

Lana Bella

FOOTNOTES

Right hand opened, left hand closed,
you were the escapist traveling from
one footnote to the other, like a face
forever unseen but marveled against
an embroidered coat of sheep leather.
Each breath a poem composed, skied
into luminous pieces with the timing
of tongue's thrust down on dew-pink
hyphens, protesting the wary pauses
between verses. And all this to merely
lay me down inside the aged, vintage
balance of scent and soil, knowing the
bones of my fingers will wander along
the sacred edges of vellum, hatching of
air and impressions as if counting fools.

DAWN OF THE NORTH

The February moon fractured
through winter-spare trees; and what
smote rotten in you lent to hands
of Origami, jettisoned starless into
pale spectacle of the chamber.

You looked through pinched
glimmerspace of a gatepost, through
where the skyline etched insignia
to rippling of yellowish-green of
Alaska's Northern light.

Eyes shaded by the eaves,
hand poured a quarter of finger of
Scotch on the rock, bread and milk
were meted to wrung-out claws
of kitties in heat, as your yellow-
croak of arthritic words fed
to air like flying locusts.

Tonight, you'll stitch ghosts
out of the dawning north, tunneled
the lengths of earth and sky bridling
the ages of seasons, feasting over
glossed indelible miles, empty
stretches of cornfield and
nothing more.

DEAR SUKI: NUMBER FIFTY-THREE

Dear Suki: Codrington Library, or,
you knew by heart the space and
pause between whispers and still
hallways, held down by a library
of cosine waves and sepulchered
ghosts. Velvet books, caressed me
always with delicious parenthesis;
every catchphrase a memory, each
hyphen a tapestry of rhythms and
rhymes. Once, I touched you with
comfort torn to tassels, skin inked
black from the classifieds; and such
provocation was dead-woods quiver,
context tonsured from dactylic lips—
adored by your hand held out, pale,
liminal, inviting as age-old theorist,
myself unseeing to the dioramas of
synchronicity breathed and bathos
kept, with parchment-stitched time
giving way below our feet, quiescent
and obsolete like Phlogiston theory.