

Amulet for Norma Cole

This moment of recognition
“The flour is pine the tables fur”
Daughter’s paper, if mirror
Obeys pocket-harp
Buckles balcony
Has anyone written
that painting, she asked
Walk together eroded
Which city which memory
We reinvent ourselves each
Fur-pine, table-child
Climate-dish, sidewalk-pocket
Tenant-fig, scorpyn tree
Elixir: of a very narrow bridge