your little voice claims the mountains go on forever

They really do  
in a funny wave  
white cityscapes of sand poised at our heads  
looped, a kind  
delay of form

To turn fast and clean in that line  
dust gray and feeling  
laid out on the plains

The light makes words in the room

so un-American in its humors  
and hugging near death  
as stars and the dead  
perch, awaiting your glance

Hovering new your hands turn about  
themselves as the dead laying a little deeper in the air

It's not a word  
but their anger will be

Gooselight and pines from one desert  
stand here in the rain of another  
at every roof and run-off

a wind notes each drop's leaf and needle touch  
a turning over of paper

lacquered, thinnest  
layers of our habits

in their excess bound down the crevices  
Aleppo and France, what thirst and turning  
of skirts, Puno and Spain what  
resistances of mountain planes  
are made, child, in your face

resins in time  
the better to move over the waters  
of this desert reservoir at whose edge we take our walk

What of this American  
faith in artifice?  
Dickinson's butterflies  
plashing in the, what  
the river?

Clean-  
edged, dry  
this plain opens  
under a mirroring  
sky its

available dead  
look down to each grain of sand

those sharpest edges  
their binding  
single selves  
in facets

in such futures  
to be simple  
and done