

tassled at the corners  
and, in the far wall, a recess  
for an orange vase with three white irises,  
and a scroll stroked with ink  
meant to be a bird flying  
or how it feels to fly.

I've made good talk for us both  
over tea while snow quietly aged  
the pines outside and settled like ash  
on the pond where carp  
deepen the shadow.

Have you come  
without my noticing  
and gone again?

Were you the one  
simply passing by  
whose smile I mistook  
and so built all this  
and so must live  
in the wrong hope?

## Sorting the Tools / Peter Everwine

*for E. C.*

This is the hammer  
and the nails.  
I enter my brother's house  
for the last time.

This is the miner's lamp,  
the bit and the sack of dust.  
This is the bread  
that stinks of carbide.

These are the numbers  
of the sleepless, rising  
in the power  
of their true names:

In the name of crowbar  
which is 1.  
In the name of broken back  
which is 2.

This is the penis  
that lugs and sweats like a horse.  
These are hands  
in their crust of dead lights.

Let the sun and moon go,  
the black roof,  
the seams of the earth  
gathering water.

This is the animal  
that grew tired and slept.  
These are words  
left out in the rain.

## Translation of an Unwritten Spanish Poem / Steven Goldsberry

*Santa Clara*

Hail Mary, this is not my body,  
full of grace, but another drunken  
fisherman on his way home,  
trying to genuflect before the  
cathedral doorway, before the other  
drunken fishermen.