

## Workings

An old Indian lives in the lemon orchard.  
His age bewilders the thorns,  
his body is rich as brasswork.  
He will kill you many times before  
the year is out. You will know this each time.

And the soapworks of your flesh  
will hang like long scrolls  
from the tree limbs of his orchard.  
Wind and water will change the color  
and the texture of your skin.  
By now you will have forgotten Chicago.