

## ANIMAL HEART

Yesterday the windmills, yesterday miles  
of drifts, and between these things landscape  
and vista, the cars carving the highway  
from the white, and today  
the blowsy peony, rose imposter, today  
the river runs again and over, winter  
is over the lock has tumbled open  
and tumbling are the blossoms and the girls' skirts  
on the promenade like flags of countries  
I want to visit. What I've known  
in my body is my body smaller in hands larger,  
what those hands have known is smaller  
than I am, and I have measured that distance  
between self and assumption  
and it is the same as that between myself  
and a counterfeit. If yesterday  
a cold thing gathering power. If today  
a bloom tattering to pieces in the wind.  
Then the bee forgets home and must wander.  
Then you've never known a love like mine.