

**Geoffrey Babbitt**

**Bottleneck, Bottle Glass**

blue glass, green glass, shell sanded,  
gritty shine—*island*  
slips into sea—light spilled by the sun  
is skinwine—seven degrees  
of azure: sea, sea, sky, dome, sky, trimming,  
sky—seen from the oleanders  
the beach is a ring, the sea  
a lake—sun scrubs white things whiter—each schist  
has two faces—one  
up, one down—the highest hill's  
made of burning faces—now is  
a good time to build a bridge—we go

## **Toward a Compass Rose**

near is this shiny green  
of sober joy  
in each thing—something  
which can admire  
or crash—burning hollow  
over ourselves brightly  
open, its own way  
hands our bodies  
our visual raining,  
wing-white clouds

## Breaches

a story of colors,  
lithe—a name, her voice  
in her breath, yours, scatters,  
if not altogether  
    away  
        then from vines  
around awning poles and oleanders  
to an entering: small  
range of thankful  
inattentiveness—skein  
of white birds waters down a still  
stretch,  
    here joy serves as memory,  
and we mind well  
flags stringed steeple  
to steeple of the churches at our feet  
—susurrus echoes still, still, and  
when we look down, the water  
gets all lit up,  
above which hovers the island

## Latitude, Stratum

shale on the shelf where brush  
dusts, where  
needs curtains drawn  
—little bluebell rattles—  
barely floatable raft  
on the reservoir spinning slowly, collecting  
the occasional leaf—speech  
unwasted on the inward ghost—  
long black train  
disrupts the whole  
little whorl—orange bucket  
overturning its  
sand— burns shaped  
into a wheel—steam  
could move a bog  
when the revealist's invisible arm hoists a moon above steely cold fields

## Outline Gives Way to Figure

the albino finch alights  
as the field becomes a sea,  
stiff winds preparative  
for lilacs or salt—nothing  
settled, after all—redundancy  
may win out this  
last time only—next  
that old effigy, wake which  
precedes its boat—still  
the sunflower wars  
with Tuscany—tiers wind up, wing high  
but are stuck in their ascendancy