

Toward

Daneen Wardrop

Bats, torn off from night.

The living room has come to rest of its throw pillows.

Bats trouble themselves with quick—

Living room, page turned under oval light.

All the wind is theirs to cover themselves with.

Room stays where it is.

If the moon had an appointment to break: bat—

When a fruit-plate turns arrogant: living room—

Something too full of flight to be inside,

which has meaning enough on the plate.

Torn from an inner ear, vibration—

*same couch, same curtain,
same chair but—tapped!*

At the back of the knee the familiar
dark breath—toward elegy, *the hall light edges,*
*rug slopes, candle tides—*onto the soffet it

folds itself, *end table slides,*

packed tight as a clove-bud,

I'm upside down

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For

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Christopher Smart's word used to praise again and again,
find the decreaded
and in a flourish—a prink, a prank—
For I will consider my cat Jeffrey,

for what better than the cat to consider,
who will not consider you back

unless it's in the whiskers—and that's fine—ghost without a tune—
spraggle upon waggle—

For I will ask you to bless twice
anything made from edges,
thrum of touch—nether and ether—
where they fold fingers and shadows between fingers

for now a hand is created.
And a not-hand.

And you must move the cat to sit next to me.