

Mr. & Mrs. America

(C. J. Baker)

You meet with customary pleasantries,
an eccentric woman in a white hat,
your boyish adulation. Images deep

in the caves of the heart. She wants to play
Dostoyevsky, and in the end, she does.
You have a different idea of "play."

People dream of homes they never find, or want.
Nomads in wind-whipped tents are always
looking for an oasis, a cool night.

Mirages rise as frequently as suns.
We promise never to confuse something
for what it is not, in disbelief, and

always do. In all, nothing fits as well
as ink-smeared certificates. Photos give
the weakest details of life and marriage,