

Lewis LaCook

Radiant dials

in the morning the sun barely makes it over the ridge
someone shut all the air up in this house

it blares on and on about how thick shadows
clang on dew-slushed grass

in the village the sun bravely faces its rays
sharp, ragged, carving an inverse from the obvious

this house sings to the sun as it passes
takes hold of its rays with blind windows
spins it until we're born again

again waiting for this house to hug us to sleep
blinds to stop the mouth of the sun

The floor

you hang onto your shadow like the floor's lava
like watching it fold into hot restlessness
slams all the doors in your brain

the light that seeps through the jamb
never promised you a thing

you watch your shadow slide away
lengthen in heat
all it ever wanted was more light

like you it was in love with forgetting
like you it couldn't stay

Proust's cookbook

the other possible world betters you by not showing up
this one wraps around your finger to remind you
this morning you woke up noisy

can you hear me over the fear
that never stops time

one recipe calls for riding your breath until
a diamond faults your thoughts
this morning I woke up

seeing clouds in the clouds
all the faces I made that froze

Kierkegaard and Regine

mom was an outstretched hand
where the day ends in rain

I wanted to give myself to you
but Sunday grayed me out
sapped my muscles, their electricity
starving
I wanted to be something you would take

when she fell in love with an orderly
her dreams closed over him

here is something to hold onto
a door that opens on unabashed light
summer oblivious to uncertain stars

Wild raspberry

What if all I have is a body? What if all you need is a body? What if I don't have a body? What if my body does not meet the specifications? What if I do not know the specifications beforehand? What if the specifications do not include the delicate peekaboo flower of wild raspberry? What if the aroma of the delicate peekaboo flower of wild raspberry is an appreciation in which my body partakes? What if my body takes all of it? What if my body is drunk, right now, on the aroma of the delicate peekaboo flower of wild raspberry? What if you minded your own business?

Lean into sun squall
with bees in a happy boil
in the sound of light