Fearsome Vine (Le Vin Perdu)

Dawn Macdonald

Say, kill, cage, order the ocean
(corn born beyond the circle)
thrown, like a frond one wants
to tie upon an impressionable vine.

Who cares for your pert oil, your cure?
Whose job is it to eat a peach with wine?
Put it to a rose beside a monkey
sponging blood. Reverse the vine

whose see-through underclothes
ape a smoking rose
plucked twice by her own mother.

Fear, says the vine, the ivy underneath.
Save from bondage this American air,
these deep calculations.