

Erica Hunt

STARTING WITH A

She passes through pockets of warm air in a cold season,
assailed by night noises, sounds in a correspondence
based more on bravura than the contents of this failing world.

Start with A as in ANT, and give to every terror a soothing name.

Death is a white boy backing out a lawnmower from the garage,
staring down the black girl's hello,
silently reentering the cool shell of his house.

Is it an accident?
She is working without quotes, never looking down.

The sunlight thickens at the end of the day bringing the edges off
things nearer,
sharp laughs that break the honeyed silences.

In night country all routes are approximately marked.
There the exact temperature of the prison can be felt,
the degrees distancing "home" from its public relations and denial,
at night the shortest moments rustle in their chains;
the invisible blends in.

ECSTASY

What have we to look forward to but old age
an unfolding of the flesh into some foreign package
whose stamps we barely recognize
whose worries are like lint we pick up from nowhere
the scar of it from no accident we can recall
but obtained in the dark, in the dark
theater we embrace a faded script.