

FRANCESCA ABBATE

*Reconstruction*

Then came the sand trucks,  
the glass trucks, whistling  
*here, better put on a pair of these.*  
Ears palm-lodged, spoons idle,

we were up to what anyway,  
our fingertips trolling for clues:  
soft collapse of an ash pile, some  
sub-atomic cackle. I was

running my thumb over  
the smooth girl in my compact,  
like a contagion, the grain  
of that skin, like: “Are not

the plague cities also  
beautiful?” Churches sprang up  
along canals, the porous everything  
exhaled its dewy ghosts.

In the piazza, some light  
that didn’t know from history  
or “the painterly dawn”  
tacked about her, and—

fire-sailer, boat of so sonorous  
a medium—I believed.