

HERE IS WHAT I SEE

A Cento

A price was paid—a price is always paid—
between wimple of dusk, nun-shape of evening
an invisible piano plocks and plings its bottle-cap notes

the metallurgy of skin almost frozen,
until only their blade-tips show
mute as empty teacup saucers

The colors were roses from the ground and from the air, pale blue.
Shadows flick like shuffled cards
through the mind's hourglass

The beauty coalesces; the beauty's much too apt.
That pile of crushed blossoms we must fall into
between me and my death, and the steam of it

If I were to say,
out of the nucleus of every atom
this would not come clear

You and I had talked about this. How a single day should be enough—
to slip into

I know no story for this.
to pin you into the sky
and one thing led to another.

Eve took a lover from one of the Nephilim.
That his knowing is part of why it works.
a vacancy remains.

But for you,
Such acts are essential, lest we become like collapsed stars.
Often I am stopped by the hawk's heart

Love, Anita

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Uttered Chaos
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This Cento borrows one line from every poem in the book *AND IF THE DEAD DO DREAM* by Anita Sullivan:

Here is what I see: "Leaf Dancing," A price was paid—a price is always paid—"Green is Water Somewhere Else," Shadows flick like shuffled cards: "Four Posts Hold up the Known World," this would not come clear: "Starting with Geometry," Often I am stopped by the hawk's heart: "A Taxonomy of Grieving," through the mind's hourglass: "Mulberry," That pile of crushed blossoms we must fall into: "Note for a Conversation I would Like to Have One Day with my Son Since I Never Had it with My Mother," between me and my death, and the steam of it" "Prayer of a Refugee," the metallurgy of skin almost frozen: "Probably the Apples," until only their blade-tips show: "The Land Renews Its Role as Horse," If I were to say: " Perambulation 1, to slip into: "Netted," You and I had talked about this. How a single day should be enough—: "My Son Remembers the Sun," out of the nucleus of every atom: "Geography Lesson," mute as empty teacup saucers: "Still the Animals," between wimple of dusk, nun-shape of evening: "And if the Dead do Dream," I know no story for this.: "Practice Fable," to pin you into the sky: "As Tree," The colors were roses from the ground and from the air, pale blue.: "Where did you Grow up?," The beauty coalesces; the beauty's much to apt.: "Critical Mass," Love, Anita: "Dear Baobab," an invisible piano plocks and plings its bottle-cap notes: "When Summer Solstice Goes on a bit too Long," Eve took a lover from one of the Nephilim.: "Early Knowledge," a vacancy remains.: "Messaging," and one thing led to another.: " Common Ground," But for you,: "I Petition the Leaf," That his knowing is part of why it works.: "The First Bridge," Such acts are essential, lest we become like collapsed stars.: "Baobab: An Elegy,"

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