

≡ Winner of the PIP Gertrude Stein Awards for Innovative Poetry in English
2005-2006

Demands

everything within us demands

close the book. Not a word
escapes breath. This page is eloquent
death, idea
will harvest no hemisphere
beyond this.

Close your eyes. Whirl a little vertigo, mix a faith
in place with a nowhere else
to indulge in horizon. Smug as a word
rising over its object,
we'll be gaudy tonight, green mascara-ed.

*everything within us demands that death
lay waste to us*

the figure for eternity
a hand
can replicate in air,
red silk ribbons through your hair, the furies in quiet
uncoiling.

affords as much god as its twin
deceit, your lips
against my palm cupped to measure
word against sigh,

clumsy questions of destiny
against the quickness of a fall
through our room of distillates and drowning pools.