

Impossible to write  
more than a word  
on a gilded flower, a copper leaf - - -

flame, raised in a basin of wax  
swivels under the shadow  
of an unsewn canopy

my hair drawn up from my neck, away from my eyes  
I write, nothing to twirl  
but the thrice broken lead  
of a thin green pencil

yesterday's linearity  
coils beneath my fingertips  
& parchments  
    of the scarf he tied  
    the fingers he curled  
    the crepuscule-rain I drank from his mouth  
detach from the present

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Out of cuffs of chintz & emerald gabardine  
my palms run flat along the snow  
smoothing scales so as to lie  
under the weight  
of a cataract moon

you arrived there drunk  
on your knees  
    night, Once upon  
a wilted panicle  
tissues fell red  
from the umbel of your hat, one  
by one into the snow

(She took your head in her hands, parted your hair  
& found the wound. Dressed it with ice. She went to leave three days  
later, long after you had already gone & saw the tissues, now white, disseminated,  
but palpably you, tiny grains of cerise still  
    within, but she  
    silted

without-you)

Another bitten styrofoam cup  
is carried by the wind  
messageless

our home, built of clay whispers, smoked thresholds &

hail falling in syllabic pieces, is a shadeless awning  
where buckled slats fold into ageing pine-

trees & water & silence  
alkaline our kitchen-table perseverance.

Across from me, an ersatz greenhouse warbles  
in your eye

on the windowsill, framed with paint curls  
a pot of myopic pencils  
comes into bloom

fronds self-sharpen on the stones of a pellicle night & petals  
become unstuck & drop  
into the craters  
of their own shadows - - -

It remains impossible  
to write this  
unintended florescence