

C.D. Wright

IMAGINARY JUNE

Night: wears itself away clouds too dense to skim
over the sheer granite rim only a moment before
someone sitting in a mission chair convinced 101%
convinced she could see into her very cells
with her unassisted eyes even into extremophiles
even with the light dispelled until the mind sets sail
into its private interval of oblivion a hand falls from its lap
a pen drops to a carpet a stand of leaves whispers as if
to suggest something tender yet a potentially heart robbing
sequel: to a dream in which faces flare up fuse dissolve
but there is a lot of color before their vanishing and a name
for such phenomena that comes from the belly of a lamb
rather not a lamb anymore from the stomach
of a particular canny but kind: blind-from-birth ewe

for Susie

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