

“How to Clean”

The world and I are not at war today –
she gave me sun and wind, and I in turn
have breathed sweet breath onto a potted fern
and smiled goodwill; but I would like to say
that though I know she keeps her storms at bay,
her rain is freezing and her fires burn;
and though it is not pers’nal, I would learn
why in her sunlight all my skies seem gray.

I think, if men would go away, I’d laugh,
and women, children – vanished; creatures too,
and greens and things that breathe at me too loud.
The world would look much cleaner, cleared of gaff,
with nothing there to spoil our sight. And true,
another soul would make our three a crowd.