

G. C. WALDREP

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*Bells Not Struck for Water*

Aural signature the anvil laps  
peened & planished  
spring's knife placed precisely  
against the dull  
earth's wicking table—

is not *flight*, rust's obeisance  
to chemistry, its  
census-designated tract.  
& embroiders, anterior grammar  
to myelin's stratifying pull;

our cells replace themselves  
& others' peptide  
inflorescences: calla, bindweed's  
nervous paraph-scrawl.  
Museum within museum

turns off its lights, in sequence,  
the suture flayed wrist-flat  
& nearly legible.  
Twin books adrift  
within each sex confer:

the hand, the other hand,  
the foxglove glinting in its dew.  
Each vernix

mimics the leading  
tone's gel-choir, bride-plummet:

policework's  
blur in the tracking shot,  
tabloid honey-husks  
alexandrine now in the soft light  
unstirruped, unprovoked.