2007

Sestina after Veronica Forrest-Thompson's Photograph Printed off the Internet

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Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.6349
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“The veins are obviously bloodless/
But the blood in the veins is mine.”
—V. F.-T.

almost horticulturalist, ghost, the verb of not doing
a thing. i bet you were quite fond of that dress
that day. at least. vanitas exceeding the recombinant breath
of form. your dreams, dreams of gestures, lightning
is progress and mine of you somewhere between symbol
and material you make your way up to my window.

incisions: white birds on black lakes, light from one window
working the night into night the project is doing
itself in. organizing our particulars we find your body and symbol
of your body in communication, in various stages of undress
like words within words illuminating in instances like lightening
the landscapes how metaphor it is to feel your breath

on my neck, to find your work in my breath,
to hear the sound of you scratching my bedroom window
the outline of body, the succubus i never knew i had lightning
lending a glimpse of languet moving up and down doing
desire’s peculiar work language sliding up my dress
drunk and willing this succubous to separate from symbol

and make mistakes like we make love. stand in for me.
the energy of cliché sees to it that your madness is still alive
so much so that it could be next to me covering itself
with the ambiguity of bodies, aberrations illustrating the outside
gathering like flies, nouns desirous of verbs
the brilliance of violent, multidirectional moments of light.

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the white space between us, instances in the dark
interruptions where word makes sense as if body could take place
of sound, the notion of an initial assertion of action
itself depends upon the mere possibility of a primal body
insular, possibly divine discerned desolate: defined by another
all parenthetical just as you writing poems off my lips

my chest, my impasse to impasse your words i mouth
you back from black
whispers of skin
i for eye or eye for you
form
in motion
somewhere between symbol and breath is doing