

BIBI LEWIS

Ossified Scaffold

I shrink in potable yards,
swallowed by hollow trunks
—deafened by lipless whistle: missing
the (un)familiarity of
home. The city: sterile, carries
neat rows of knives. Even
vermin thin from neglect—show
no glimpse of motion
in escape. The sun's heat falls
short of lower floors & we forget
existence in physical
form. I understand the geography
of this place—semi-streamlined
reticulation of hyperpolished
chrome skeletons hide
eagles who careen
their necks searching for
nonmetallic shine: files of life: devils in live
wire eyes.
& away from the aluminum refract
-ed shine, I recall sidewalk chasms
that dried up—left no energy
for us to absorb.

Triptych of Phase Change

i.

Translation: a well-intentioned ferryman
who sends you in backloops
to nowhere.

Across the pond, *u*'s materialize—
familiarity as compensation for lack of colour
in British rain.

ii.

While mathematics will disagree, binary is
improbable/imaginary/unnatural.

Even Noah's animals disembarked in threes.

iii.

Moisture lingers, is constant-
ly divided between three
forms : phases of lucidity

measured in minds or
interchangeable clinicalspeak
—shift in no

time. Luck is a moment
to notice energy
exchanged/lost.
How do we name the between
of here and not?:

Step into a stream.

What are we when we exit.