

Stephan Delbos

SEMBLANCES

Which truth do you trust?
The road home always
seems shorter.

In the wedding ring
ridge of mountains, sinks
a valley.

Sinks, he writes, pleased
with a semblance
of semblance.

Inside the dark
living rooms, we
hold who we love

or, trying to, try
to. The world is all
that we imagine.

Behind our blindfold
eyelids, we make what
is so so.

SUMMONING BARCELONA

The only time I tasted fresh
papaya, a man with a pony
tail played flute, feet cut off
in surf; a riptide
of sunlight, an allegory.

TIME IS A WILD BURNING

Ten years old in an oak phone booth,
I dialed the operator, heard my voice
say there is a fire
then hung up. I don't know why.