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Well Enough

In the public domain

A woman takes out her phone, dials,
and says, "I want my key back, please," with
a face that looks off unseeing. Not
stern but efficient regarding this
current task much like a knife's intense
precision when hands lack curative
intent; how to respond to this is
a mystery. How do you admit
to having overheard something you
weren't meant to? Privacy assumes too
much, much too often; I refuse to
feel guilty by association.

[If landscape rolls out like a body]

If landscape rolls out like a body
then some would call it a woman as
the city's architecture towers
from erections and penetrations
upon the earth.

Yet this is no more
natural or necessary as
the sea ripped with waves is a chiseled
man's abdomen.

Although a common
enough habit, stretching our bodies
out over the ground only relates
our images to our images
of them rather than to what is true.

[As though it were the room]

As though it were the room,
some kind of suddenness
leaves an empty space for
the furniture of waiting,
without anything to do
or to do willingly;
this then is the hair of
a stranger wide and brown
pulled away from the eyes
as an aside looking in
your direction yet blind
thinking not about you
thinking entirely
without consequences.

[When rooms take on their own scent]

When rooms take on their own scent
darkly tangled, when rooms are
themselves with or without bodies
languishing space occludes.
The one color left, blue, rests
upon a hazy border
between white lines non-linear
but still quite there as if curtains.

Complexity of curve seems
the simplicity of line;
the two closest points on a sphere
are the tow most distant. There's
something obscenely Pythagorean
about a heavens built on
ceaseless gyres demanding more
and more justification.
But then again we all know
that though ordered night will never
allow you to see far enough.

Adolescents in Western Wisconsin

As if god were truly dead, dim birds
hang their heads casually perched
on the stout powerlines running
alongside forgotten freight rails
cutting across marshes, bogs, and
farms. No prayers just trackmarks;
a litany of crucifixes,
of scars. Summer is a boredom
dangling above a creek ravine
on a trainbridge drunk and dusted
red by rusted iron waiting
for the Amtrak rush. Looking
to pass out, wake up, just for once
to feel alive where you are.