

EMILY HUNT

FIGURE THE COLOR OF THE
WAVE SHE WATCHED

goodbye gone kin like water
gone half, first self,
where is that friend
who happened to smoke
the first beautiful sky
where are the hours
she filled to see sink
those hollow shapes made
by wind, goodbye
cleared history, swept steps,
goodbye what's left
the weather, which leaves
slap and fret to explain
if only the weather
were how it was, the weather
has nothing to do, goodbye

lies I meant deeply
goodbye to each
flowering shock
ahead in the garden
the garden was paper
a plan
stabbed by trees and then
a stripped plot, goodbye
little war after war
a cold goodnight to
both ends of silence
did it begin, did I skate
past the omen, exquisite
caution my armor
I pretended to shed, dear
blank reply, radical portrait

hung on a cloud
girl with big shovel
inventing the flurry
oh lose me my snow