

1980

## A Flash of Crooked Light

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## **A Flash of Crooked Light**

I feel the cracks split over my head;  
the segments peel and fall.  
I shake the sound through my gray sight.

You are a featureless question,  
the unfocused storm that outlines my face.

An exchange in stars  
black space in between us,  
a film of our touching hands  
                    a boneless gesture  
of where we had been.

I have no agony in my mouth,  
I have no glass picture in my mind.  
I see you in opposites: right with left;  
I meet you in mirrored sections.

On a cold stone  
I chisel one melted word,  
                    one elixir of our mouth spirits,  
                    one burn of your lightening.

**Lisa Minacci**