

Erick Verran

TWO YOUTHS

Translucent cloud parts the slimming quiet's
light, lambent, vertebral threads to bloom
respired, lacquer mail on columnar frames.
Clean-skinned braeburn rockets lurch in
ascending squalls of loving, dull-eyed din.

In bends of spotty lavender opaque
where a visitor's unzipped, tensed jilts
prune reef flowers, crouched in brush.
Trading wads of buttonwood, two youths
dander into view, bodies damp with barm.

Dour adolescents stanchion waves of
daily celerity and all earth's lowing maw
to shirk aphetic day, in whose cemetery hands
monosyllables irradiate and sear. On television
a ditch of faux-jolting rabbits overflows.

By fourteen I'd forgot the continent stare in
glass reflecting and the weight of sea-aft fruit;
reserved a breast-red poppy for coming
long-suspended dark, when every seventh
second's lost to quiet scrutinies of lust.

Apple Bulbs

Eaves sparrow perch hillocks frothed,
clustering earth a cache of apple bulbs.

Patient sward a wind's soft walked upon.
In freshman year, could our pockets blush.

THE GLADE BELL

Rescuing the held aerie was arduous,
removing from slow path of honey
the composed cloth and mineralized
aluminum matter. A humid knot is left
in little-strewn trees; the hazel's low,
aggregate anthered boughs cradle
confessing summer and wet hearth.

Fingers sunk in the recovery effort
broach a zone of cashews apart,
the cleft brood newly cracked, with
one distending fetal wing. The gentlest
epaulette of artery and draped rosin
walled in dimly-marbled ore, which
we spade through with nails to Hisarlik.

Canopies plaqued with comb keep
their dripping aspergil or glade bell
lodged in lonesome apolune. Its out-
reaching echo spoils with growth in
a minor river-farer's bethel, where
kayaks skim sidelong its camber
and our ambry, mossed with decay.

The level yard of lawn soon rose bronze,
but it haies with limit. Neighbor organism
is sedate but for rustle of purple spore,
orange saffron, huddled mushroom cups
parsing heather fog. A shadow ambulates.
I wonder at the sun till I see the hive,
swaying shade and chords of ichor.