

Anne-Adele Wight

Obsidian Spring

absolute of its form

crashes barriers

with prepared spines

the world ending

a woman flags down cars

designed to connect

on the evacuation route

season edged in obsidian

her friend is dead

she wonders if he killed himself (or

spring reverses into

a seedbed of false hospitals

she sees him undoing his collar

to breathe

specificity runs her down

(was it the virus

invisible of lock and key

as she dodges the blue outcry

over ten thousand years of adapting

epidemic presents as calligraphy

traced on the steep side of a volcano

Septic Badland

stray cats purl through the neighbor's bamboo

intent has overruled with gray fingers

any notion of informed consent

glass roots drilling underground

exhaustion seeds itself in springtime

its peculiar methods implying infection

here lies the body

septic badland at dusk

mismeasured on the rim of a slag heap

only a woolly mammoth

or the architect of an airport

could love this remaindered landscape

hostile takeover wearing it out

Bedsread with Stripes

you had a striped cotton bedspread

I invent your sandalwood animals

the giraffe with an incised mane

the vague one we decide is a hyena

mercury in a flask

a cold shade of flame

unfolding best without oxygen

I needed an aromatic smell for your room

how quiet I keep

the better to connive with myself

your orange-striped yellow bedspread

cortical subtext of mist rising over a swamp

visiting you overwhelmed me

to the point where I couldn't see shapes

in another world your bedspread turns into gauze pajamas

gold stripe woven in

replacing the corduroy pants you wore everywhere

the swamp is real

fogging in on damp nights

deep inside it a Christmas tree glowing like science