

## Bear's Vision of St. Agnes

mewithoutYou

Barren rocks and sand, Bear & Fox held hands,  
held like a timber hitch, held candles to the sun  
Both faint and fading fast, they walked on, windward  
kept time with a pocketmouse, mouths kept mostly shut  
Thought broke the silence like a bone

“you’ve worn me like an albatross,  
I’ve only slowed you down.  
You could’ve long traded in your braided crown by now  
you could’ve found that Anabaptist girl you always used  
to go on about  
As we rode in circles on our bicycles;

we walked on balance beams  
the audience cheered for us  
We burned like fevers under carriage hats  
hid behind Venetian masks  
In our human costumes  
We stood like statues once in shepherd’s check  
we’ll both be decked in herringbone,  
wrapped border drab around already broken ironstone”

“But I’ve seen these cliffs before,  
St. Agnes brought her palm branch to the hospital  
looked upward lest the charm had fled  
from my brother’s breathing bed  
And when he died I shut his dogtooth violet eyes:  
He looked just like me  
climb on down and see  
they laid him on the rocks below  
there’ll be enough to fill your cup for days;  
I’ll stay up here and rest.  
[aside] We’ll fly in straight lines as from carronades  
we’ll crash like tidal waves, decimate the islands  
As our hollowed lumber falls like water, ends where I  
start  
In that tattered rag shop back in Asbury Park

Look how soon my hands won’t move  
but if you’ll improve, we’ll all improve  
Sixty feet and my feet won’t move  
but if you’ll improve, we’ll all improve  
Forty feet, my legs won’t move  
but as you improve, we all improve  
Fill our den with acorn mast,  
I’ll wake before the salmon pass  
Ten foot more and nothing moves”