

## STILL 21

action couched in the inevitability of deviation: a weak fist; how a body, in parts,  
takes to nausea, porcelain a cotton duvet and studio full of  
natural light or severe weather: white space

and its unmarked interiors three nights past:  
in a dreamt house of blanc walls a press of sound and light bore  
through a hardwood floor: this is a slip of evidence: this, a cloudscape

unfolded, buds from a cherry tree rush the grid  
of the window grill, patterned slight and pale,  
as the drone of an appliance textures, now and

again, the quiet and wakefulness: into this solitude, bring life? a new shape  
for the place, translation at work how the pitch of a plain  
kettle astonishes, cuts the weight of an hour and

a half of looking out: the moments fingered, front pages, a wash-cloth  
or window-blind: so it is a series of objects  
gather to arrange the present — what we make of it, what we do

not make of it: the masked goodness  
gracious and goddamn each lace of ivy that — piecemeal, child-like — seeks  
to scale its sill not being bounded, if deviant, in a choice,

but the gesture as memorial, or a draft of  
grief pushing breakfast: cradling the head,  
the crook of an arm becomes a nest for thought

and the kitchen table, now devoid of human heat  
or the pressure of an elbow on formica, bears  
the contents of a cup as they cool so the arc of

hands at pause will mock an egg, an empty room