

One Poem

Tenaya Nasser-Frederick

Bare Branches

at the festival all men fill my eyes over you
with your dog named Lady
moving not passing, nail down anything I say
feet square in a v-gutter
then a minute left with you.
when the moon wears the sky's blue
nothing would be purposefully
brought to excess; each rational,
unsure what to do next
except reappear from this life-filled place,
keep broken good news about you
and no bad news from you. angels
fly into the mistake. splayed, your heels
blue in your canceling arms,
teaching children to say instead
'oh wow' or 'oh my goodness'
or coming with a sock of soap.
how can I confuse soul with soul of my soul,
coke bottle colored or tinted by wearing GAN
the summer day so true you hand time you
it's gotten so I can deal but not take
a cosmos of autumn, plant sentience
or approximate a form
washed out in surface, you
didn't try to call me. has life really been like that?
or in Greek Orthodox churches, the non-naturalistic
doesn't refract a sovereign light, but
surely the peace one deserves means
you can't ask everything.
the object reassembles its disappointing pull
from the general rectification.
as with my brother's rangefinder,
you used to be Mike, now Mike is something
I turn toward you, how he is judgmental
never feeling a thing without complaint,
like a theater under the veil of reality—
leery of absolution
Lady refracted kindness from inner dialogue.
when his life is finally repaired
tile and antler
for the long 1990's and a warm Winter of its

specular reflection here, just
a Yule under the bridge an abandoned fir
caves of red green and blue stars
where goodbyes bring you unremitting
torture, or more than I feel,
just short of reducing the incentive to work
to the next shelter of your intuition
crystal face fallen from serious swan
over and over
and bright circles of light on scaffolding
and self-lumined days
black holes

