

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.

---

