

ROBERT LIETZ

Sourcing the Days

1

Not Quite

Iced panes, iced limbs, and light just short
of turning the whole scene magical,

an annoyance but not quite, the five to seven
pre-Superbowl inches

last predicted, resolved in this blow-through
stuff the limbs and last sandle leaves

shake off and under, holding their own despite,
but real enough to underscore

the first bewilderings, the purviews of slack
and circumstance, of house flames

and machetes, and keening, if you will, to tend
the passions and explaining, so that,

everywhere, the terrible wizardry, the weather
fails our objections, and this

snow-grazing pair, set in the oak-sheltered
crease below the state route,

does not seem picturesque, but focus
nonetheless, at home

with the wind and this light snow, while
the score-chalking

incendiary planet, hungering, lacks
will, and lacks,

we understand, the means
to fathom.

2

Frenzied

See how the chestnut eyes gaze out
from moonshadows

and veils, how, misbelonging here,
two register

the belonging simplified, eyes signalling
alarm, alert,

and, way after way, our refined
and multiplying

seasons. But what's to be said, Elizabeth,
as if I'd come in

somewhere, the day-ending light as is,
where, only

a little earlier, a sentence frenzied,
and torch-lit

consequence, leaving the wind behind,
and briar-singe,

this post-box behind, without
a living room for miles,

here, as it is, in the place
of
eloquence?

3

Soft Served

We hear how the bombs killed sixty-two,
hear how the pet-market chaos

surged, the comports of anti-matter
and devotions, authoring

sainthoods, martyrdoms, as the salters,
the sprayers weekend drivers

will not slow for, tend the lanes ahead, a sloppy
and stupid stuff sped through, even

as kids design the likes of travel preparations,
and, notably darker now,

the night its newsmaking and tallies, the reporting
suspended once again, part

of this white noise underlying concentration,
when Allah the reticent,

Allah the weeping oversees the great calamity
of decades, so that the expressions,

currencies, the words must wait starburst
and the moon must seem repenting,

so that this deer pair nod, drawn to the stillness
crashing through, sourcing

the days ahead for us, and the dawn woods,
soft-served, unsettling the anthems,

the oceanic schoolings, while the farms, haze
wrapped, the white barns

and white-steepled, ghost-ship parishes
square up intangibly, between

the last Bowl hype and Tuesday primaries,
as still as these yards,

last lights, and as this sudden bite
of pine fire, as these

hints of spring, and all this
counting up to it.