**[Early draft of “In Leaving My Lover Teaches Me Half a Bible Story]**

**Story I Would Not Want To Claim As My Own**

Inside my heart’s blackening egg

where some might say they see a lake of fire

I see a slack-jawed barn down on its knees

cradled up against the interstate. Call it clairvoyance

or sorrow from self undoing. Water sign or what-

ever. My sound became that of someone I do not know,

realizing too late, the clang of this road travels

long and longer. Now my mouth is full of permissions

and more sleepy talk of killing

this man or that man. Inside I see

a flock of wasps buoying the carcass of a deer

over Nameless Creek, over Mad River

& up the knoll where they bury it in the tough

dirt of the barn floor. Watch its thinning body vanish.

In some years the deer will want to rise to see what kind

of day it is going to be. Like a woman’s drowsy hips, knocking

this way then that way—watch its bones stir up dust

and ring with the hard laughter that is really a kind of wailing.