

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