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Library of Sound

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J.R. TORISEVA, *WINNER OF THE PATRICIA
GOEDICKE PRIZE IN POETRY*

LIBRARY OF SOUND

Velvet books, dropped in water, float up, ink held.
The pond grows greener every day, algaed surface, on gravel

the bindweed closes in over the arch. Tlitzin, so far north, I should be
dream walking instead of swimming, so I stay awake at the edge.

Iliad, the journey round the pond. Iliad
underground. Iliad underneath. Ulysses in utero.

The babies always came in system. It is the looped sistus.
Wyrd's volcanic cauldron, Freyja's oaken keep.

What is held in space, in water? What keeps us
checked in: in time, in line, in rhythm?

Checked out of Dante's purgatory. Clocked in Dante's heaven.
Hell bled out in the field overlays, caught in the swath

of hay, the cut of wheat, the sheaves over the ditch, the gravel strewn with silage,
in the phosphorous scent of summer, the words become water,

shrouding me with symbols, caressing me with lines.
I sleep in syllable. I lie in rhyme.