

A CIRCLE AROUND THE WORD FOR ATMOSPHERE

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But it teaches us what to do, and how to say. And it feels in an arrangement, akin to some short-stemmed, full-headed blossoms on a sheet. And we wait for it a cycle of time in a generous figure--i.e. ample hips, or a full blown mouth, such a summer astonishment--that I personally am not afraid to long for, even were I to wait alone.

And by a precision, we tend to mean glass. But that was once a ready collision that froze. And how did you come to read? How did this come to tell you your own name, its various definitions, the way it echoes from that distant place (see other side of moon) in a hopeful array that draws me close to you again, again, again. And this intelligibility is what we put together. A circle around the word for atmosphere, also known as that bed of honeysuckle we enter with a crash.

SUN

the sun enters into the body
the body transfers life for light
the light reflects, or in some instances radiates--
oh how to discern this light from love

it begins
and inside of it you grow
the heart, too, tends towards this
a minor phenomenon, a tender scale

what grows roots and grows
a small thing, some towering
some places shade, a human
but also indicative of life

come inside this circulation
this circulation wants you within it
inside is brightly sounded

joy of a magnanimous fit
joy of registering a secret light
of entertaining a negative body
sand unites blood unites a field of snow

whose flowers radiate
whose body radiates
who, some towering, some shade
some human phenomenon
oh come inside, discern
how inside of it you grow

INVISIBLE FEATHER

When you blew across that flute, the spirit was a sound inside, and it also breathed. And in that breath I meant to tell you about horses, about the brightest thing I ever saw, about the reckless shale lining a cold river floor I dug once with my feet. But that, too, was forgotten, caught up in the listening, in the hollow living thing called *see*, and I intended towards it and was lost. And when you stopped I was alive again, a feather cut from snow but sighted. How the world's density keeps us here, I never understand. If I could be wrapped in that brightness to rise up inside the willow of your body, to turn into that which flows in and out, frond-like and terrifying, through *you*, I might find some more solid reason for this, this constant transfer between body and light, moisture and darkness, the cell of reason we mistakenly call home.