

LIZ WALDNER

Inchant, Penchant

I do not want to direct a single word
call nothing into being
wish not to be

even a preposition, bearing as it does
its own relation
too mighty a prospect for me

however charming once
I thought they were
sweet I thought they were

sweetness, surround me and then
make me the opposite of
the petrified tree:

replace what now runs in my veins
with you that I sought
and in seeking displaced

ichor laden heavy laden
horrible word 'onus' virus
not so bad though my demise...

I see how the prior hordes and choirs
of apparent non sequiturs saved me:
they never were non sequiturs

but traced the saving web
from breath to breath
face to face

place to place they eased
the journey, day to night
night to day

enabling me to say "I will"
I will stay
I will see another day

then
when only I to see was not enough

my day now a bruised flower *fleur*
petals going see-through *peur*

farewell, I'm bound to leave you
so. sweetness for "goldengrove unleaving," I pray you

douceur: I know I am heard and unashamed to be asking
"the tears of things" still the sound of both hands packing.