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Sans Lunette

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ROBB ST. LAWRENCE

Sans Lunette

with Satie

This watered clot black brick bled

over snow. Her hand arrested rain

drops halted just overhead the way
petals suspend themselves in drafts of wind.

White story of fold and fracture, now

you open into silence. Still each edge

jags its coal-deep scar to the page vein
collapsed on clouds. That net is a spray

of sparrows. It webs the air. She limned

knot loop hair sopped bleached pulp. How
light reflects the dried skin of it.