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From Time to Time By the Skin of Your Face

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FROM TIME TO TIME
BY THE SKIN OF YOUR FACE

Things past tumble back, thoughts gather
thoughts: dreadnaught, thickset, a roman
candle. It is a bedroom that wants
a southern addition; it swelters and finds
license. Idle hands, young shoulder, sweat lines
from a neck to a back, a father stitching
a wound in his arm before it can finish
what it was saying about the godseat. Or was it
the goblet? Numinous iota, I dare you. Race
to the pilings and back. Like ants bearing mint
across a white counter, it is too much
of a good thing. Nostalgia, the distance a sigh
travels before reaching its source. A torment
disguised as reverie. It is written on the side
of my skull. Did I have a twin? I had notions
that part of me grew toward the earth.