

## *Four Poems*

Raymond de Borja

### **Clothe**

I dreamt I fell asleep for a few minutes, exhausted

Screech unfolds in the must

Filigree seen from behind the fretwork

Is our tortured face, is our absent look  
Was it “pine for me”

Composed differently the wound

And still confused with now and cotton

Cut first, then measure

## **We Have Altered the Ways in Which We Hear Music**

Or haloed with words – The compositional meets the sensory – is how we are written – is where the phenomenal – self – whispers – is where error meets erratum – when the invention of noise – leaves – where I am made with – expectation – which the present open – reopens.

## **The Given Is What Accident Refracts to a Gift**

Set where various cities touch without tremor – the timbre of a tear – offered – in the fabric of – to a listening where – when straining for – there – when toward – disambiguation – an attentive ear – understands – that it cannot understand – the impulse toward – what we feel we mean – when saying here.

## **For Years We Pursue it Like Prayer**

And I imagine colors too in conversations

leading to the ending,

foaming their phosphorescent streaks.

This hour to the ending is broken.

You take an interest in the dislocation of paths,

while those among us who feel themselves a cipher

undefers the time,

unfolds, at hand, the task,

recites the fragments that be

or may not be our life.

