ERIC PANKEY

Inordinate Points

The sky, medieval,

measured by inordinate points,
Reveals, at the cumulus ridge,
The mineral constituents of color.

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Does it behoove us

to know

That the present moment is denouement, The short end of an elliptical voyage?

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Objects, Da Vinci says,

seen with both eyes

Appear rounder than objects Seen with just one.

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Roots in air,

figs gathered from thistle, Sky-writing, web-shadow, solvents . . . What we lack, mostly, is context.

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Orpheus gives up

on his brooding adagio, Turns to cartography, maps the thousand ways Into (but none out of) the dark's flickering ether.

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Spirits abandon their abode,
don masks.
Each mask tells its own story.
The mask, not the wearer, tells its own story.