

2000

# Book of Hours

Courtney Dodson

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## Courtney Dodson

### BOOK OF HOURS

Filament in the bulb throttling its own circuitry.  
The girl hears the current winnow itself through  
the faltering point. *Unhook her.* She does not  
care if someone drowns. Indoor pool a canvas  
vault ribbed with steel. Open rectangle at the  
apex, sunlight by rote and rotation. Slivering of  
angles on the water, blue and gold. Here, it  
writes itself. Here it scrolls, resisting the form  
her eye wants to give it. A girl swims through,  
turquoise swimsuit with nameless red flowers  
inextricable. Borderless. Each pull a wicking.  
Deft stitch disbanding. *Now unravel him.*  
Outside, gradual dusk. Sun at the angle of  
decay. Breaking open surface after surface  
with vicious forbearance. His face in half-light,  
fret of finishing along the skull. Jawbone an  
implication. One eye lit up, strains to part water  
from swimmer. *You never listen. Unhook  
yourself.* Face dismantling. Lip a curve that  
wants finishing. Blood brought high. Red flowers  
saturated with entry. Corridor insular, tunneling  
season without end. Insoluble. To what halving  
did I say *take it*, and it heard *take it all*? Light  
carving out its share from the periphery. Circuit  
closing behind her. *Finish it.* Night strains the  
swimmers through its teeth. Green circular lights  
appear underwater. It finishes itself. There is no  
point of contact. Water running on its own rails.  
Now it is all periphery. The one throat opening.