

plea -ted

mountain fold



poem -is

mountain fold



valley fold

reading note: the following poem is intended to be read as is, *and* to be folded along the dotted lines to hide away the two center sections; the two outer sections come together, meeting along the folded edges (make the arrows kiss!) to create a second poem. This form would easily fit into a book format by aligning the center fold with the gutter of a two-page spread.

poem with feminine wiles

to weigh the heft of various eye
and invite them to blink. *made you look*
prominent in the spider network of
than ever both the
unfolding in an arc that overtakes
was. an eyelid twitch in the
a lantern —fluid, dark-filled—
ask of anyone, but the
formed, she holds
marks of early ritual, handprints
a path —she leads me nowhere
through the first snow of the
season. the labor on the ridge
and every need of light.
my growth,
in the periphery the future
bricked with
a fine
I tread a line in re-
verse, syncopate my breath to match the
loves dance from hands, but I cling
bound,
I see less



lashes, I hold them in my
at the veins
a breast, more meat now
product and process of
the shape I thought my
belly, scrying
some questions, too big
right size for a someone
a candle to the cave
ringed in pigmented
darkening
has no use
an undone waist-ing—
builds a wall, foil-backed,
compound eyes,
masonry of sequence—
sparkling discontent,
opaque prosody of a cloud's
,ot- her
to the cord in the weather's white
s- now
where
t- here is
more of it



zigzagging poem

hope -ful fantasias more palpable than I'd like— if I can taste it
I know I'm too close, a deer tongue skirting the ocean hunting a law -less
in -ventory of minerals this hunger produces thirst
I -NSERT HERE, the operator tells I wear my want, a rabid g- love
me as I, counting coins, delirious
in the desert of my making, see the God I don't believe in, Sa- turn
to -othing his son, Mary cupping clay to the inner
wall of her pelvis, the mirage a sur- face
to suckle in his absence I'm sorry to be so
a -bject too much even for myself—somehow the only
solution to make more of me, a baby emerges haloed by the gem- stone's
in -ner fire—I look around the desert's carpeted room and ask—who
else feels this, as in walking on the way to a mountain with no ul- terior
motive—to be height (simple)
and see the world as a cloud, I pass my hand over his face and watch
a shadow drape the basins of his eyes, soft to handle, hard to say
what's coming but it's
hi -gh time for an audience with my future self, and my mother lingers
hoping to talk sense to
silence
sound- ing out "depth" yes, I am alone in the room

