

Two Poems

AM Ringwalt

[silk: a sheen]

silk: a sheen to wear like water. glistens, then, in palest light. i wrap it 'round my legs in dreams. i name myself a partisan, provisional, python, pythagoras? before you died, grandfather, you were speaking nonsense into being. it's what you thought you knew you saw: the telephone became a gun. a woman walked toward you with it pointed thru the pane. i tried to tell you that she meant no harm, that she was just another voice on the line. said *look*: the window curtains baby blue, babiest hue— i wonder who i am to you.

the silk, how with the wind it constantly reveals. i'm repelled by my own reverie. still, i don't think anyone is watching me. silk so thin so thinly skinned; i want to talk with you about thin places but you're already dead. where o where are the dead going to, after all? the hill you climbed, *grandpère*, o'er the sea? i shape myself after thee. in may, you asked me if i had to go. i should have asked it back to you. spring, spring, unfurling dream. to slide into my grief like a glove and sing, which is a kind of fantasy.

how with the piano a voice called out *glissade*.
i glint i glide i glide into being. i glide i glint i fly.

[so i break]

so i break
thru this silk—
what am i
doing?
curtain bends
like skin as
it softens on
scab—i touch
it. hear my name
and remember
i'm human;
exhale. online
they're saying
22222222; this
means we're be-
coming our-
selves most
fully. they're
saying this—or
that, it's past—
was the time.
but didn't birds
just collapse
from the sky?
so i break thru
this silk and i'm
late to the party.
was pumping
gas into my
wasting car. i
don't have time
to wander long.
22222222; did i
miss the sign?
the screen is
blank. the silk
my infant scream.
i'm just starting
to perceive.

in september
a doctor pressed
her finger to my
pelvic floor. the
pain broke space and
realigned me. how i sat
in the dark. how i sat
in the dark. don't sit
in the dark and
wait.

