Air Parts

Leila Wilson
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I

Whenever weight shifts, a hollow rouses in its pith.

Egg’s air. Door hinge oiling for rain.
Her hush as

the truck jolts.
All mass enfolds gaps. All wind

and fury when a tree litters light through her window screen.

She wants to know how she’ll go down unraveling.

II

There’s nothing hallowed in a ferry’s quake

before it slips toward sinking.
Full of its last
owned move,
it will be a hole
in the bay.

It will hold air
and bleed perforations.
After bedding,
it will be pilfered
by those who want emptiness to touch.

III

Outlined by shadow
or echo or that
which happens after,

mosquitoes trace
her with tremble.
Her hand holds

off rain, a herd
beyond the hill.
Her swallow’s

salamander grove
skids in thin wind.
How her voice scratches

from calling names,
how her neck strains
past straightening.
IV

Because the sky
can’t fill all in,
and ceremony

comes nowhere
near, she looks
for something else
to pull her pulse.
Balconied gasp.
Bubble riding

the river’s leg.
Cracks. Lesions.
Mesh. She traps

the inside until it cores
there. She mills
the middle stillness.