

ANDREW ZAWACKI

Viatica 12

debonair this ivorycut, days
I'm one and more than one,

cavalier and less than one,
as what I thought was water

starts to burn: nights that leave me
unlived in, apart, and night

that pins all giving, all ground,
citrine light and scaffold to its lapel:

amnesia, amnesia, haunted by
this breath of another, from outside,

outside, by dint of interruption,
awake with no reprieve: serrated

by hairweed, cartilage, bone,
the beach dissolves to agar and ink,

night divesting the ocean of its curt
and violet pledge, its plainsong

married to winter, pumiced and un-
beknownst: impasse my passage,

terminus, terminus, breathe upon
the living, the blind, the not yet

and no longer, upon this O
of difference pointing *there*—

do you see it, friend?