

Two Poems

Jane Lewty

an eros

un-sun-kissed, unkissed,
I mean idle and torrid
a not-beach babe
in windowless rooms
around which satellites
catch & spasm,
amplify & detect

something prevents me
from co-creating these
enjoy-ful duties of
worship (of which
the longing that passed
& passes needless,
is quick – like glass
on a table, futile
in its placing)

grainy & frequency-d
before new content
is sent sent sent
(here's the last of a
bodystocking sequence
a silhouette of un-
fitted, ill-met[t]ed,
wound-to barbed wire
coloredpink cross-hatched)

I have a sense I lost,
but I'm nonetheless welcome
what flower are *you*?
I was asked
What flower are you?

cloister

A new tic-like habit
Of searching for flits
To places not here
For departures to fit

The few somethingless
Days we have left

Wintering in the
Last few days of what's

Called a year,
Pausing in the fear of
The backlog of things

Here's a photo of me
As non-nun
Waiting to be bit

Don't I look great?
What does *un-horsed* mean?

Is it a code-icon for us?
Should I use it?

Ah, to raze, to ruin, to oust
Read this actual message

About system dormancy
Stupor, erasure. Yes, I hear you:
(saying)

*I fell ill on the event
of your departure*

Are you "inviting rest
And living with presence?"

Are you grossly
In the tropic of Capricorn

Ashore and swelling?
How do you winter?

What else can cold-snap
Small-deaths invite

But an inked-out
Assumption as to
How you winter

