

JENNIFER PILCH

Camden Refractory

If in moor light glass had been cut
Vellum mantled with pitch-faced stars
The whole inarticulate heart jagged in regale
Partitions soaped, the moment spotted
When in a case of violine pink, the rose departed
As if she saw the neon spark bounce and tuck
In the etched and squalid
Scolding her own idleness before barb and thorn
She stood where the waxen petals fell
Frail as transplants *O, little vapid canoes*
Where some had said the rose stood for a wheel
She saw small wakes crossing
Not far from a voluminous clutch
Her diminishing canoes then circling the gate
Until what angles overtook them