

KATHY FAGAN

## Shoo Fly

Scratch a ponderosa pine & you get  
butterscotch. What she meant was nick it.  
She used her hatchet.  
Amber ensued. A pudding.  
She snapped the cape to her Subaru & flew it.  
Say you were bad at rations & the scent faded.  
Say it was hopscotch she'd meant all along.  
That season was diamond-hard & you the occlusion in it.  
The next was a Flemish painting & you the pit in the stone fruit.  
Pain is a quarantine all its own.  
It comes with padded earphones & a joystick.  
Hear the tone close hear the tone farther.  
Stars explode in the head & you squeeze squeeze squeeze.  
Say you were bad at weather & the chalk faded.  
Say it was another tune you'd wanted all along.  
Suddenly you're eating soft-serve on a ferry & singing  
campfire songs under Orion.  
Here are the willows skip to my lou.  
Here are the roses skip to my lou.  
She skipped it my darling my darling now you.