

THE RITES DEMANDED, THAT SHE MIGHT APPEAR

BRONWEN TATE

A river shifting from its course. When I am near you, what I ignore is ignorance, not will, what I misreckon, all unawares. As I ignore the precise location of your tangled hair. When the small phrase returns to parade herself, who will insist that the iris is located in the eye? Don't look for reason in my risible fortune, my formal proclamation of scattered iridescence. Genesis of the unharnessed tongue, that immeasurable clavier, almost entirely unknown.