

# NEW YORKER

*LILY BROWN*

This cover makes the pigeon  
look pretty, psychedelic  
even, its skinny purple  
legs and crowbar feet  
above the crowbar streets.

## MORNING. THE POEM IS DEAD.

I should take scissors to it,  
step skeleton from body, by the hand.  
In the hovel of dreams things  
touch me and won't.  
Sheets litter the knees.  
Sun slips down a piece of wall.  
The lamp's soft shade  
thins, pales. The light  
develops and it's like this  
every morning. I wake with a body  
in the sheets. It stains  
the eye blacker for the light.