



PROJECT MUSE®

Lightbox

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Every night I build the little house
with its faulty architectures
walls fail to meet in corners
shadows cast in the wrong direction
A needle pulled through canvas
feels like certainty and though
I've invited it just so the origin
of the shine is never where
I thought it would be

*

I startle a series of false mornings
wedge of light an idea that keeps
prying me up, no light but the faint
blue dust of our boys' breath
carrying them across a salt plain

*

Interiors: eventide / thicket / corridor / arch /
antechamber / undercroft / copse / spandrel

Light sources: salt / lichen / capiz / wax / breath /
peony / fish skin / eggshell / ice

*

The first time I masturbated I was sleeping
on a bottom bunk with a nun in the top bunk
four days into a silent retreat the bed
was silent it snowed all night
a small window framed a few flakes
so too the seconds feathered past

penumbra
penumbra
lamb

*

Have you ever woken up in a recovery room
tangibly gray as both a little birth and death
in the middle of your life?

Have you ever followed all the directions
used every last junket and hinge but the parts
added up to no sweeter whole?

Have you ever wandered into a field of wheat
on the side of the road inside your mind
following a light so thin you could run
your hands through its nets?

*

I'm trying new curtains as if the meaning
of the thing is more verb than noun
How to drape a certain immersion of green
from ceiling to floor an accidental vestibule
I step into where something has just happened
or is about to take place

*

Interiors: mezzanine / undertow / confessional /
byway / darkroom / diorama / linen chute

Light sources: driftwood / alabaster / hair / puddle /
feather / amber / birch / honey / tooth

*

I dreamed of this exact place without knowing it
an old jacket draped over a chair
everything bleached watermarked



as though left in the rain then wrung out
A boy chases a cricket into a tipped drum
is the game of hide-and-seek I dreamed
the heart of the cricket beating inside
the drum sounding my call and the long
round walls of our meeting

*

When we finally spoke it was too much noise
and gladly we came to the fire before the sun
rose and gladly we stood up and left the theater
of the day