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Appearance Of A Force

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APPEARANCE OF A FORCE

Anything could rupture the skin
of afternoon: a plane inscribes
a scratch on blue porcelain; white
hands flutter up from your plate.
Who would not be frightened if
it broke now: if one odd pain
like a gaping fish broke surface
at the pupil of your eye?

Flags of steam open and fade.
Dressed in purple, you fade
in the corner. Glass catches
the blood-light: a globe of wine.
What can I say? You are
too far off—your face a pale
smear on the wall, a small
white pile of hands in your lap.

A hammer hurtles toward
the membrane of the window.
I fold my hands and wait; it is
impossible to stop the meal.