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*Dawn One*

Creamy rock walls, red line of passing day, one bird overhead:  
the land reflected in the helmet

of a nude man running.

He stops beside the green pools to drink. Hand to mouth,  
hand to mouth, he tilts his face to the sky.  
When he runs again,

the western side of his body seems to burn. Revenge is easy.  
On his tongue sits a coin.

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Someone hid a camera in your bedroom, to watch you do  
nothing in your nightgown,

to watch you think some day someone will say *you once were loved,*

*you were.* We must love someone, we must,  
it's not normal to be scorned.

A girl walks beetle-slow through lumber scraps,

her gown artery-blue. *See those trees up there,*  
she says to a bird, *those are my parents.*

A nude man runs in slow-mo  
and from this angle, his tongue seems to burn. The land reflects  
in his helmet: love strung finger to finger,

finger to finger till it's gone.

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Here's what happens when you spend days plotting:  
the brain shrinks to an okra,

a swamp dirge on a loop.

If you sit inside,  
people will film you, they'll want to know what you've  
been doing, and "thinking" doesn't count,

nor does "glowing like an artery," or "tapping out a planet  
on which nude men drink from springs,

trying to decipher the strangeness of your adversity."

They say rain settles human dust,  
and allows us to reassemble: pinky with thumb,

ring with knuckle, bird with index.

Faces drop from the spool. And how I decide which to notice  
worries me:

no more he's. Only she's under thirty,

only those who lived an hour or more.

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It's not normal, to wait here  
till whatever it was comes back. Corpse pose.  
The beginning of movement in the hands. Someone will ask

if you cleared your mind,  
they'll want to know what good you are.

The *tongue* in shivasana, the *hair* in shivasana.  
Window of palm, portrait of a feather, the nails in the floor.  
Sun beats the blades and makes them shake,

the streets rain and quack,  
unicycles of light driving here, and also here,

where the guns subside, and the half-warriors search for their feet.  
Revenge is easy.

It makes us shake.