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Two Poems

Jennifer Pilch

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JENNIFER PILCH

Gem City

Imbued meant faceted, which they'd
Flatten to make depth, like those
With thinner roofs in their mouths
Were more animal, the rush scurvies
From the dense, black and silver
Maples, blue and basic ash, a chandelier-
Myriad of possible worlds
Seeking a symbolic reason for finding yourself lost
Pewter putty leaking to the public
Windows infected with overseas debauchery
Crystal mold we transform ourselves to whet
Following the advancement, you turn to salt
The crow first white burns black out
Of necessity, shadow-death of possible
Worlds, blood oozing from crevasse-
Metal-river, meeting progress with inward
Adaptation, everything weeping shades
Of rain, latent leaves adhering to plain air
Oily satchels tossed, left on side of the road
Totems thrown to block light that burns
The same theme of holing retinas
Overexposed, the brave pounds for a love
Left still to ponder, first stolen in tiny
Gems radiating bone from tablets that
Like a puzzle would one day fit
So easily together

The Visit

At the door you shutter, to see me
Seeped in oil, steeped in dour amnion
Not knowing to brighten my face
When you swept in the branches
Contracting with the door sway like
Fumes of mercury halo you in shade
The sky blackens with salt, a crow cackles
His loss, trailing a gossamer ribbon
Someone hopeful had lost
A lamp you place above my figure
Frosted in gray, wrinkles cutting deeper
Markings apart from the strain
My interior shows explicit rather
In the hour setting, every thought and
Boundary solid like a horse coat
Even sheen of good skein of cloth meek
In slouching, a shape a hump a carving
Unquestionably my own