

Gale Marie Thompson

Cilantro Blue

Something has been gnawing
at my screen all weekend.
The dress I put on weighs nothing,
is pinned in every place possible.
You can see it wishing us
a public good morning.
This is the kitchen in clean makeup.
This is the sound of a building when it breathes.
The glow of flour, blown sugar in cricket lace.
Dear Retrospect, pick my brain.
We will say anything. You say.
Anything is a harbor. Anything is singing.
Stay close. The drum in me starts,
says, welcome, orbit.
Welcome Horoscope,
Welcome Kissing Gate.
Push on my kidneys, bury my Atlantic.
I will have my hands in this deluge.
Come be swept up & sieved
& enter & enter & enter.

Houdini Poem

This lean house
your other door

What glove
with dust and snow

Whose bed
are you sleeping in
being everywhere

and also here

I missed the fashion
You have your best

and can be beheld
and also expanded

A glass fills with water
and breaks

and when the snow comes
what remains

is the sky
glowing and filled
with black spots

Who are you
when you are absent
from me