

BILL KNOTT

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*The Sightstop*

To spell amid a tree's sundapples  
the birds' practiced shadows argues  
an eye for effects, dark against dark—

simple discernment, nerves aligned  
and brain, perception minus squinting:  
the true 20-20 if you can bind

that sight until through repetition  
it is nothing, a blur which focus  
has lost itself in, a memory mimed.

Even windows, those indentations  
of day, hold a void of the view.  
They too are restrained by its stops.

Meanwhile the hydra of my soul  
needs just one more mirror to see  
itself whole, so hold your eyes still.

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RODGER KAMENETZ

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13

Two feet, ten fingers, one head.  
Or I will build you 13  
out of the teeth in her jaw, the bone  
in her skull, the orbits, the sockets,  
soapy calcium, brash oxygen.  
13 the unlucky, 13 the tattoo  
on the breast of the convict.  
Out of 13 I can build you  
ten attributes of God, then 3 beyond beyond.  
I can take you from world to world  
on a ladder or give you just this:  
*yod, gimel.* Fingertip camel.  
13 the irreconcilable, how we hate in our heart.  
13 the friction, 13 the glamor,  
13 that shines but we are afraid to touch.  
Two pupils, two earholes, two nostrils, one mouth,  
four chambers of the heart, two puffy lung bags  
and all the sound bursting from my face  
whistling through the holes, the sacs, the ventricles  
or shouting, or in the *rigor mortis* of anger.  
Suicide 13, oddball 13, unlucky 13.