

# KATHLEEN WINTER

## Snapshot of a Boxer

You sat with your back to the baby,  
guarding him against the color green,  
the insistence of steeples.

The eight a.m. sun moved out from clouds  
like a well-trained MBA  
adjusting to changed conditions.

A fleck of earth's veneer of life,  
you had your memories, your desires,  
your sensitivities to sounds, to smells,

to expressions like the British "barking mad."  
No one had to tell you  
cleverness is not a virtue.

In the quick distance,  
playground's empty geometry  
stood by to be embodied.

You waited silently, knowing  
the creation is troubled in a way  
that means no harm to anyone.

You waited for one of those people  
who think they own trees,  
own animals, to look in your direction.

## March Ides

O wineglass  
O failure's scepter  
O wingless wineglass changed  
in imagination  
to headless Victory  
O shape

time is the limit against which  
we nod, peck & gesture our spoonfuls  
to a little night music, crunch  
of the obvious being consumed  
by mystery, now the horrifying  
death cry of the obvious  
being dismembered among firs, buckeyes & bays

there's room for three in this bed  
so why is our idea of the possible  
so slim, always the same haircut?  
even an object  
lifeless as antique mannequin's  
grey canvas gives pleasure of texture  
O circler  
O fragile ice-skater

so settle, let your fur  
be friction against me  
& still you growl  
as though this chill  
were meant for you, American dog,  
post-Enlightenment individualist  
licking, licking away at your  
self, persisting