

# SECURITY

*I.*

I believe I hear the heels of a man at  
attention.

He approaches,  
grows larger

as a man of force, his shoulder grow-  
ing into a point

the arm  
into a flag.



## *II.*

I must mention  
that I speak as an individual observer

out on a walk down the block toward  
the cold spring or stable, more or less  
the world.

If I am to marry my cold hands to the  
nation,

I should be sure

that our map  
is real,

that the character of men  
can be sized up from my window.

### *III.*

It looks different from this side of  
the table.

I see dead men  
the consistency of wax, enduring the  
cold at the end of the cold,

and I think            I understand power.

A smolder  
blows into a fire, an armed neighbor  
intuits the form of a head

a hat

a ship in the fog

and let me say that  
I am become a hand in a cooperative  
glove.

I incline toward accord.

If I see which way  
the wind is blowing I will stop, and  
turn.

*IV.*

And after,

I will be the reminder of the war, the  
ships

under the sea

the embodied full dress uniform  
fathoms down unraveling

as it walks, mining the port alone.

I will be the apology.