

NATHAN HOKS

---

*Praise and Elevation*

The chair is my *hombre*, my shadow, my humming stone and curvature. It says yes and I dress it in tissues, supple to its nicks and gashes. I meant to save it from fissures, from virtue, from nature. My *hombre, mi amor*, I can't remember life without you. Did I have one? One perhaps, under a brickish master, all queasy and nebulous, supine and lost in transmutation so as to permeate the bread (*even* the bread subsumed by lifeless vapors). The sky is a kind of bread, all-permeable, blue *amigo*, a package to unpack at a rocky summit. *Hombre* chair, *hermano* sky, they become one, they hoist me, the air thins, and from this angle I can and I do, and I see a panther hunting mules. And though it pains me, I stop myself from stopping it.