

20 MAY

Sally Keith

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Through tight glass
tarnished thimbles—
the checkered score,

steel flattened domes—
oblate (not yet
pierced). To my eyes

dust sticks. (No swoon
can spare me). Choose
one. Take off-beat

claves—the sheathing
wild—it wraps Spring
buds (forgive me—)

in wilted thread. Wind
rolls tall grass—
presses (I've torn

the newly branched
away) bright sheen
on the flat. What looks

thin, full—
and inside—