Some Air Asks for Nomenclature

Andrew Seguin
SOME AIR ASKS FOR NOMENCLATURE

The window curtain potbellies with wind
and I see ghosts
go looking for a marketing department,

but we are done with the dead in this house
today—hymns
gave them enough refrain, and the lilies

wilting as the fall wilts lit surfaces
where optic pleasure
burns long, before out. Not that we

haven't been haunted, or sought it
like a gem of paradox
to keep production going when going

produced the feeling too much had gone;
we anointed porcupines
to bear queries back from the spindly

underworld, or overworld, or full stop. black.
    Cat-toppled sculpture
submitted itself as evidence that death

wasn't done with us yet, which it's not,
    but I admit I always
had a student mistrust of the substitute

and knew to dupe the guest from guessing
    my given name,
and now I've given this house a house

where air embalms a mum and sleep precedes
    mere bread and peaches.
In comes quince on the wind, more dividends.