

LUCY ANDERTON

Close Catch

Latch it on & then
the smoking hold.
Hatched easier: the spices
& the stones. Roam
the scent, you call it: that this:
odor: fold it up
in yours, melt it
bend it old
and sweat it bones & on
my knees. Yes. I sleep
like this unlaced
in the hot
fortune, unlinked &
sinking as love tangos
in all twist & turn
the furnace twinkles, twinkles up
O intimate lantern.
O standish cold.