On the meander scar, a young Polish couple walked into a nursing doe.

She did not perceive the Poles as a threat. The faun kicked one hoof wildly.

We saw this, my friends and I, from the opposite bank, asking if our lives were sufficiently like Sweet Thursday.

A perturbed crayfish flicked itself over aeruginous bacteria mats under a splendid copper sun. He lacked for a claw.

_Ecology, _in Greek, means _a discourse on houses._
Dragonflies drank from a beer can.

We were afraid from touching the water.
Outside my shower window, the ash tree is filled with starlings. One eats a chicken fritter.

_Usually he actually just make the scars like this one here._
Danny is feeding the barbary doves.

Later, Eladio in my kitchen shouting _You Mother Fucker_  
_You Mother Fucker._

Eladio means this as proof of an imperfect world.  
It has been unfair, before.

A cat walks by on its hind legs.  
It carries a bow.
We stopped sweeping up the ginkgo berries
when the old Vietnamese man showed up
with plastic bags over his shoes like slippers

We’d read that neurologists can’t distinguish
between impulse and intention.

Once he’d gotten up all the berries
he came over and said,

*For now, we see through a glass darkly.*
This we understood to be basically the same.

In a shower across town,
my friend picked up a bottle of soap
to discover an eastern pipistrelle behind it.
The bat emoted hissily.

Slowly, she put the bottle back, thinking
*Oh. This is how it begins.*