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## VIABLE PACK (THE COLLAR)

Not exactly starving,  
thought to be  
nears country harm  
eating anyway, away  
seen wolfish, by flashlight  
at one roadside plain tree in ice.

Full-soiled, full-bathed  
air, particulate  
pocked snow, branches, all  
of which were  
straining to be free from the seeming  
carcass draw of the sky

Having a mouth, I can do as you call,  
Make an O, make it sensitive.  
I see that  
now under an urban few visible stars, that  
I squinted in fact  
and filled a tight respiration  
with the minus chill, a pastoral glare trapping  
the body mostly good. Sucking air  
Of soft pine blue, I go, I went, and old snow  
holds and gives  
five minutes' narrative into scat certainty. I added  
into the picture:  
my winter oversized coat gold,  
my eyes of dull buckle,  
Snow gets  
down my boots  
This way,



and the tree's  
iced motions assume feral tics of departure.

I could do this, and I hope you think it's a good idea, I could just  
keep  
following whatever rules don't touch  
me: "hand aloft" bye like reflected in star-like  
smashed rural school windows.  
"I hoard" ed, breath and eye cold with wind  
till following absence made  
Self perforations on sheets patterned after blindness.

Still, you can sense tomorrow's a holiday,  
And  
Indicant bells  
lie in a tangle on the table.

## II. Problem Pack

(Dispersed. The chief biologist and his tracking team go home.)

In the ruins of a population  
exchange  
A lot more favored animals fall.  
There the teen lay down in the struck and feasting present  
Alcohols, in a stubble of snowfield alfalfa,  
Obliterating the drag of a city cemetery  
across the erratic plain and skewed ornate  
mind and lack of lodge form  
to deliver Him in calendar slots,  
in the illustrated version, in a warm tub of water, pinking up.

For lost in the impact of seasons,  
a child lay down flattening out spots  
in a near mile of unharvested alfalfa,  
listening for the cutting bulk  
of thresher into harvest time.  
And there, too, in the adjacent miniature wild



sounds in thickets highway-side submerge investigative  
fear of prediction, a body barb, the hush  
of some vehicle on wet roads perches there, there  
on the little afforded room of I  
traveling on Christmas in bright empty specific

Here is where the mind moves to assert,  
A coarse garment  
over the wet mouth