

## 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.