

Interruptions

Bullet in a Pear

On a stone slab, husk of a ripe
pear paired up in smoke, chimneyed
and hollowing out. Arctic halo,
top hat, the deconstruction
of a green breast and its cloud.

Bullet in an Egg

Twenty-two caliber, hovering like an asterisk
at the egg—the shell is psychic
with what will happen next: it will
roquefort itself, vein away, vitellus
humble and peeking as a hand-drawn sun.

Bullet in a Rose

The petals extend the powder of a pink
tongue—toxic event, all latitude,
all blushing ruffle of six sepals exposed
in dry stockings. The flower itself
a cup sleeping upright in somniloquy.

Bullet in the Queen of Hearts

For a paper woman with crows' feet:
twice the decapitation, a black
canal torn where her chest would be.
Gathering to the left, a nebula
of card dregs, smiling apart.

Bullet in a Row of Chalk

Lined up in April's pastels:
the mint, then mango, bare lips,
then violet. The shape the fog makes
is of a fish and how holy—watch it
swimming inches from the sky.

Bullet in a Light Bulb

Or is the ice of a frozen soap bubble
mounted in wound metal, the glare
of the flash superimposed in two white
eyes? The geography of flash-glass,
an echo of a body familiar to us all.

Many thanks to FIELD for publishing earlier versions of these poems in their Fall 2012 issue.