

Five Poems

Douglas Piccinnini

[sweep]

If you are like the unsealed wind blowing violently over the water.
If you are like a wave losing order.
If you are like the purpose emptiness deposited.

[clear]

Why would an idea no longer touch itself to wake up?
Why would a feeling pulled from storage break everything?
Why would such clearing be said so in emblematic despair?

[sweep]

Coverage the light of broadcast.
Coverage the brush of brain snow.
Coverage the melt of sorrow.

[clear]

No, I know you're the persona above.
No, I know you're only this dusted self.
No, I know you're this manufactured smile.

[sweep]

You must be between futures, the roof so heavy with unlit sky.
You must think it's sweet to offer helpful suggestions.
You must have fed the anger that pulled you so far into silence.

