

## H.D. at the Beinecke · *John Walsh*

Words quiver under  
Touch,  
Quick tremors  
Startled.

Pages shudder  
Into ripples;  
Clear cut glass:  
Translucent mirrors.

Pyramid, cube, sphere—  
Marble flowing,  
Merging geometry  
With fluid light.

Words pared down  
To radiance;  
In silver-edged flashes,  
Beneath the iris shoot

Her grey eyes gleam.