

A POINT IN

we met at the frog, at the meet in
a set corner of lattice, in a process
of sharing, in the company of
concession close by the place,
with our faces we met at the crown
point in the topmost portion
of the whirling turn, the base of
a column of wind, the fair-
ness of air pointed at the end
of an object, in a line of travel
to the ridge of bone, cresting
echo of headless end, rivet.

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we departed with a tale of painted
windows, a floor account of branch,
the history of an of, a plot of news,
in the legend a hero, a good viewed,
casehardened by a box, the sound
that hangs thereby in a reckoning
of order at the ornament recital,
some dock of division, long axis
of impression, we departed
impressed with a falsehood
that thereby hangs, gossip
measured in a skull of oil.

ALAN FELSENTHAL

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