ROWAN SHARP

Time is a Country

Which busted house with its back to the road is your house,
in which acre of logged-out woods with which exact, particular
lost Ford pickups gone to moss?
Or
When you get up naked to bring me water in bed, in which
sleepy voice do you say Time is a country or which dead
European philosopher do you quote for me to forget, or
Tell me
Which forests of the earth will you stride over as a long-legg’d giant,
so foxes small as caterpillars can see you and run?