

**KEVIN CRAFT**

**Low Hanging Fruit**

The washing machine shrieks  
like three howler monkeys fighting in a forest canopy.

It's a lazy dispute—  
something about breadfruit not native to these parts.

Outside it isn't raining. Inside the girl sleeps  
to the row of monkeys hissing

among territorial leaves, beating their fists  
against the broken boughs. Maybe she likes

the rhythm. Maybe she dreams of the jungle  
she grew out of—rosewood, kapok, little violin.

I am upstairs noticing  
everything that hasn't happened:

stunt pilots climbing out of biplanes,  
media junkets gathered on the lawn.

Maybe it takes a sleeping girl  
to underscore the incivility.

Sound bites of howler monkeys  
ravage the neighborhood.

Outside loop, hammerhead stall.  
The heavy waiting in the wings.