

**For Fear That**

Lest I forget those greasy summers, our drunk-weight flattening  
lawns, I bind them to my fingers.

Lest those lawns die, we water them, growing nothing  
but an outdoor carpet the startling green  
of advertisements.

Lest we die—we cry, and it tastes like silver, or small  
pieces of meat—it really tastes like small pieces of meat.  
There is no way to avoid any of this.

Lest I lose, I hold, like some flowering  
plants—everywhere a metaphor for wandering, and holiness,  
an endless word.

Lest the chicken rot, we freeze it in pieces,  
in plastic bags. What does this look like? Many soft colors. Steam.  
A sentence describing June.

Lest I know the end, I know the end—there is no lest.

Lest I see a way out, I say I can't see a way out—I can, though,  
and it looks like Artemisia Gentileschi's *Judith Slaying Holofernes*—  
the shadow of the valley of her arm, the shadow implying  
a sawing motion.

Lest the stories we tell each other lose their shine, I dig further.  
When I was a child we bought groceries at one store, and I have kept  
its less-than-dazzling array forever in my mind, meaning up until, and on  
and on, I imagine, for no reason. I imagine for no reason. I always have.  
And give me your dazzling arrays. There will be a mundane  
exchange granted value by your name, which I call in the wilderness—  
a dazzling array of truly boring animal bones and the absence,  
of course, of faint techno and the presence, of course,  
of things you never imagined so bold. Technicolor matter.  
Not found in nature, found in nature. And the stones,  
they cry out. I call your name in that wilderness.

Lest I lose you, I call your name in that wilderness.