

This morning your vital signs
and mine measured
on the expert's table;
legs anchored into stirrups,
my torso a clumsy vessel
he has wired for sound.

I drop a depth charge into your space
and do not hear the old songs
in the sound of your pulse
as it plumbs me
for a rhythm, for something
unalterable.

Magnifying The Light
Through A Glass In Winter

Here in this place to which
the light comes traveling
a long way through the threads,
the houses are black knots.
It is the shape of the planet
weaving itself into a blanket.

Inside the circle of light
you have been aiming, the addresses
multiply and come closer.
You inherit your neighbor's suit,
a bright cloth against despair;
like burnt string
it holds its shape
until you try to wear it.

Your message to him
a kiss
dammed up against the glass.
A reservoir
the fish have abandoned
is collecting old shells,
like a history of carbon, long after
the bodies have gone
into their new jewels.

On shore, the rats are taking
their instruments
to your garden.

No hope now of sleep
beneath the warm blanket,
ignoring the winter light
like a bear.

It is the way the bruises go on
drinking up the darkness
that scares you,
the teeth
larger than your life,
the fibres breaking,
the shape of the planet.

-- Susan Sonde

Bowie MD

griffith park

Three Girls With Dogs
could be the title of an oil
or a french postcard
but no there they are
real as lizards on a rock
reptillian eyes dreaming of hawks
my blood drunk with the sun
i slither over the grass
trying to spread my wings

father

fashion me boots
with hungry soles
cut from the thickest
night

give me a staff
of muscled thorn
carved from the winter
stars

show me a path
with the sun on my right
a way that is dusted
with wheat

fill my tin cup
with copper coins
minted from the honey
moon