

Salvage Phase

What he was the man could make
with little tools

assembled
devices devastations

called by stone
saw and blade
back into the small study
of solder wire
filament file and filigree

destroy
rebuild
refine again

one's lungs fill with cold air
bone dust a want
of space

livid hues synthetic stone
encircles the neck
with rope with a wreath
of rock

when I do not wish to
consider his hands
his money

plasticine discs
in a chop uneven
draw along my collarbone

for what else learned
to hold me together?

At Bay

A metal roof thrashes in ceaseless gusts—
day is done, punctured. The stones
placed over the closed folds
of her eyes grow cold. The sea

a long line blurred forever
in the distance. Somewhere
snow falls on something illicit,
raising it into beauty:

a bramble of fresh hurt, its leaves
revived and green and again
incandescent with pollen.

Had she been able to step from the boat,
had she unloaded the small coffin—
had he received gifts at dawn,
hand-painted, mythical—

you'd funnel into this illusion,
your breath into the bellows.

All Night Long I Am Narrowing

I tried to pass safely through
danger, like you, the mate to a shoe
hurled by a breaking wave.

The sun never fell away.
It angled. I conjured
a small opening. How

a current drags out to sea
beyond a place you didn't pass,
but skirted. Perhaps not a current

but another woman. She tugs
the waves under, troubling the surface.
How often, who else? And what of.