

Virginia

Grass gathering up, heads bearing down,
hills moving along—

We may never meet
and may only share

these cows on the side of the road
grazing on green mountainous

cutaway scenes between
patches of fog—

Yet I would marry you
to me or whomever you like

if only I held the deed to this
paradise veiled by plain

sight, diffusely lit and aloft
on no pedestal but earth

both accepting and refusing
to be nothing else to see.