

Gareth Lee

### HIATUS

Scar-struck, melancholy me, seated on tusks  
from a narwhale ascended from the deep . . .

What did it think of the transient brightness  
quick shapes and brightness, the seductions

of day, what did it hear? The sky, or my leg  
(now whale jaw) dispatching my anxieties

eternally to the quarter-deck Amen, or hiss  
and-roar, one anointed ill-clad man crazed

by the consecration icing the masts so went  
over to be dressed in regal robes of blue-hue

that squid-enlarged sea. These questions so  
mystic, spectral, albino-like, these loomings

that worry me, your chief reprobate, whom  
God has groped to inspire *abandon, abandon*

VESTIGIAL (LONGING)

Deep sap, apples

everywhere I've rested these  
on are apples, or

remind me of

corduroy made for trees, for  
climbing and falling

when it is brisk

\*

I love the fall crunch crunch  
shuffle crunch. Do you

love the fall

crunch crunch. And the wet  
rolls beneath, indecent

soft, are a sprung earth

giving in, complacent, as we  
nap the noons off

\*

and move

on to the next, cider-laced in  
our bones but fingers

on the edge of bloom

PREBIOTIC TO THE POSTMODERN “BIBLE”

The slow Sabbath groups  
around the Old Navy  
then grope like libertines:  
fine-wale corduroys,

tinsel-topped boots, thick  
flannel exhumed in  
cotton fields and brought  
to be bought. *Oh it's*

*just commerce*, you say, in  
full degeneracy. I  
say whoso refuses this ilk  
(of a bosomed shirt,

etc) is yes scattered about,  
but as part of an Ark,  
is a raucous collective like  
one summer thunder.

*So hm who is the zealot now*,  
you say, *who is*—  
I say these bright shapes I  
keep simply,

my own nudity, that which  
horrifies some, isn't  
much: they will blur as we  
cycle, or as you hock

that fashionista's wool hat,  
cut the stylized curls,  
shave all sideburns and so  
commit to me thus.