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From A Little Rhetoric

8

Warmwallow comfort; not -
the tracks on your arms

Snatches of sun through mist, but barely;
I forgot my mother's birthday

Fresno bakes on meth to the tune HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU
Cut and pasted outdated notions notations.

9

What's depth? An English voice: "Pentameters!"
Grandeur recalled in tranquil memory
To manage something unencumbered by
Moments evading thirl of lyric draught
Necessitates more smug evasions. So:
Run to the light; this hath such sanity
As that from which it hath its birth, none more.
Your body shows the stitch, not saved in time.
Birds rasp, and something scuds athwart your eyes.

IO

Slow lightning;
A smudge of ash.

The curtain parts:

Looking back
hovers sav-
agely 'tween silence and horror,

and within those rasping inventions

the future's children, and their russian doll children's children,
are smug about the past
and so
full of themselves.

II

A balance strung or spun
A scuttling scorpion
Shudders in its orange redout
Denying it was born to cut
Fussing should it make a quilt
While something scuds...

The sky is violet, of metal and gun,
A dim horizon drained of light,
A twitch of power, the sniff of food,
A red coagulate, its rich foreboding:

The spider-scorpion quits the needle,
drops a stitch