

*Dawn*

Brushing against the wind chimes, falling  
Into a desk, Dawn curses at the walls and floor.

Drinking espresso all morning, she delivered  
Her ontic deposition regarding the human foot,

Her revision, she proclaimed, of Heidegger's hammer.  
Performing dialogues of technological beauty,

She spoke the parts of Brando and Sartre.  
Mother Teresa chimed in, giving out

Bread and holy water. "Nietzsche's  
Gone nuts again," Brando mumbled.

"You know nothing about Feng Shui," Dawn replied,  
Pointing at the mirror but looking at me.

She barricaded herself onto the back porch  
Using stacks of hardcover books

And sat decrying housing conditions  
For the recently released, and writing inscriptions

On the walls: "The infidel salutes."  
"My enemies are those I need."

She grabbed a leather jacket and a sickle  
And fled to the city's outskirts to cut away

The long vines creeping into our precincts.  
Some months I don't see her at all, though she calls

In the snow across the field out back  
And drops in wearing jackboots and a sari,

Kicking the walls, laughing an uproar, carrying  
St. Joseph statues, a rifle, a book, a demitasse,

Shouting her animadversions, handing  
Out bandages, proclaiming new states of emergency.