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VERNON FOWLKES, JR.

## *Weight*

When you walk heavily through leaves  
and, in the cold buzzards of silence  
the mind, at first, says rattlesnake---  
this is a sign of gravity.

When you try to unload the pain  
from your shoulders like water,  
and finding nowhere to put it,  
run streaming through the house,  
then you find yourself being  
driven into the soft mud  
to nestle with its tiny, brittle skulls.

Like someone kneeling among fossils,  
you can cry out that no one is listening.  
The small face in the window just watches  
as your body welcomes  
the gravel rolling underfoot.