

TAJ JACKSON

*Words and Licorice*

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Final edit: At the window—Night's ice.  
You want a small fig from a random tree,  
despite chill. And again. From Greek, *glykys*,

sweet; *rhyza*, root; sleep's yen from licorice.  
*Figs sans thistles, and the fig-birds set free...*  
Final edit: At the window—Night's ice,

poems' lode, fig-seeds, greeny beaks, black rice.  
Rose wings in the inks of calligraphy.  
These fronds. And again. From Greek, *glykys*;

*rhyza*; how Ionic an edifice?  
Flights are logged, a Contents, a slavery.  
Final edit: At the window—Night's ice,

in darkness, on glass. A book a honed voice.  
Paring error, I'm axe, I'm reverie,  
focusing. And again. From Greek, *glykys*,

*rhyza*; from language aping paradise...  
Ferns, reptilian quicksands, dawns, ore, choice.  
Final edit: At the window—Night's ice.  
A threshed harvest. A taste. From Greek, *glykys*,

sweet.

*(on helping to edit a literary journal)*