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Viatica 12

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ANDREW ZAWACKI

Viatica 12

debonair this ivorycut, days I'm one and more than one,

cavalier and less than one, as what I thought was water

starts to burn: nights that leave me unlived in, apart, and night

that pins all giving, all ground, citrine light and scaffold to its lapel:

amnesia, amnesia, haunted by this breath of another, from outside,

outside, by dint of interruption, awake with no reprieve: serrated

by hairweed, cartilage, bone, the beach dissolves to agar and ink,

night divesting the ocean of its curt and violet pledge, its plainsong

married to winter, pumiced and unbeknownst: impasse my passage,

terminus, terminus, breathe upon the living, the blind, the not yet

and no longer, upon this O of difference pointing there—

do you see it, friend?