

The Bison's Alimony

by Bill Yarrow

The bison know a lot about Longfellow
and wisteria and patrimony, the piscine nuance
of the clouds, God's topological integument.
They understand the orphan arroyo; they intuit
the numinous prairie; they predict a wooly
suburbia. Bison powerwalk my imagination.
I smell, in their arrayed dreaming, the sedimentary;
austere inference; traces of residual magnetism.
Under the nettled knot of august sunshine,
in the shadow of the reddened face of the future,
alongside the maternal mystery of the unused river,
the bison make their summary judgments, exact
retribution from the enacted masters of wistfulness,
and pay somber alimony to the ghost of an ochre wife.

