

FROM THE SUBLUNARY YEAR

Mary Ann Davis

(an excerpt)

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In evening optics

in the purpling lines of the body

in the decline of the freeway

in the unautumn of November

in the yard with the walk lined with sea stones

in the old stone bird bath

in the optics of evening

as the eye to a boundless illness.

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In your illness, the closest I've come to having a child. Not my daughter. Not of
the flesh not birthed and swallowed. Not what I want. When I bent over the
waiting bed I was every flaw I always feared. Small cracks in the goodness. Small
wonder, the nights, their spirits –

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(continued in the upcoming issue)