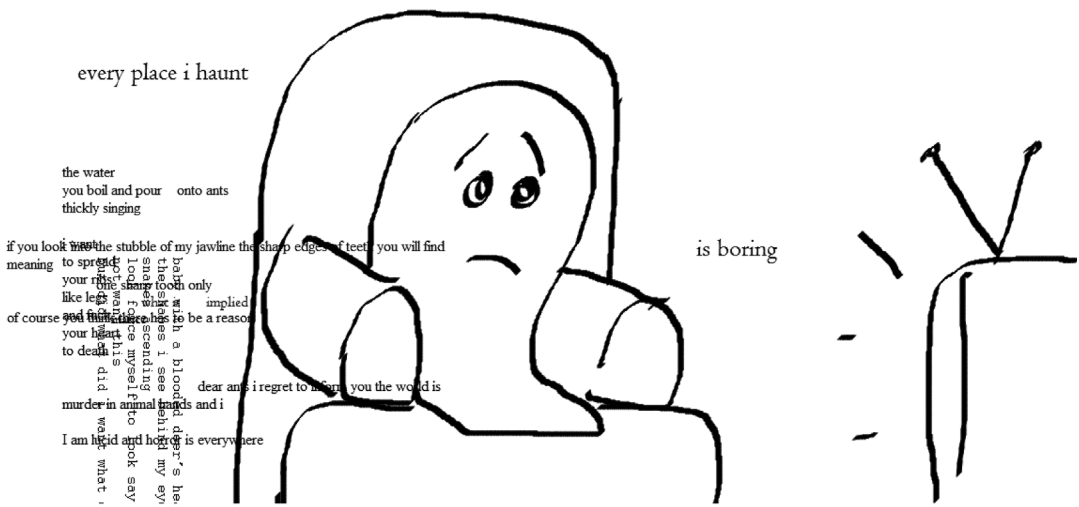
Jon Flieger

Wolfville

There are fewer surprises buried on this road

brown dying of trees
grey lives of monsters

scales andthe space that pausing occupies
caterpillar bites in leaves like slate
violenced free with dynamite
this etching
a stripping
of feathers

Isn't this near where your father grew up?
No.
Every time I think about it I just want to die.
Well.

and maybe now a carhorn
bark of footstep shout from radio
Fewer but