2003

Viatica 12

Andrew Zawacki

Follow this and additional works at: https://ir.uiowa.edu/iowareview
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.5670
ANDREW ZAWACKI

Viatica 12

debonair this ivorycut, days
I’m one and more than one,
cavalier and less than one,
as what I thought was water

starts to burn: nights that leave me
unlived in, apart, and night

that pins all giving, all ground,
citrine light and scaffold to its lapel:
amnesia, amnesia, haunted by
this breath of another, from outside,
outside, by dint of interruption,
awake with no reprieve: serrated

by hairweed, cartilage, bone,
the beach dissolves to agar and ink,
night divesting the ocean of its curt
and violet pledge, its plainsong

married to winter, pumiced and un-
beknownst: impasse my passage,

terminus, terminus, breathe upon
the living, the blind, the not yet

and no longer, upon this O
of difference pointing there—

do you see it, friend?

164