

⚡Winner of the PIP Gertrude Stein Awards for Innovative Poetry in English
2005-2006

[Feb/April 2004]

It's a day of red in the head and gray in the sky
cherry the last cactus blossoms fall in the dark
and in the dark fade back dry light to burn
and the snow melts back clear black against crescent bareness

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And the clearing, if it is clearing, from the North
comes on in the brain like running out barefoot in it as fast as you
can
and shivering, and silver blue, and back

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For it's clear the gifts are returns
not rejects, but grabbing the attention first by color, then shape, then
small sharp gravings and incisings
closer and closer to another story altogether, but not
but the return
fawn red berry thimble barrels and clear ore holds
light quick shiftings of the skin of crystal
of the face and back of the hand, in on themselves, and away
watching the guy from across the street drive straight into that
enormous industrial dumpster with his doors wide open and the
music blaring
and knock the power lines in on themselves, and still walk away, and
try to explain it all to his friends later, and the photographs
the samaras driven down out of the North in blast after blast,
clattering, shattering

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