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April Fools in Love

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Huey: April Fools in Love

APRIL FOOLS IN LOVE

AMORAK HUEY

Any fool & his honey soon part of the problem,
solution, base, acid, vinegar, catch more flies
with friendly e-mails, even a cartoon husband
knows that's where such affairs begin.

Stitch in time heals all wounds
but leaves railroad-track scars across flesh,
zigzag mutable map of once & future sins:
the question is, what can be forgiven?

A couple at the door to AuSable Hall are making out,
making do, making up stories about tomorrow.

Someday he will wake up & write
to his wife's best friend to say *I am broken*
but what he will mean is *Sleep with me.*

For now they think it enough that spring has sprung—
that penny saved is worth two in the hand,
that no news is good for the gander.

It is no doubt true to say their best days lie
ahead, & their worst—their thirst
for this exact moment a thing to be envied.

The answer is everything, nothing,
somewhere between lip & cup
in the slip & spasm of their tangled tongues.

Haste makes waste, not want—want not
needing haste to be born, below the waist
or above, the mind what matters,
& then the body, & the heart

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Huey

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...in such a hurry to catch up
All I am trying to do is get into the building
but they are in my way, these two,
& going nowhere fast.

JOHN JAMES

The field is steeped with the violence of houses
Night descends blue hills
and I attempt to weigh distance
as a call tests its footing to the water-hole
(on the front porch, my cat devours a hummingbird)
He beats the brilliant body with his tufted nose
He breaks the wings
walks while the intricate four-horse

inside the pilot light is burning
the stater's brand with the coal-cake is over
I crowd into bed, asking for more light
to the doorway
a few faint steps to black
leather from leather with his hands are worn
So prone to sadness, this child -
I take my glasses off and let them on the table
The shadow of a tree casts inside my chair

The spring I communicate my father's death
by taking her home above the door
My hammer-stroke disperses
an assembly of bones
waiting around for me to gather their seed