

Four Poems · *A. V. Christie*

COIN

In the dark inside my skull rests a coin—
passage to the next world. The ferryman will take it
from under my tongue. As it warms in his palm
he will mint my body a rich future.

What hidden currency will help in this world?
To whom do I give the ruby-throated birds, breast-bound
and frenzied? my dreams lined with glittering Orion?
the answering song through the flute of bone?

I gather the snow's loose change to give someone.
I save air turned to coins in the frozen pond;
I save the pale moon where, in winter,
geese and swans fold their wings and shine.

GLYPH

With each moment we make a history
between us out of secrets, the wet rings
bottles leave on dark tables receding
down the time line, the harbor's blank light,
the Elvis pocketknife in the junkstore
where I shook a snowglobe full of glitter
falling on the unremembered landmark.
My legs touching yours, the shared bottle might
be the place to begin deciphering—
with the locusts in the suburban elms,
their long sound as though devouring the night.
And sure, make the bottle make a sound too,
wind in its mouth: deep, anticipatory,
like a foghorn, sustained, a code, a warning.