

No attendant crashing wave there, no belly, only
your robe lit like
the wild circulatory of a sea jelly,
the sand's covetous whirl,

and, most ambient, ropes of verse
making a blue
rune-work of the dark sky.

There was an inevitability
to both my extended hand
and your rebuff, the cold lilt noise
that may have been your voice

saying As with

the oceans, boy:
though touch seems a fit
perusal, nor palm nor shade has ever

moved a grain within me.

Dear Postmodern Girlfriend

What a lovely
bunch of

French
terms.

What names.
What attic

simulacra, what
vapid lilt.

The knowing
jests, the Bloom

shibboleths,
such admirable

length
of neck.

Listen, sweet:
even a whole

welter of
enthusiasms

isn't enough
to get this

thing
off the ground.

A Predicate

In spring, the flying ant is come
as he who comes to wisdom or

to husbandry or joy, who moves
the muted air to wakefulness—

his nascent wings blacken and flash,
the hill becomes but half of ken.

He is wound in questions of onus then
that scour and make him suddenly real.