

Butane

The huge aluminum airship
is gliding over us,
you and I with our children walking by Westport's
trees, seashore, gold trees, gold seashore.
I say, *What's that?* But no one sees it.
Then the second ship crashes just behind us,
spills butane lighter fluid over the field,
thinly spreading, fast, out over the next field;
we don't know, should we throw water over it
or not--which will be worse for the earth
(the earth itself isn't on fire yet,
only the corn in the field, and the next field).
The dwarf says, *Hold it!* walking up between my legs
into my body: *I'd better see the fire skin.*

—Jean Valentine