Girl In An Old Language
(Horace, Ode 1.9)

I liked this poem so much, I had to find the girl on the facing page. Ab angulo.
Overheard in a corner, laughing. She is flirting, not quite with us. She moves so lightly in the old language.

Insect
(for Pablo Neruda, Capri, 1952)

He imagines himself small so he can enter his true kingdom. He has been shipwrecked on this island and he is writing a book of spells. He imagines himself as a small comedic insect, so he can walk more slowly, walk at the pace of wonder, walk his disproportions, as he makes his way legwards towards his lover’s toes, which are becoming toe peninsulas, with eight openings.

Insect
(Or Nik A Giraffe & Hope Marbut; UnchARTed)


Your grandfather’s duffel bag from the war. The weight he carries.

Reed When Coltrane plays My Favorite Things, it is not a catalogue, but a moment circling outwards. A bird in the utmost branches. A tenor reveling in his soprano breath.

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