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## Harbinger of Things Already Insinuated

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## MICAH BATEMAN

### *Harbinger of Things Already Insinuated*

How awkward, this marriage of his dough to her  
rolling pin. The effluvial record of his incompletes,

their unflattering juxtaposition. Who placed her here?  
Bare as chicken bone, brittle as the casings of a Nazi shell.

What stilled her on his bedside, ashiver in fall-out-  
of-winter? Damnation, that time spills down lines.

If only springtime and the leaves still tinder and cinder.  
If not the unbearable palsy of the shepherd's crook

of her, the S of disease, her eyes not onyx trinkets:  
tractors of slow-moving molecules, lightning down the wall.

If tiny erector pili like terra cotta soldiers did their doom  
duty first. If else 1930 and the irresistible omen

of o-man-o-man. Or if like she he were ethereally thin,  
the air might have communicated with some success. He

might have felt her usher in the cold. Seen the enjambment  
of photons in her Casper quickness. Oscillated fast enough

to dissolve through walls. Stowed himself away in the belly  
of something that could fly, to Denmark, to see whom before.