

Mark Tardi

Prologue

The roadsides favor promiscuity, snow
clenched to nights, hoarsely chromium,
forming a grin inside a crack. In sleep

They'll pursue you: no bandit lapping the fence,
no slim digit hovering over the viewshed. I'm
waiting for my legs to catch up with my hand.

I'm waiting for that resigned way of Saturday.

An altered paradise, not epitome or ruminant,
a paradise born inside out, ceramic. It's a question of
polo or humanity, how technology is winning our hearts.

I know my bones and your hair, yes, how the eye
drowns in cold probability. The entire structure
must be subtracted from harm's way. Folded

Among the constellations, ghost flat.

You're right when you say the day continues
to torment me. I don't know whether to shit or go
blind, if it were simply a matter of physics.

That chalk village cut by amber nets, not as an answer
not a question. All tenses and inflections, bloodless,
buried in lead regardless of appetite.

I'm glad there are no rules, just the extent to which
we can describe what is lean or not lean. The tumult
and pulse, the interior light of things, from which

Most of us would shrink.

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