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Night Cycle

in our beds, the skin stretched over
moth-black eyes
flutters with the machinery of sleep : a canticle

for days aliased with stratagems : their settings
windows into the glassy plots
& counterplots

of sexual congress : yes, full-throated :
the spindly maple reborn not of fire
but the teleology

of neurons : a tree no longer but lightning
in a long room leading to smaller rooms : a secret ladder
that leads to a dank basement

where cords of wood are stacked : a vast
cast-iron furnace, its breath
in January's abandoned house : jars of must : the ruins

of winter in the frosted box of photographs
left for the dead : the rose, opening :
a prime number of gray roofs

angular as the houses of Horta de Ebro : a glint of sun :
the interruption of gunfire
& screaming in a clapboard schoolhouse : the rose,

folding : the two words for mourning :
one version of the self with wings,
a cyclopean eye : a penchant for light : there is

a wolf at the door : a solution that doesn't involve
unscripted weeping
at hieroglyphs : a parallax : cool sheets :

in the basement a slain lion :
four words form a hedge around your body
due to a new aesthetics

of origin : means : the flame is already out-
curling, a genie : houses
move into and out of parks : the auto-

genesis of the bird,
a sacrifice : the garden, overrun with
wild flowers : an oubliette

where the well was : the many,
one : the one, many in endless paper rooms
littered with drawings

of the minotaur : the thread
in your hand from the lost kite : oracles
catching rain on their tongues

like children