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The Planar Face of the Flower

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THE PLANAR FACE OF THE FLOWER

Let's cover you over, he said, and then I woke up. In the garden the sun of your face moves across the wall, oblong and approximate. Aperture in mortar. The doctor drives father's Lincoln. You are always changing on me, I say, linking the larynx to syntax. You withdraw your hand inaccurately from the counter. The surface molders. Sometimes when a glyph catches you are pushing up the stairs. You are here before me and then I am. We are on this landing holding the banister. The stairs push back. I walk up to the roof sink into labor, freshen the sentences so they are maintained. All the irregularities have been sewn together to make a marvelous shard of fleece. So the perpetrator finds his employment. Obsession is internment. The mirror, a rim, the garden's fence. Glint of flowers, brocaded and orange. Warm matter of home is the blouse mother wore.