

All poems from *Wedding Day*, by Dana Levin, Copper Canyon Press, 2005

Techno

I was tracking the stars through the open truck window,
my friend speeding the roads through the black country—

and I was thinking how the songs coming from the radio
were like the speech of a single human American psyche—

the one voice of the one collective dream, industrial, amphetamine,
and the stars unmoving—

the countryside black and silent, through which a song pumped *serious killer*
over and over—

and I could feel the nation shaping, it was something about the collective dream
of the rich land and the violent wanting—

the amphetamine drive and the cows sleeping, all along the sides
of the dark road—

never slowing enough to see what we might have seen if the moon rose up
its pharmaceutical light—

aspirin-blue over the pine-black hills what was rising up—

mullein or something else in the ditches their flameless tapers—

world without fire the song heralded a crystal methedrine light—

while the sky brought its black bone down around the hood of the truck
the electronic migration—

we were losing our bodies—

digitized salt of bytes and speed we were becoming a powder—

light—

bicarbonate—

what we might have seen, if we had looked—

Ars Poetica (cocoons)

Six monarch butterfly cocoons
 clinging to the back of your throat—

 you could feel their gold wings trembling.

You were alarmed. You felt infested.
In the downstairs bathroom of the family home,
 gagging to spit them out—
 and a voice saying *Don't, don't*—

Desire

For a minute prizes didn't matter because the black and white spider
sat in the daisy.

Two ducks along the shore that the ice-storm had ravaged,
so that there were more blue lupine than before—

And in fact everything was more vivid because it had once suffered defeat:
the rocks were blooming,
there were less places to sit—

For a long time the prize was a clear place to sit, inside of all that was
resurgin—

So that winning equalled the dust-blue tails of lupine?

When you had been thinking it was more like the man
kayaking out there,
against the triangular wakes of the speedboats.

For a minute the prize was forgetting about it. For a minute the lake's
silver page—

field that was mirroring creation—

that there was a clear place to sit,
inside of all that wanting—