

TED JEAN

COVER

you have been wounded. again.
rehearse the old algorithm, about
breathing, bleeding less, finding cover.

where is the creek?
down the scree, scramble;
through the astringent brush, descend.

bleed into the creek,
drink more of its gin by a factor of four;
bury your hobbled ankles in its gravel.

find a spot on a rock to receive the sun.
if the current suggests laughter, accept.
accept the circling red refracted crawdads.

your scoriated heart, the often broken
creek . . . they probably cannot be stopped.