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### **In Exurbia**

The belt you take off,  
warm from your waist.  
Your body has heated  
a second skin, then mine.  
This happens in your apartment,  
a parcel of Indiana sprawl.  
The interstate whines,  
vehicles missile above an earth berm.  
I could say to you,  
I live near that route, too,  
hundreds of miles east;  
follow it, you'll find me again.  
During the day where you live,  
a dull bell sounds above,  
attached to a pet falcon  
deprived of the ability  
to surprise his prey.

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### **Off Marina del Rey**

At the end of a breakwater,  
a jogger appears, glistening—  
as if arrived on an inland wave,  
whole, young, desirable,  
like nothing else brought ashore.  
He asks about the bark of a distant seal  
neither of us can see in the Pacific inlet.  
The morning sun greens his eyes,  
his body assumes the sheen of the surf.  
Our spoken topic is the seal.

Here, at this endpoint,  
a tenderness takes place—  
a mother and son hold hands,  
another strokes an adult daughter's face,  
a collective affection occurs even  
for a crab sunning on a rock,  
pincers waving like a wind-up toy.  
And then there is this boy who, as he  
runs away amid the still-sounding seal,  
looks back.