

Three Poems

Aaron Lopatin

Requiem, deluge

Leaving aside, for a moment, that the deep water was deep; that the thorns we scraped aside in finding clearance left us scarred; that the scarecrows warned, in our advance, to turn *against* the wind; that even after all these depths, we never formed conclusions:

1.

*These hands are wounds.
The map exists.
We suffer through the water.*

2.

*These hands are maps.
The wound exists.
Our suffering stills the water.*

3.

*These hands are hands.
The map is still
a wounding, still we suffer.*

4.

*We map our hands.
We suffer, stilled.
We exit into water.*

Holding Hands / Feelingly

I fear the fading shoulders;
how I knew that you were there —

How I knew? I counted fingers
held wide open against air —

And where I ended? Where the *you* began?
I knew I only knew it then —



I knew I only knew it then
and still I think I know

your feet
as they walk briskly up the hill —

I know the overlapping happened —
knew the overlapping left —

And still, in calling out your name, I hold.



I have pity for your body
in its monument of skin;

As you walk, footfalled, through the thorns / falsely, headlong, holding on;

a crucible of laughter;
an I that's wrecked within;

If language were the thing that holds us / language were the skin.

Possibility (an Opening)

1

At night, your eyes:
Could I do more the hands?

To feel the wreckage, truly.
To see the lessing day.

The world must be asleep to these:
dreams; happenings; slippings of the seams.

I imagine a paradise without you.
I imagine a paradise you've left.

And light; and vapors;
and every sparrow's gone?

2

It was a delicate light, exceeding.
Expecting to be shown.

Legs, careening.
Arms — do they have arms?

We huddled there, in our amazement,
as one looking at a storm.

We a wilderness in passing.
We a wilderness we'd walk.

And cracks; and clusters;
and every sparrow, light is breath.

