



CAMASIN MIDDOUR

A New Language

Do you have anything else
to tempt me?

Thin as a young horse,
and dirty in the throat.

I have seen the new dances—
a jangle of parts,

voluminous as the South,
sliding about the room.

I hear talk of a new language—
something more

than a tight blouse
gliding down the avenue.

Still Life with Hand Outstretched

I.

Begin in the cold on a dim patch of earth
pocked with snake holes. Brown boots perch,
plunder pockets of sow and more—
little thing in a plaid dress looks on.
Little release as the last plump emerges
in the scientific examination of what's frozen solid.

Inside the ice:

a twittering of bitters, an intent to thaw.

II.

In March, the salts of his palm wet my hair.
He is only partly a man of our time. Think of a deep river
and its hidden mud. When he moves through the yard
beams grow higher through the blue, like the hasty
construction of a tower.

III.

As if man could make a better bird.

Fusing together a clutch of feathers
Not just the end of a tunnel or a bite of lunch.
How can I leave you here battened to the sky?

IV.

First, your eyes the widest they'll go.

If the call of the sea

is so strong, then why not my letters?

Dear masked shape. Dear boxed prize.

I'll tell you what I own: all of it—

nothing I could wish for, but another trick.