

JULIANNE BUCHSBAUM

Of Doves and Madness

Come errors, come seasons, these vestiges into the air.
Teach me ancient Greek and logic, teach me hints,
teach me to emerge tighter in the night, covered
with ink. You for a while on oil-colored wings.
All around lost sparrows, dusty old town logic;
we retry, enter terror, try harder, and the dead lost world
rolls bickering beneath brackets that backslide into
atrocities. We sleep on hard cots as lexicons and primers
start the day and no one owns this snow. You with your sultan
desolations are what menaces: over pylons jays tilt like
drive-by machines. You wrong the dead with your boredom,
pondering odd vestiges of autumn. The mind sees itself
as the body of autumn, its axis of lost creatures, its germs,
these brown leaves of the body of me and all this physical.