

ILYSE KUSNETZ

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*Oracle*

Well, it often speaks of you, and then its note  
might be mocking, or resigned, or deliberately tragic,  
depending upon the scent of brewer's malt  
distilled into a whiskey-colored sky  
or the midnight fog that fills the window,  
blunting your absent reflection  
or the adagio movement of Rodrigo's *Aranjuez*  
stained with our fledgling passion.

Certainly, no revelations are required,  
scrawled across the sky or otherwise  
to duplicate the slow descent of your last kiss,  
prescient as a crow before its shadow  
plows the earth, your mouth poised above me  
like a dark song, headed south.