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Seeing Nancy Marie

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She's plumper. But real pretty still.
Her curly French hair growing out and up
A clambering vine, dark at the roots.
Earth-stained, then reddening upwards in small
Licking flames. Her mouth still holds more
Sweet curves and valleys than a back-country road.
Her breasts are the rich hills, soft and steep.
Her eyes are the pure bright Sherbon wells, deep
With clean pebbles in them, and sunlight.
Those wells never go dry. No, not even in summer.

But all the time I'm dreaming on her, and
Rhapsodizing. the radio's advertising
Sunday! At the beautiful AcrossCo Speedway!
Wouldn't you love to go? Oh, it's sweet!
And her long, long nails, impossibly vivid
Psychedelic Pink, are tapping out happy
Nervous glittering flamencos: Click, click, click.
On the steering wheel.

The air above the bay burns
In stratas, gold to grey to
The sun winds bands of silver.
Like cloaks of scissored gossamer.

While the land is born bent,
In the throb and push of empty
From the bruised skin of the sky.
And the torched and flaming.

Shadow reaching, and the
Serenely whole and sudden
Floating downwards towards
Outstretched, owl-feather
All thought suspended, sus...