As If Looking Out from Inside a Strong Wind

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There ought to be a way back in, air-holes, a book of codes & signals — or they ought to drive a rail-spike someplace vital, bind the hands & ankles. You’re wobbling over a point on a line, a rupture in the sequence meant to end an important event — but the rupture keeps finding methods of mending itself, renewing its circumstances in the drive to learn what it stands for. Until now survival was legible only in sacrifice: you had to expect to witness the burial, but it wasn’t bad. Those were your own hands blooming from the ground. The mood was grand suspicion proved in the neatness of vanishing. So many people say their first erotic understanding happened in the attic & they didn’t
see a thing. Do you
    think it was a spook,
or something from your own
    body coming

back to you? I knew
    this other woman — this
is different — who said she saw two
    loose heads rolling

toward her on the blanket.
    They spoke a strange
language which was actually
    this language, speeded up.

I wonder what you’re made to remember, finally.
    She built windmills, &
there were awful splinters in the soft
    parts of her hands.