

Two Prose Poems

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THE BACKGROUND IS A BLUR ABOUT THE HORIZON

(after "An Ode for Garcia Lorca" by Stephen Jonas)

all that buzzing about her gritty orisons. her circumlocutions & genius for dancing. in our cornea stored between maximum height & nothing doing she was suddenly there, a localized idea inclusive of trees, buildings, mountains. she was something else, a tease, a fuckingout hovering over the horizon. when recollected in tranquility we saw she rose with the shock value of her lace petticoat. after tentative treatise on her bow mouth (inverted, a method of conception) daytime emerges. so our feelings about her are broken words, giving shape to circular consciousness. in theory this happens where sky meets her feet. when her venality becomes the antidote to an ailing sphere. genuine marks exist to mark the acme of her aerial flights. this idol in our off/hour can be awfully sour. but even then she reminds us of a time when feelings were simpler, blanketed in sleep. when words were not so necessary.

BEING BEARING DIADEMS

contentious cut of. and the other turns around to say, the crude way you intrude. if you & I be the foci—but don't intrude. because if there is an intersection, if there is an ellipsis, you can put on another diadem. I see you as one point at the far end of another point. let's let it slide. take the point of dissent as akin to beings being peculiarly perpendicular.

if I cut this way, you circle in two. it hurts, the way lines are drawn. with color of dissent. if you have forgotten, it's as if you break apart from being. retreat to your hym(n) section. then we parry on.

from then to there. from being to ire. as we try to describe our day. each point taken to heart. try not to move; it deepens the cut along its axis. internalized, my eyes, fixed points, reach toward some point past. all points mime ours eventually. touch as conjugated ends touch. being bearing diadems. converted to look natural. in this way you try to describe everything that loves.

