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late may
in search of exquisite, find
instead adequate, tolerable, effective,
efficient, just plain good enough

think about that, apply it, witness
the outcome, *watch it fly* or sink
or swim or hover, ruby-throated

outside suburban windows, beauty blooms
blossoms fall like dirt from a child’s hand
the days and days and days on end of no writing
pile up, sedimentary, suffocation, slow heat
in the lobster pot, quiet secret death
choke

choke cherry
choke weed
choke, no air
choke, hold back
choke, clutch, throttle
  (hold)
all choked up
attempt to write a book review, 
chapbook, single line, word—
fail—call it *do it later*

think of words, lines, whole 
poems in the space just before 
sleep—forget everything when pen—

special books, easy targets, five 
and two and crayons—stash—
inaccessible, but preserved,

sacred, mine, the place 
I go sometimes—a home 
of sorts, this land of large blank pages
here three years now

Village Homes, Davis, California

a planned community
plan: for community, environmental sustainability
you know, eco-friendly, green

two hundred forty-some houses and apartments
solar orientation, solar water panels, some photovoltaic

community pool, community center, community events

community gardens
edible landscape: vineyards, orchards—fruit and nut

bike and walking paths throughout
little and big parks
no backyard fences

common areas
neighbors
potlucks
fire pits

the walnut tree nearby
all the chairs we put out there
what does it take to end the isolation?

no end—

settle for relieve more frequently
my five-year-old daughter likes to tell me poems sometimes.

here’s one:

love oh love who comes from hearts
love oh love you are so good
love oh love it seems like you come from a hood
love oh love you’ll never go
love oh love you’re just too slow
love oh love the love of world
love oh love you love to hurl
love oh love I love you much
and this is the end of the poem
my two-year-old son loves rhyming—
his eyes, his face—he glows with excitement,
a golden-haired cherub alight—in judaism,
the word, all words, are of god—in my
secular home, he becomes an impassioned
angel on fire, filled with divinity—

_I suppose_ best rhymes with _hippos_—
_sight_ he begins—often while about to nurse,
but really any time will do, especially just as he
awakens—

_night, fight, bright, bedight, white, light, trite,
height, kite, might, right, tight, quite_, we banter
back and forth—_delight_, I tell him, _you
are my delight_—
dream of this third child—a boy. a three-legged boy.
we call him Tornado.
at eleven weeks and six days, a rash begins. twelve weeks and one day, ear infection. twelve weeks and two days, use ear drops containing thimerosal, a mercury preservative—most likely broken skin, most likely entering my blood. twelve weeks and two days, aggressive tylenol ingestion. twelve weeks and three days, start antibiotics. prior to antibiotics, note no new red rash bumps. twelve weeks and three days, consider tylenol with codeine, desire end of knife-tip ear pain, consider stupefaction of nursing toddler, see how long one can wait with knives in ear. worry all the while about the developing baby. hold closely bears brought by kindergartner.
remember sex    a far-off island

woe, these waters that divide
(another island)

orcas island was green. pine green. fern green. grass green.

little beaches everywhere. some more accessible than others. steps, cliffs, or walk-right-ups. a million little rocks of really every color if you count the sea glass, the crab shells, all those other shells and rocks and shards and driftwood, so much driftwood

so much adrift
a deer, a deer young buck one walks across path
an ovver deer, an ovver deer young buck two

slow careful leaf-eating, step, step, awkward grace

mossy springtime antlers just like I’d read, one set
with a little branch, one just straight

brown with white bottoms to show black tails

step, step
quiet departure

we breathe again
the night, the night
no longer my province

brought squarely into day
remember *embryo* until fourteen weeks, then *fetus*. not yet *baby*. try harder to set worry aside. feel knives in ear. believe this is all ridiculous, but not in a funny way. know that embryo is baby, no matter what anyone says.
in bed

think about sleep

touch deep pen groove
side of middle finger

feel
satisfaction