

KYLE SKOVIRA

Unarticulation

Under floorlamps I have listened, grown
cold as nights healed without a sound—
satellited skies in your throat.

No guests gathered with potluck
words, and nothing scathed or swept you,

your chest paper and pen, away.

We've done our best to remember

this silent hour, its valley of mirrors.

I leave my notebook open, page

blistering reflection : a game
from an altered state of cues.

Tonight grew long as cattails : unwritten
letters within concrete vestibules.

Think of your voice saying anything,
everything undone.

We take ourselves away.

Calamity in the Snapping of Twigs

We are ten years from bike rides on trails
riddling with curfewed freedom, breadth between sticks : space
between overhanging branches flaring
incandescent into memory: the smell,
gold and green and brown : pine needles
caught beneath puddles reflecting telephone wires, guiding us
south to the creek bend : elongated hours of asymmetrical
wind and water as high as our knees—
our recollection of childhood is sunlit.
I am still last winter tracing chain links; culling
sticks clenched between thumb and forefinger :
icicles on warning signs, Private Property: florescent, white.