

WESLEYAN POETRY

MINIATURES
and Other Poems



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BLURRED EDGE



Softness still nudging.

A different temperament,

inside an earlier plan.

Upon this stool is draped material
arabesque of an iron stool,

bare bones of the iron seat.

The arrangement of objects announced
more firmly than before.

Observation. Candor,
where candor approaches the cube.

Dark siphon bottle mood

of blurred edge.

Life permitted no privilege

no exegesis
no barnyard door. The feathered visage the domed hat

allowed no strange air or music.

An attempt to get beyond the arrangement,

the vibration of a peculiar touch.

It changes between eye and alarm,

the hibiscus,
more gifted.

Part of the tension,

is illusory.

A hint of what was going to be.

Covering and uncovering necessary.

Self pouring out of cloudedness.

If views of the lower body

do not conform,
a risk of being exposed,

Rain and altitude.

This is not sand, it is drama.

The anguished figure, sand blew away
that armor. A look extends the blur.

Other creatures alive,
word exchanged for meaning,
moment of descriptiveness.

Sand blows away

the carapace,
in the distance,
figure passing,
unworded distance at edge.