

Night 550 (from *Plague Nights*)

G C WALDREP

Incidence, a stranger.
At perigee the voice
withdraws from further
consideration. Voice
is an island:
we build ships
to reach it, some large,
others quite small.
O taste & see, bandage
to the heart's lip
where music nicked it.
Soutine wringing
the neck of voice,
laying it out, hanging it
from a high hook
(to see it better). Come
away. It's twilight
now. Perfect jointure
beneath the carpenter's
intent, one boat, two,
the keels perfectly
orchestrated. A voyage—
it could be yours
someday. But not today.
Today the stranger

closes the door softly.
You raise your head,
let your gaze
drift in that direction.

