

at work

16 degrees
8 o'clock blues down
at small flames cackling
on frozen pine

carpenters catch
their pantlegs on fire they
stand so close
in the numbing cold

(and you
two nights ago
during some few hours
that have melted
in the burning
of a mind's imagery

on Indian muslin
you broke
into soft gestures

with all my rough
handling you became more
and more radiant
until I thought your
milky frame would lift
away my skin giving it
the properties of light)

while I
open and leaving blood
in the corners of my life
tramped around
a construction site
completely full
distracted
smiling

joe blankenship