

Lucas Farrell

*I can't not milk the sheep,
they're milking sheep*

Casually an acorn
births into the half-light
out of a ewe's pursed anus

Skids across the parlor floor

October 7th

6 a.m.

Through the window
leaves emulsify

in the horizontal loin of
daybreak

A horticultural blue
awakens

Hurls the shape of an oak tree
at an oak tree

Horse flies pendulum
above a shit pile



I hear the horse flies, I smell the shit pile

In that order

It's okay, I tell them

Be easy —

wildflowers grow rampant

in the throats of
opera singers

Pine^o
POETRY
NORTHEAST