

# Brian Sneed Goodbye-harvest

Often the girl sitting alone on the roof.

Often the cat in heat.

Often the rim of the bucket

growing mold after a death

in the house, waiting

to be taken out so death cannot wash

his sword in it.

Often he washes his feet

on the roof, with his hair

falling out over the village in moonlight.

Do you remember the moonlight.

Often the bird singing

with the string in its throat. Often

the empty furnace, and the snow

which makes you younger.

Often the late shadow.

Often the stain which circles in the wine

after a death in the house

like a ballet shoe crusted in rosin,

waiting. Often

the woman sitting alone on the rock

wearing only the howl of a dog

washing her village in darkness,  
her hair falling out across the water  
at Mykonos  
where shipwrecks grow like wheat.

Often my goodbye-harvest  
of twice-broken things  
emptied in the sea. Do you  
remember the sea, waiting to be taken out.

# Dogmoon

In the movie the dog on Earth lives  
while the dog in space stays in space.  
Waiting, barking. Licking in silence  
the metal rivets of the astropod,  
until her shadow becomes subtracted  
from data's shadow.

What animates when an animating spirit  
moves on? On Earth: a fabric of leaf  
moved by accident  
like dust moved on an adjusted picture frame,  
nothing of consequence, a little wind,  
the decay of laughter in a brightening hall.  
But think of Laika, cowering in holes of air  
beneath the great metal wings of a satellite.  
Hearing no master, curling up  
at no one's feet. Leaving again  
her fern-like bones scattered, buried  
beneath trees in space. Occasionally  
one still falls and lights up  
hyacinth in the air over Tokyo  
uncounted, just another colored light.