

Chase Twichell

THE VERGE

Inside language there was always
an inkling,
a dark vein branching,

bird-tracks in river sand spelling out
the fact of themselves,

asking me to come toward them
and scratch among them with a stick
all the secrets I could no longer keep,

until my words were nothing
but lovely anarchic bird-prints themselves.

I think that's the verge right there,
where the two languages
intertwine, twigs and thorns,

words telling secrets
to no one but river and rain.

PAINT

Lotions and scents, ripe figs,
raw silk, the cat's striped pelt . . .
Fat marbles the universe.

I want to be a faint pencil line
under the important words,
the ones that tell the truth.