

OVEREXPOSED

Closing doors thumb in the keyhole
lock all windows. Float the porch
and watch there goes down the street,
front door a mouth agape. Tuck the chin
be a ball under its tongue. Some choices:
basement, closet (never the bathtub that altar)
get the blankets and drapery. Go on.
Table linen over the toes. Settle down
and pull the canopy of trees blessed canopy
blessed shade, waxy green stuff in the mouth
shut behind them. Nostrils plugged with dirt
and worms a perfect fit: now pack it down
under fingernails. Here's where
you can really get creative—socks, vibrators,
pens and pencils, the produce will spoil
eventually, check the junk box in the hall.
Something will work. Twine for the legs, tighter,
thicker is better, cupped flesh stretched over the
ears squeeze finger to finger. With a fat needle
and wool seal the canal, ice the eyelids
invitation liquid in the throat.

NOCTURNE

More signs of anything, sign
some choice...leaf...

attendant to endless small things: release

the coming of
world what given becomes

an expression of dark pushing dark, moon-

framed. At the center such
ordinary motion, amassed

heaps looking to turn. Do not mistake this...recollection

leaves shaking, what else

there is color in a mind and there is time

now hear them
stirring and farther

black to plum purple...a mandate by future

light by dark
open inside—come

air, swiftly containing. Dream long as glassed limbs dream

long as mercy
that is without

reflection, flush...flush, the frame of what is naked in

this rest we know so well.

THE EDGE

When I say dead I mean universe
or bridge, one day driving the highway
dirt-streaked and ragged a man
heaving a large tire over the safety rail
he braced it with his body and

presumably it fell
down into the river. I was going fast,
it would have been unsafe to look
back and we all know what
turns into sea.

NOCTURNE

Long
the shells fall in

imagine
sky in exile

as a seen we used
disabling light

the same word

(evidence)
a painted boy

sky

what the beast says aloud
lighting the light up

(but to the sky)

of the beast universe

and the universe stops standing in for

the movement

the long strokes

IN A LASTING IMAGE

Ours of everything signals / a shadow to what was
available / this unconsumable sense / of still

* * *

when their sky opened red

when our sky opened red

when my sky open red

* * *

(as winter I was born by knife)

(also these particular hours before your birth)
It is simple feeling, shelled

I ought here say
(this thought in the hours before your birth)

winter /

white involute sky

NOCTURNE

Into sea their ocean

eyes that we

tried

sleep

tried

lying in the dark back (was like blood)

as mapped

a conclusion

of hands

or expression (this free light)

(when i) close

now (i) don't want anything

K.M. ENGLISH

K.M. English lives with her family in Sacramento, CA. She has worked in restaurants, gardens, academia, and New Orleans public schools. You can find recent poems in *cream city review*, *Sycamore Review*, *Matter*, *Berkeley Poetry Review*, and other places. She just completed her first poetry collection, *WAVE SAYS*.