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A Wait to Be Found

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EMILY SIEU LIEBOWITZ

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Let slide ladders ring on steep staircases. A curled formula: there, always. I sit bayless for the first time, a river to lake they all imply ocean.

I curate bodied land, tying gray steps when they stood self-reflexive—a glitter listing to control the tide. Glued together beat envelopes a contorted wishless list.

Stomped current, I expand waves’ breaking—fractures furthering long waste inside landings. Drawn lines barring direction to ebb, expanding together the slanted straining of horizon.

Flat mist-stained texture bridges every trapped hue under troubles: iron hours spring foam. Pleased in-flowering circles a cursed rapid, turns growth into foreign bricks.

Crashed on sharp rungs, frontiers slid buoys to distance. Slips are a box of implied silver. Promises a hint of height: an edge. It said, “gather on that edge”