Sarah Vap

the disappearing movement

sorry, and more sorry— the loyalty we have to experience.

Our inclination for resolving,

minutely: wrapping,

white paper ladle, the cow’s horns cut off to disentangle it.

Your body has never felt exactly the way it is feeling now: accidental, historical.

And vice-versa. That we’re so competent, hopeless, that’s important.

That we’re so absurdly important. The binocular gaping. The mosquito making a ‘bun’ sound.
**Tweeting the Midnight Line**

A seer, enduring
the watcher's flowing face: *be grateful, be grateful.*

Ear

where the sheet of marble buckles.

She taught herself what is to come—
origami animals

on a boat. Those people working,

nauseated. Nobody

should experience anything they don't need to.

Her feelers

take the pulse of the house: matted fur

in the elbow of a couch,
the tipped branch made into the house.

Her metallic eyelashing, and certain sounds—

the satellites.
The quiet they make for each other.

Crouching wood, washed-up necks

held straight by something without being
the equestrian statues.
Sauna Morning

Winter’s sunny
through the sauna’s half-bottle windows. Weren’t you nervous?

Just as the world is. How the worst of them
drink their jam and water

and take off their clothes.

It’s clear to everyone. Except you. You’re not from here.
Implying, without shame.

That must be because it’s so slowly. So little
by little. But I’ve already told you.

I look at the beautiful men. Today my life is just like that.

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