

G. C. WALDREP

Candleweb, Thaw

In prelude the night moves
its stiff sentience away
from the windowsill you call
Marry me, a story the sky
diffracts as if it were
a telegram, unbuttered toast.
We are not sentinels
here, in this unfolding larch
of wax crowns riven
with cropmarks pissed
listlessly by winter
wolves. A movie concludes
with a call from the stage-
struck set of Pentecost
unplowed & lightly elemental,
O my unbuttoned birds
the monster rains moan &
how we bandage them,
little jack pine traps prinking
for the ambient. You
are never empty & I thank
every more recent idea
for the dross & moon-
glitter that illuminates this
percussive efference,
Rose of Sharon blossoms
fitted into their hollow
breviaries, a new leather

is what it says in the guide-
book, this & other
haptic angles developed
in lieu of how lucky
we are to hold the lamp-
child so that in the streetlight's
broth-strobed paralection
its arms appear to be
both moving & indifferently
on fire, unbroken, alive.