

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