

SANCTUARIES UPROOT ACCORDING TO SILENCE

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When the quiet unbites
a long photo noses up

like a silly muscle & there is
your eye masking over

as if you'd snared each
love like a tiny chip

of glass to keep under
your toy church where

a few crumbling letters
on a pew go stale, rotted

rakes booby-trap a vineless hole
in the garden waiting

for the rest of the
alphabet to swallow.

THEORIES OF A DROPPED PLANETARIUM

Took out a camera & every inch
happened when the monitor changed.

Every time I saw you in my air, a
question veined out in the rearview.

What kind of ulcer grew when
a kid borrowed your cell phone &

suctioned his sunglasses to your eye?
This weather left leather with it,

invisible offspring treading past.

VIEW FROM A BLACK FORT

The minute a minute is un-invented
I will show the blank photo of it, every

naked inch cramped in a wet heart-box
under the seat, the red shine of your

first word gliding up & down chambers
having stunned children to laugh

attacks after pulling their mothers'
varnished faces from the mud.

WHAT REPLACES US WHEN WE GO

They found our pearls
now they know thy east

village feet. They know
thy feet I do with

Swedish drink & sonic
milk. I bathe in mother's

youth, watch my lifetime.
They send some arrest

warrants to her so why
be a no-show

hacking through
shadows to figure.

ROOF

Came back one time
to see what breakfast is

starving. When I down
a vodka in two hammock

swings you clap. I put a shrimp
on your tongue when you won't.

Shut up you say with
your jaw about your radio

silent friend who mailed
pink photos of a baby & slipped

This is my law school in on
rolling paper. What am I

doing when you fill two
rolls with sunset & hand me

a third I lockbox shut. In his
envelope were also some ashes.