



TRACY PHILPOT

FUZZY STONE'S THANKSGIVING

I.

Have a little wine and clorox
whose name is writ in winter

He was strong in the way of children
not meant to be

it was over pain
he refused

his lungs not winged well
or pearly

he didn't drink or take drugs bless
his antique box

two-chambered heart club-
foot clenched fists

in the most peaceful time
of pre-life

he was a failure
of neurological immanence



II.

Out of the ten walkers over
Niagara Falls only one died—

fifteen riders over the falls and only
five have been killed

including one whose turtle, inebriated,
survived while owner did not

Very few mothers see
past their children
to the point of war

Mark went over the edge of something
with me more human

than a circus defect
child of mystery and

Aidan calls me “Queen
of the Distance”

but I am not an anguished runaway
or am I

stupid fragile trying to have an evening
a life together Last year

this holiday my dog
was going blind

III.

Finalsong Free
the light is searching for you



on the weekends we mourn
haunted longer

fewer platitudes god-talk and audience
his creepy short life

I can hardly look across the gray water
where you are not either

or outside where I never go
except to bury the dead

nowhere missing but here
We are all the time being used as consequences

A pirate ship a treehouse
a baby cut in half

whose heart my heart
with its empty open free-fall

is a fortune-teller dedicated
to hinting:

“You will hardly know who I am or what I mean
but I shall be good health to you nevertheless,

And filter and fibre your blood”
sang Whitman a good song for a fetus

but how can I sing it myself
with not enough wine in the world