

Stakeout

Her image chafing the sink
is the passing of a train, at intervals,
or right there on the black tracks
pulling her through the glass,
or under the kitchen light
pulling the louvers in,
tug-of-war a mystery
(the shutters were stretching
the space, she was trying
to make a swing) leading her
to the door, the step out, certainty
of concrete and evergreens
gone astray, she was metering
through the mullions
how the berries were turning red
and around, at noon at dusk
she can prophesize
their tint, an apocalypse even
now with the moistening
of her skin, she is painting it
all by numbers, dipping in
to the red ink, into the cooling vapor
of straw—that sigh on the bird’s nest,
or the frayed wind of a tiny wheel
travelling through a town.

Darkroom Interludes

Everywhere around me coromandel screens. Maze of verticals.

Trees line up, the mullions
are intimate velocities

black white redundant
each night, each day, something
has been asked
to enter the maze to exit

this then, the cause
this then the effect, and the finger
roils up, cutwork of leaves, and the eye shimmies up—tracer
of the hinge, the position
is once ascending:

glazier of my hip in the rain,
petals of grey silk,
the chivalry of your hand
Polaroid, waiting.

Then they whispered woman dog clatter of rain the collar
so stringent the clarity beneath them his car at the garage
white black

unearthing
at the French doors, a locket a family
in squares,
gas flames and birch logs, fount
of asterisks
seeping

somewhere the pocketknife a mark on the tree
no mantle of geese no berries.

We collect graffiti by nightlight
on your arm
in the moon slipping its disc
the lion head is a raft,
welt
of our wintering
in the jet stream
our bodies forming a flask.
To gather the search for air. And the air
grants, accrues.

This is the fresco of finitude offering a field.
The anointment is like wheat.