As If Looking Out from Inside a Strong Wind

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There ought to be a way
back in, air-holes, a book of codes
& signals — or they ought
to drive a rail-spike

someplace vital, bind
the hands & ankles. You’re
wobbling over a point
on a line, a rupture

in the sequence meant
to end an important
event — but the rupture keeps
finding methods of

mending itself, renewing its
circumstances in the drive to learn
what it stands for. Until now
survival was legible

only in sacrifice: you
had to expect to witness
the burial, but it
wasn’t bad. Those were

your own hands
blooming from the ground.
The mood was grand
suspicion proved

in the neatness of vanishing. So many
people say their first
erotic understanding happened
in the attic & they didn’t
see a thing. Do you
    think it was a spook,
or something from your own
    body coming

back to you? I knew
    this other woman — this
is different — who said she saw two
    loose heads rolling

toward her on the blanket.
    They spoke a strange
language which was actually
    this language, speeded up.

I wonder what you’re made to remember, finally.
    She built windmills, &
there were awful splinters in the soft
    parts of her hands.