

Catherine Wagner

A POEM FOR GUIDEPOSTS

I made a pie of light
Sat me down in front
The glaze sucked all the blue out of the air
I was a pilot search
Went intrinsically backward
The moss of my feet booked me in
Moss and wet cloud
I held my spine up natural head natural like a top spins

Will God deny me anything
God will I eat a piece of the world
Piece of gone
There was a streaming wedge but it was not a piece it was the
Whole boat
It was carried
Our shoulders dirt our shoulders smell like come
Swerve round this round that balancedly
The one plate and the other at varying levels till the table comes

A heaven corner under that table maybe
A several udder
Dark like presents
I mean in a box like you could open
The within is brandished a torch
Drip and gleam
Drop made my eye pain
Eye drop in and throw its veins back working
A city and the insides are showing
The mountain pulls its shadow over