

## PERMISSION

She come up the steps on the back porch where I sweat and hunger.  
Looked me up and down. Said, lies are our incarnations of the truth.  
Light sprayed through the screen door over her graven cheekbones.  
Said, we do what children do while the grown-ups take long naps. I fell  
back laughing so hard poems came out my nose. Now I believe anything.

## MORE PERMISSION

The rift is being healed all around me, but not by me. I don't care,  
I drink more beer. Heaven grant me no finer sight than two poets  
crazy in love and dancing together. The way they play says everything.  
She stoops to brush back the hair from her son's face, to kiss  
his flushed cheek. His eyes open, serious. Hers cleared by music.