

Spitting Off Seeds and Mangoes Reflecting Sky

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Placed the universe can be
within a cement circled cover
or a grate straight
unsmiling as mistresses shunning
sheets

those clouds reflect cement
medallioned sky catching ground

there is a literalness in things that overwhelms me

I do not know where to pick the beginning
hope
too much for chalk rising dances and
someone left a 3 poised in an infinite triangle
,there, by your right, not left, hand
and through looking at the extension of your index finger
you saw its unmuted point wink more than fictive
things at wincing widows
+ blinked

the worry of cars
hover
a cement shrouded
sky to silence
ready to thunder

my eyes have been bathed blind
past the reinking of sight
I want the poetry of Dove soap boxes

brimming boxes bringing
settling hope
immaculate as warm girls
with souls penanced for god

spaced cars form on curbs

holding your hip
its curve filling my palm
I'd like to pull forth a child
from a bit of bone

sleep warmed waked
to elaborate rain
turn
slowing tubs
sprout intimacy + avowal

shoes hold feet
Rise Rise
steep from sleep
sweep + weep at once
once past slipping
is on