

# CutBank

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## Air Parts

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# LEILA WILSON

## *Air Parts*

### 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.