

Two Poems · *Walter Pavlich*

MOUTHFLOWERS

This calendar sent unsolicited.

Brush-in-the-mouth pastel daffodils,
mawkish blossoms in a vase.

Different month. A different mouth.
Or foot.

(Molars, sucking, spittle, blouse.
Paint thinner. Abrupt blood from the nose.)

Like using a cold painted cigarette
in a holder, tasting yourself
again in the yellow spilled yesterday.

March: the oil clown,
blue annual between his lips.
Mouth describing mouth
and there is no clenching.

By June, a foot-stitched horizon,
(can toes make birds?).
Threading the yarn of the sun . . .

The sun going down with no
arms to catch it.

The artists: A.C. Verster, K. Kyriacou,
M. Velozo, I. Adir.

I fill my mouth with your names.