RARE, YET TRUE, ENERGY TRANSFERS WITHOUT CONTACT

Proxy

Warm cherry wood, the browns of childhood.
In dozens, monarchs rising, proliferating – toddler’s smile.
This June summer’s searing, a many-decades friendship.
Poppy paper blistering the wall/dear aunt passing.
Two typewriters clacking through the early night, an urgent conversation.
  The urge to swat one’s ear – buzzbuzz – of gossip.
Scent of anthurium sizzling.

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Proximate

The rose silk of unruffled pillow
  aside impression of temple
& hair. This plump lip against finger or cheek, a cloud
  hovering between water
and air. Behind storm, blue venetians
  rise. The sun
unrolls, clouds
scatter. Soil encircling bulb, stalk of hyacinth
  peeks, scent’s edges
gathering. In a desolate field, train stop. Darling, with blossoming
  eyes, pacing the station.
Long black lashes flutter. Long black lashes flutter. Long black lashes
  flutter.

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Proximity

The way, when you stroll into the room, the air parts.
THE REALIST PAINTER IN EXILE DEVELOPS A LOVE OF GEOMETRY

To reconstruct the world, the painter
sketches numbers: they cannot be zero
for zero is too perfect & the heart too
scrunched elliptical for tracing smooth
paths. He—the painter—had a habit of drawing quiet
landscapes peppered by a bright horse or a particularly vibrant
ox. But one day unforeseen the landscape
rained and rained and rained and after the flood
he was left with forms—a square of cherry wood,
a triangle of sunflowers, a circle of birds’ wings. So
began the new canopy—hidden in lines: a semi-face—
in a twisted/bent curve (echo of your mother’s
voice)/in zigzag your lover’s dreams
spoken. Now
you pause, for is the shell
of eight the curves
of a woman carrying water
on her high-held head
or hydrangeas on an elegant
garden porch? Unpuzzle.
On your own canvas a bent ray, a number
not yet named. On your canvas, so much
to decipher, so much
to chart, so much to—in your linked
hands—deliciously uncast: dawn, desire,
future in each moment, infinity of every easel
expecting.