

Inscription

In the matter of convincing, I know only
I have neither imagined the world

nor disbelieved its lodging.
From rock, water releases.

From water, a face I expect.
From that face, some moment stored

in my age, its elements
renewing.

The air, shared by all who have ever been
drawn to the world

involuntarily. I believe
in how breathing leaves me breathed,

in how the beam changes,
now further away than it was, how it sends

a different breakage through some leaves
to perpetually ruined ground.

What we are doing here,
I cannot see—

Iridaceae

What is visible is the choice
to bring them, long stems

in a large jar, the new perfume
striking all it lights. This is not my house

we stand in, not yet my hand
that accepts. She sees this

better, watches me piece what was decided
hours ago in front of these openings.

Outside, rain slides from satsumas,
lands in the rosemary. I wish

I were skin nearly transparent,
emanescing the belly and thighs

of this boy her face turning
because she is seen, because I am

that girl who can see boys
invisible in their bodies, their need to be

seen by invisible girls. No freesia keeps
but they open in rough sequence:

one before the other faint the sweat
on her lip and chest that catches

any light you give it.
I'll be honest: I recognize

what I am asked. I live to have
given. Where sweat glows

its stain impossible to rub out
like a petal edge turned cream.

What to call what erupts, flaring
like these funnels I lean into inhaling—

swayed, senescent, made
unmistakable before myself.

You

Some I will never lay
in the spread

where I lay what can go only
unaddressed, what is

mine to not address.
I could speak, and would.

There are those
who will never be

as I address them—
not formal, not familiar,

not continuous with
me as I speak

to no one, to every
one, to all those

who could stand in
the frame from which all

lines radiate, to which
all lines seem to recede.