

## DAMN YOUR EYES

HAINES EASON

The door groans, heavy with ironrust.  
In late hours alone seals what remains.  
*Found you, in the foyer.* Find you in spot-lit pales,  
    swinging through the gloam of halogen gallows,  
to the surf and swash of passing cars' gone. *My maimed ambience*  
    *resides out here, its agile shape* picking over the still-lipped lamps  
and crumbled slabs. Several are cracked and scree out *into storms.*  
    *As each sense fails, the dampen sky peels further back.*  
Curtains billow, revealing two soaked shapes,  
sunk in echoing greens and roots.  
Sweating as one, and two, he heaves. She arcs over-her-self.  
They red-shift to stillness, a blur walking into wilderness  
on the edges of the town. Cities are their snuffed sounds—  
*the acts of snuffing*—down to the humid loess.  
Unnumbered spans of footfalls cease where  
    white, electric lacunae *are all that's left watch the streets,*  
washing off keres' wire wings, gouging the air.  
*Their forms rage in and outside the lanes,* beyond the reach of back-lit clouds,  
    devolving. The dark synapses and frail sparks' fading points dim to glare,  
waking in a walkway downtown among pressing, bare people. *Silhouettes*  
*hacked to their seams by unhurried brightness,* traveling in tremors  
    *through their singular depths.*  
    *Despite the calm.*

6 April, 2008

## THE BUILDING SNOW

Because he couldn't look at the things he'd made,  
he decided to tip his hat to a pervading mystery  
and walk off between the cars. *The house eventually sold,*  
reapportioning each cold lot with less effort.  
Even a spanning absence of birds labeled the time,

the woman's German clock, the way he did. *The door*  
*is open as usual, but barely.* He carries its noise the way she  
keeps her bottle : in a cabinet in the corner by the window,  
where his grandfather could be seen, asleep in the lawnchair,  
an automatic flinching down his side. *A blizzard was reported*

*and is stumbling through the hills* (she laughed  
and poured, poured and laughed). Miles grew between  
where we would place him, and where he is—  
a simple machinery (simple, if he could find a job).  
Like the stubborn boy we all knew, she told him off west.

Not grandmother. Gossip. Between towns and the impetus  
to hitch. *The other vines, in the album,*  
*are his grandfather's,* who died an immigrant's  
death in a government hospital. *From his fixed position*  
*he can only look from a particular spot in the yard.*

*He tended them with a Swede's indifference.*  
There was a screen at the hospital between him  
and the swells of coughing in the room.  
These are mysterious, the pictures, the glue that rings them.  
The reports that come next.

*29 January, 2008*