split 7"

derek beaulieu

Jason Christie
saw your breath
for the first time last week —
no:
saw your breath at the station
for the first time last week.
towards the window.

another early morning
sleep with these books
think through paper
by the ream numbers
another day would do

that letter brought a new vocabulary.
touch. the eyes are the same,

aren't they? watch the mirror
breathe close, closer.
A limp lamb. Lumps limp and lamps wooned the balcony. A car door slams. Plus 5 the parts swagger, musical weather staggers closer to noon.

Snowfall over a full moon. Dry air bristles my beard, heard you're not home and I've got the gout from our rich living. In your stead, I've become a window.
split 7": two poems

derek beaulieu

Jason Christie

12 blue, 10 green.
housepress / yardpress
dec 31, 2003
10:37pm