

BEGINNING

The beginning of love washes in, a belated tide. Freshly marked mud, feet of an avocet. In the city the pigeon master is out on his roof, directing his birds in their circles. Secrets revealed. Spies sent out. Cordials delivered.

The beginning of an avalanche will not leave this room. Keep trying to pack snow back on the shelf. Upper reaches. Ski tracks going in do not come out.

Beginning of a visit. First sip of elixir. Will we stumble instantly or kiss immediately. Cross paths in a darkening kitchen. Hover in corners with oscillators. What will the ocean say to my feet.

I keep waking at six, beginning of the day. Radiant technology blurring out a digital numeral. An ordinance of cough, and no one beside me.

You an apple on an opposite coast are my inordinate order. We will have to go like Dylan and Isis. Heart, id, edgy green crusts. Desire, where is my copy.

Last night high school boys came back to me for sex. I obliged. A father left me his baby on the subway. For once I didn't want this sort of gift. He napped while I tangled. I accepted some gifts on his behalf.

After a red brick bump you rub your head. I add a soothing kiss X for mini-migraine. I want you, king of bees and honeyed. You call my bluff on doubts. Green is my valley, no surprises. Walls are temporary, hoarding is intuitive. Winter is coming, sleep elusive.

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SEE
ENDING

RIKKI DUCORNET

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