

AREAS OF FOG

JOSEPH MASSEY

Areas of Fog

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*Smaller as the days get I am beginning to write.
Someday no one will be able to read the world.
The line is an assemblage of broken smaller pieces.
The size of the world does not matter.
The end of the line is at the greatest juncture.
At that point where one may say Emergency
and mean time.
The strong grasp that it has not yet begun to flow.
My words have always been written across vast distances.
I have often not known what was in my hand.
A poet needs the one who will tell him what
he has done.
And especially the world which will tell him nothing.*

—Clark Coolidge

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WITHIN HOURS

*the day the held light
how it gets through*

—Larry Eigner

Conversation

Horizon
bound by

road signs
and wires.

Low tide:
wide swaths

of mud
rub in.

Words, we
have none.

We're lost
in the tone

splayed
between

shadows
bending

with the
wind's pitch.

Pulse

Memory stifled
by the day's
lapse, the pursuant

pause infused with
skunk stench, traffic
rattle, a neighbor's
voice

strained to a
thin thump through

windows, walls.

Wait

Inside
a power line's

slack
center, the

afternoon
moon, half

full, is a
dent.

*Listening to Joseph Ceravolo's
Home Recordings*

In the room
of a memory

of a room.
Static

brackets each
syllable.

Afternoon
effaces the floor

while the
pills take

effect.
All I will

amount to:
the hours

these walls
enclose

as song.

June

Dangled above
the traffic's rasp:

a contrail

a crow

a nail gun's echo.

Noon

Sun's thud
between
overhead
leaves
obscures
these bees
probing
a shadowed
plot's white
flowers
thumbed
out from
threshed
shrubs piled
beside a
sheet of
rusted metal.

August

In its lengthening
glare, dawn submerges
a dream's wreckage.

The mock orange
outside the window
flexes with weather.

Some semblance of quiet,
or near-quiet—
not quite silence, as if
silence ever is—drones.
A memory of a face
I remember forgetting,
how it sinks again
behind my head—
a shadow's palpable black.

Conditions

Haze, chalk dust
white, replaces
the space I

realize as
sky. Forests far
off, not too far,

on fire—so
goes the word
and this evidence.

Autumnal Equinox

Sober for once, for what—
for the words to budge.

We spent summer propped up
by each other's stuttering.

There *are* seasons here
if you squint. And there's

relief in the landscape's
sloughed off cusps of color

fallen over the familiar
landmarks, the familiar

trash—things that last.