

PETER KLINE

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*Unfathomer*

Unfathomer, you live in distances  
now—at the atom-end,  
on the far side of secrets.

Unfathomer, unhouser,  
you've outlived your water-hour,  
the darkness beneath our staircase,

to drift like a fragrant powder  
over the raftless wheres, across  
the face-pane of some wreckage.

To know you now, unlover,  
I must sweat myself out to a sheen,  
make smoke of every paper,

read contours in the rubble-field  
of your incavated name.