

CONTENTS

3	The Poor Know They Are Poor
4	We Are Starved
5	It Survives, a Way of Harming, Your Mouth
7	Sallied Forth
10	The Least Child
12	We Will Be Fed Upon, We Will Be Fed
14	Languor, Succor, Ardor
16	The Body-Hole
17	Ghostmeat
19	Therefore That He May Raise, the Lord Throws Down
22	The Body in Its Final Commerce
23	Playlist of the Same
26	Love Like unto Whited Sepulchres
27	Chanticleer
29	Noli Me Tangere
30	This Plenty, This Never Enough
32	Cheapside
33	A Paradise
36	Miracle of the Drowned
37	Corpus Christi Carol
40	Many Are the Ruined Cathedrals of the Heart
42	That Man to Man Is an Arrant Wolfe
45	From the Gospel of the Foundering
46	Thinking One Place Could Not Two Bodies Bear
47	The Day Without Before This Without
49	Darkling
50	An Attraction to Distance and Disappearance
52	Poor Dogsboddy, Poor Dogsboddy's Body
53	I Had Not Brought You into the World for Love for Naught
55	Things Fast Toward Their Absent Forms

57	Homecoming
61	Centaur
63	Nobody Is Ever Missing
64	And Naught I Have and All the World I Seize Upon
67	We Are Starved
70	Extinct Animals Looking for a Home
71	<i>Notes</i>
72	<i>Acknowledgments</i>

THE POOR KNOW THEY ARE POOR

Or we were poor and we did not know we were.

Or we were not poor and we thought we were.

Or we knew we were not poor.

Or just enough we did not deny being poor.

Or others told us we were poor and we believed we were.

Or this is what we told ourselves when we disliked others.

Or it was good to be poor among those who were not poor.

Or we had friends who were poor but did not know they were.

Or the poor were always among us.

Or we wanted nothing to do with the poor even if we were poor.

Or someone somewhere in our family had been poor.

Or it was a story we learned from our older brother who told us we were poor.

Or we told ourselves “at least we’re not poor.”

Or we made up things to make our lives a little less poor.

WE ARE STARVED

Always blood and those who give of it so freely.

The hemophiliac, the martyr.

The meatpacking plant at the end of the street.

Piles of ice dumped out back, soaked with the blood of deer,
their hind legs broken, stabbed through, hung to drain.

And the children, always the children.

Gathering the ice into small handfuls, licking it as one would
a snow cone.

We did this because we loved the deer.

We wanted, somehow, to tell it.

Our mouths full of salt and a senseless speaking.

We thought this was how you brought back the dead.

We thought you would believe us.