

## *Anthill*

In *The Birds*, the little girl tells  
Tippi Hedren what Mitch thinks of San Francisco.  
She's standing there in her pale green suit, two lovebirds in a cage.

San Francisco, Mitch says, ain't nothing but an ant hill  
up the foot of a bridge.

Oh, Melanie, don't look so crestfallen,  
love will find a way to peck out your eyes.

*Snapchat, for Andrew Durbin*

Can I make my little voice be heard  
In the tweaky village of the Castro?

For you I learned how to text,  
From you I received a snapchat picture of you and  
    in five seconds,  
saw it fade away like all the beautiful things of our world

*EYES ON THE PRIZE, for Christopher Füllemann*

Christopher,

what was hard was soft,

You ford the fjord at its turbulent fork, moving slowly, pants wet and heavy, lunging off  
your hips, fourth century precursor of today's urban youth.

Civic rulers pay you to guide the travellers,

one of whom was the infant Christ.

You did a double take and this ordinary baby *became the infant Christ*

whom *you* bore on orange vinyl, tubular pinks, black stove stacks—

tucked in your arms, bone dry.

What up Chris? And then

when I got to you,

You're so—can I even call it “foreign”?—

you failed to understand the sayings, “good sport” and “breaking the ice.”

Was Christ this cold? I'll bet he was, huh? It's not like  
you're not a bright lad, but you're from Switzerland.

Brave boy, the future's yours,

make me something else, and mis-  
understand another common US expression,

and carry another big baby across a raging stream, let him change in your colors, let  
him change in your embrace.