

THE  
SPOON  
RIVER Poetry Review

*Judith Taylor*

Lament of the Unidentical Twin

If the truth of apricots were known, we'd all be happier.

We'd know how to live then, not wish we were finer  
Than we are. The tree doesn't tell us if we should or should  
Not sleep with the married man. The tree loses its leaves  
Gracefully, and we should not take a lesson from that.

The wolf, loyal, all sinewy lines, also stalks and eats  
Small things that we'd like to cuddle, if they were stuffed.

Across an ocean, the lavender fields in France raise questions  
About the delicate paintbrush of smell, they don't say  
How we can stop police shooting black men in our cities?

I am scared to walk across a meadow while the dogs

Run loose, while the wind's susurrations skitter myths  
Like pearls. The world's continuous and also always

Watery, blurring itself away from us. How can I rejoice  
In the fact I spend my days with wondering foppery

And no philosophy. And the buttons of pain that wander  
Our bodies have a message but no wisdom. Outside  
it's just doing what it always does. Turns cold, sere,  
hay's in neat pleasing bundles, hills glint with day's end.