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# A Poem for Guideposts

Catherine Wagner

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*Catherine Wagner*

A POEM FOR GUIDEPOSTS

I made a pie of light  
Sat me down in front  
The glaze sucked all the blue out of the air  
I was a pilot search  
Went intrinsically backward  
The moss of my feet booked me in  
Moss and wet cloud  
I held my spine up natural head natural like a top spins

Will God deny me anything  
God will I eat a piece of the world  
Piece of gone  
There was a streaming wedge but it was not a piece it was the  
Whole boat  
It was carried  
Our shoulders dirt our shoulders smell like come  
Swerve round this round that balancedly  
The one plate and the other at varying levels till the table comes

A heaven corner under that table maybe  
A several udder  
Dark like presents  
I mean in a box like you could open  
The within is brandished a torch  
Drip and gleam  
Drop made my eye pain  
Eye drop in and throw its veins back working  
A city and the insides are showing  
The mountain pulls its shadow over