

A. PATRICK ANDES

from *Lasciate Ogne Speranza, Voi Ch'intrate*,\*  
a work in progress

VIII

Light lies soft in the wave, time runs flat along the back  
of cloud and cloud. We touch in our feet along the path  
of flagstones the wild design of the human: to know you  
where you have not been found, to spread inside the low  
ering darks that round the last outposts of the known and  
wheel up into sums of destruction | Where in you am I  
hiding you tonight, and who will get there first?

\* "Abandon All Hope, Ye Who Enter Here," from Dante's *Inferno*