

## Gerald Schwartz

### Yet Not Yet

The masks of the tongue thin out

And dry as husks. Say yet. Not yet.

I won't hang around here in vain. What's

There but bare branches and dusted bark.

No words for putting layers of fur on

Winter yet. Not yet. White glows tight

Without its frosts. The only bird that

Lands here is pure talon. In the mirror,

The feedback of a million bits of winter

Pollen. The veins of the creek encrust

Their own walls. No stones rounded

Or rounding. Meanwhile our hands are

Made of knuckles and something un-

Nameable cleansed. Putting down the

Flaps, I'm getting off. Yet? Not yet.

## **Farther Than Thought**

Out in the blue beyond the corporate

Nexus where all comes true there are

Three (at least) things on earth to point

To: the moon, the sun, and reality. I can

Put my thumb on one of these. Dancing

Baby walked into a chop-shop with

A needle taped to a Duracell and dared

Emerge with his tattooed. I don't think

I'll touch a face like that again. Deep in

My sleep I sweep dirt into water down

The Hudson. Let me tell you what it's

All about: snow unfolded over Ben

Johnson as *The Wagonmaster*. It was

All farther than thought. One day we

Will refuse to turn away. As a kid I

Kept a toy horse and a harmonica in-

Side a tar-black toy-box. Some people

Drink poison. I knelt every time I went

To open it.

## **From That to Which**

If not the humming sun, the blood

Against it, running, then what? An

Egg serpentine rising up through a

Pool of warm liquid. The blue rinse

Entering through the windows.

Scrubbing powdered remains of

Dead moths. Something runs like a

Fault-line between us. Although we

Offer each other matches, muddied

Appendices. The pulse of wet skin

On sleepless heat-drenched nights.

Open hands buried between unread

Living sections. The unused planchette

Begs to scrape the ceilings. The screen

Door never really opening. Red brick

Dust covering the surface of everything.

Before pollen. Before there was night.

Lake waters nearby bubbling up with

With a hydrogen thing ready to couple.

## **No Memory**

Do what you will and pure loss now

Is sun-up charged with fields of marigolds

Red as all get out whitened unpained you

See you need us too. Trenton makes the

World takes what is given is not taken no

How no why toil with your power hand

Made worn thorn meek made white line

Fear turn to life pack it up and give it to

Ardor in the ice field it is one to rock

The lake the tree never was anything here

Burning is light cold patience the lost word

A blown kiss now the house is ruined the

Wind is free beating wings long gone driving

Anguish to anguish turning to mineral down

To the little soul we wait for.