

Courtney Dodson

BOOK OF HOURS

Filament in the bulb throttling its own circuitry.
The girl hears the current winnow itself through
the faltering point. *Unhook her.* She does not
care if someone drowns. Indoor pool a canvas
vault ribbed with steel. Open rectangle at the
apex, sunlight by rote and rotation. Slivering of
angles on the water, blue and gold. Here, it
writes itself. Here it scrolls, resisting the form
her eye wants to give it. A girl swims through,
turquoise swimsuit with nameless red flowers
inextricable. Borderless. Each pull a wicking.
Deft stitch disbanding. *Now unravel him.*
Outside, gradual dusk. Sun at the angle of
decay. Breaking open surface after surface
with vicious forbearance. His face in half-light,
fret of finishing along the skull. Jawbone an
implication. One eye lit up, strains to part water
from swimmer. *You never listen. Unhook
yourself.* Face dismantling. Lip a curve that
wants finishing. Blood brought high. Red flowers
saturated with entry. Corridor insular, tunneling
season without end. Insoluble. To what halving
did I say *take it*, and it heard *take it all*? Light
carving out its share from the periphery. Circuit
closing behind her. *Finish it.* Night strains the
swimmers through its teeth. Green circular lights
appear underwater. It finishes itself. There is no
point of contact. Water running on its own rails.
Now it is all periphery. The one throat opening.