

One Poem
Timothy Ashley Leo

myrrh

speaking of 'the body'

[must we] take care

with catharsis, with tongue

*

this is more of a comment,

then a question,

a refined sense of time

*

half a window-wall of books

stacked

to the height of a child

*

for a soma

to be a psyche [must it]

know a host [must it]

wear a veil

*

esse quam videri

sap. shoe, matte

wool grey black

*

the quick, the lung fluid

dried yesterday. V reads

from *Grief*: a forest, trees

*

this person is no longer

[called I] this person

can see across the room

