

EMILY SIEU LIEBOWITZ

## *A Wait to Be Found*

Let slide ladders ring on steep staircases.  
A curled formula: there, always. I sit  
bayless for the first time, a river to  
lake they all imply ocean.

I curate bodied land, tying gray steps  
when they stood self-reflexive—a glitter  
listing to control the tide. Glued together  
beat envelopes a contorted wishless list.

Stomped current, I expand waves' breaking—fractures  
furthering long waste inside landings. Drawn  
lines barring direction to ebb, expanding  
together the slanted straining of horizon.

Flat mist-stained texture bridges every  
trapped hue under troubles: iron hours  
spring foam. Pleased in-flowering circles  
a cursed rapid, turns growth into foreign bricks.

Crashed on sharp rungs, frontiers slid buoys to  
distance. Slips are a box of implied silver.  
Promises a hint of height: an edge. It said,  
“gather on that edge”