

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

Joseph Harms
HERE

The levee here renews each dawn; the leaves
too raw to sound (like thumbs to lids) while yell-
ow darts athought; maluses firework;
coyotes leave with dreams the sulci con-
stellate; the Quickie Mix's silos' spot-
light embers, fins the 8; a tractor sins
the cup so beautifully; witchinghou-
red, fin'd a clerk his shiftend smokes beneath
the Gulf's ersatz as headlights off on Nine-
ty Four and sandhills dinosaur 'bove fens
and Bakery's sweetdreams alive and off
the porchlights, flush the pipes, the tinkle mur-
mur nuclear round tables violent, good;
the tulips frore tulip again; the flags.

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

Aposiopesis

The ziggurats from purlieu's lamps enhance
the night below, the retrofired west
by planes imbric'd with lashes where ophthalm
engorged had been, its vis when gone, when sin-
e die no less; trees till dawn exhale;
the night has never really come or gone;
the gloam is here at noon hypanthed; redux
a word for lochs; ibid; the genius lo-
ci beat as War, as migrant, autotold.
Now watch the Common Market's iron cow
to awning chained presage the storm; the chimes
on porches, ghostly swings, the birds reversed,
the pennons swaggered volute 'bove Chrysler's lot,
detritus mob the stores and homes for return.

Wilderness House Literary Review 9/2

Fascia

The centric dumpsters tout the buzzardbulls-eye, appanage of hospital and sky,
our retrodicters reified; the bould-
ercenterpiece in Pierce remembers sold-
iers fallen, sward of shavingcans and egg
without the blood of Ypsi's schoolend rit-
ual; the bezeled sun tintypes as boys
in pickups nigger down the drag, noce-
bos, our autarks, agamic rapists trucked;
the men in Seitz's stand to drink, uphold,
the door against the lindenblossoms close
while Purplehats from shop to shop askirl:
it's Johnity the Downs on bike who all
know best, the herenomores, the herebutgones.