

GAIL WRONSKY

When This Warm Scribe My Hand

goes cold
falls open (a last
gesture) congratulates
the sky is finished with fluency
something
will shine in its palm perhaps a
piece of the sun on her lotus throne
and there will be one
theatrical scrap of red
curtain somehow
attached
(to demonstrate how irresistible
are both sacrifice and massacre?
or
to mimic veil for veil that
illusory fire without which
none of us exists)