

# Lost

i.

Direct is caressing direction,  
is making her regret.

Flexed or embraced  
depending on whose intention  
was withstood or under  
understood.

There was that gentle incline  
inevitable  
from A to B  
the inside of the inside  
whose ease makes one stumble

where there is no  
finding one's way.

Behind or late,  
tender to the hard  
balance or on  
her its malleable lack.

## Alba: the *caracol*

Let undeclared

night delay

the past.

Nothing as arbitrary

as time can feign

song. Bereft

spiral.

# Anemone

*petal: a combining form meaning “seeking”  
used in the formation of compound words,  
as “centripetal”—seeking or directed to  
the center*

I begin counting, and each number, as in ‘1,’  
is a breath inflating your body, a body on a stem,

2 or 3, one of the segments of the corolla of a  
flower. That is, the exhalation of the 4th color  
deepens the body. A fifth petal secrets itself. Air is always  
blue if seen from the distance that properly weds it.  
Also branching from the stem, this aspirated  
6, leaf, 7. Now I grow from you as from the

waist of the tilted 8, infinite, the mark of the infinite half.  
An organic thing stretched 9 times, the pliancy  
of the maximum tethered by stem to roots. Ten times deeper  
than that, one by the side of one, soil can turn  
its dozen tints to a bloodstained blue. Excavate;  
an unlucky number; botanical abacus. My  
sapphire number. Floret. Rales. Such as the lungs count.

# Anemone

Cold and Aegean,  
one blossom  
supports entire  
the blue it  
purports. Block  
of flower

built to a tower.  
This height, recirculated,  
deepens. Entangled  
inside its own color.  
Headlong the flower  
throws itself from  
its own precipice,  
foreign to its fall.