

# Wine Dark

*Poems*

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Black  
Lawrence  
Press

*for my friends and family*

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## WINE DARK

I split  
where you  
recited.

Blue feeble blue pink—  
into a parable the

light was  
tuneless.

Dark sea, the allele.  
Dark ocean, the

chance but  
then again comes  
the book of  
forty waves.



## SCHEHERAZADE

When I  
wove the fist  
of the cloth.  
When I rose  
out of the night  
like a swarm  
of sweating  
verbs. I wore this  
sheath across my  
body as a veil.  
You could see  
underneath—  
I was nude. Thin  
flesh gauze  
of the skin.  
You asked for  
the crimson  
diaspora of capillaries  
always to be  
ready.

## YOU HAVE AN OPINION TO MAKE DWELLING EASY

Today is for  
lace. For the  
daily boiling  
of water.

Windows winnow  
the light, help  
the story  
of sight. I  
bend all  
the self corners.



## DER ABFLUG\*

I felt the  
clock tear.  
I took a picture  
of the last day.  
To get here  
I rode blue paper  
weightless  
blood for flight  
to get here.  
It felt like  
tearing or clocks  
chiming. The  
waves were  
marvelous. *Erstaunliche  
Wellen.* And then I  
ate scalloped  
lettuce, inveighed  
the Duke and paid  
the Duke of  
gambling in his

---

\* the departure

city all the  
veins it took to leave  
this place in numbers.

## THE DERIVATION OF 'OUTSIDE OF THINGS'

Sitting on  
an oceanic  
throne.

Wondering  
if one's *own*  
*self* is the story  
of truth. Engrave  
the lych-gate.

Upon these stones.

At no one's  
behest, a world  
awaits you.

ENOUGH, I SAY, RELYING ON MARROW, LYMPH,  
BONE

I suffer the urge to squelch  
all broken  
things. A dark  
mouth soars.

The mouth is  
catastrophe's flower.  
The gaping ovens,  
the white room.

I want to be good—  
to say, 'these are not shards  
but whole glistening  
pieces.' Then  
I could whittle *den Sarg aus dem  
leichtesten Holz*.

A mouth of bitter iron filings.  
A month on the outskirts, the window  
boxes packed with dirt, purple

deliverance, violet petunias, white-yellow-green  
daffodils.

To understand, I borrow  
the newest alphabet. I do not understand.

Genocide has a cadence.  
The track suits of modern refugees.

Dachau is a stone  
park of memory, the memory  
of work and death,  
death and work.

Celan, the teenager  
who read you on the stoop—  
to you *I send a coffin*  
*of the lightest wood*. Later, selling Duty  
Free cigarettes,  
UN troops in the Munich  
airport, their uniforms marked  
SFOR,\* peace, don't  
shoot, I am a youth of the thousandth  
order.

---

\* Indicates 'Stabilization Force,' marking on UN troops in Kosovo conflict

Paul, who murders  
the river's remembrance.

Who tried, and failed,  
to excise Antschel.

The differing hair  
of the young  
men, but all the tattered  
color of a long  
front line.

The world is a strange singer.  
*I sing before strangers.*

# I LIE TO YOU WHEN I SLEEP BECAUSE I AM NOT SLEEPING

I could  
not pin an  
orbit on  
any sour cherub.  
Chance is a  
perfume  
of bones. All I wanted  
was for you to be *careless I rode  
through a path of beach  
trees, thinking of watercress for the miniature  
sandwiches.* We witness  
collapse, swarm  
up through the bushes, hard red  
manzanita, scale  
ladders, filter *what is happening* from *what is not.*  
Where I am is ambrosia to a soldier of  
sleep. You rest here, beside  
me, like a warm cat.  
Intricacy wanes.

A low float.

Eventually, even I will  
dream of poppies.