

Spilled Milk on a Fresh Lawn

by Michael Tusa

What if it was all cut and calculated.
And the air
circulated perfectly
around
and
around
the room.
And the roses
were
without thorns.

And no devil stalked flocks.
And no man meant harm.

And the clocks
rocking
in their hammocks
silent
and
still

infinitely
swooned.

