

The Capture

If you're counting on the arrival of soft creatures,
some miracle, forget it. They won't come.

In this land you have to paint your own homeland,
put the creatures where you want them, watch their
fluffy approach toward your oat filled hands, or worse,
nothing. Be careful. They will think yours are fingers
from heaven.

The Escape

All we had to do was look for contrast, identify ourselves
between the red ground and white sky,
seek out soft creatures, like us, someone must be like us
in this burning grass.

All we had to do was look north to the white
sky, cold up there, like us, and look back down
to the burning grass, ask ourselves
what nation is this where soft creatures
must endure winter and flame
at the same time?