

Rachel Custer

### **Convergence**

*After Jackson Pollack*

Something moves in the sliding way of yolk

(that necklace is stunning)  
wrap pause unwrap of frayed rope

convergence is  
a turning of the eyes

you are not that woman

dreaming  
of barn swallows, the banality  
of clouds

the sound of the pier rusting beneath your feet

you are not that woman

lean fingers clicking  
rosary beads

you know because  
you cannot make that sound

## The Gospel of Potholes

This is something new -

flocking sirens, the gathering myth  
of morning

the way wheat breaks before the wind

can a woman think fast enough  
to subvert herself?

Can a woman (the street preacher  
is praising a tin can)

can a woman, can  
a woman  
learn to bow?

Always, there is the pressing weight  
(the preacher is praising)

God  
like a cold hand  
in yours.

Who dreams of growing  
to speak  
to God in an alley - the dust motes,

a child smaller than you.

## Softly Spoken

saw a little girl lying in sunlight

saw good farmland  
yawning before you like a parable

*This is how I knew he was lying*

compare a dumpster  
filled with sewer grease

a billboard on a dead end street

the indignity!

I keep trying to bury melodrama  
in your chest

saw a cornfield

saw water disappearing

saw a girl curl herself into a dust mote

dinner will require  
a good deal more killing

## Testimonial

This, the day after

tornadoes dreaming the land into new instincts

you saw that buzzard pick gristle from its hair

tidbits of empire

*make of this Chevy an altar*

little plasticated  
miracles we quicken for

the trouble is, it's unproved rock  
your mother says

why don't you stop while you're ahead

as if anybody plays the vertebrae  
anymore