

# INTO THE FOG

*MICHAEL FLATT*

tonight I am still too close to this morning

all of its questions hesitant threads

poetry is no place for promises, you say

we know this dance but the song

the spotlight leading us into the fog

and I say poetry is the only promise

a fake Christmas tree blazing white  
distant trees only seem to pass slowly

our mouths our hands are open

our mouths and our hands are open

## NAVIGATING THE WRECK

bouyant and distorted  
take the tune and horde it

and detonation is the undoing of tone  
puts pitch in splinters

the bilge pumps the boat's belly,  
expurgating the wreck.

and after the curtain  
is draped o'er the sea

could we leap into it  
and still thrash its tongue.

## TO LACK

She wants to know. She wants to know what I am reading and she wants to know who told me to read it. She wants to know what I am writing. Who I am writing it to. She wants and the verb to want also means to lack, I tell my students. So I ask them, What do you want. They say they want everything. I ask them, So what do you lack, and they say they lack nothing. They do not understand any less than I understand. To want is also obviously to desire, I say, and they stare the way I stare at my desire, which has become open, spacious.

## UNFUNNELING

if glass could be stained, once made,  
then each would shine the color of wine.  
white wine, white glass, white light.

if each were handled in the hands clad in iron  
wrought just days ago in my basement,  
one might strike the root of the weed, the heart  
of the stone, as Neruda might say.

the same reason snow stays at edge of light,  
feeling out with its fingertips,  
maintained by the body shaded.

here we might observe  
the slow revelation of the interior  
of that which we have set to unfunneling.

no fear of thunder torn between us and the subject  
could detract from our attention. we sit stand and lay  
before the unfunneling as exterior then midterior scraps  
wind to the floor, spiralled out as skin in reciting its core.

a semi-circular sound. someone is listening.