

## BATTLEFIELD RHAPSODY

History is a distant  
predicament. The throwing arm

collapses around  
a song and the song  
explodes.

A battle is a resuming  
melody. A grenade of compressed

vowels. Ahistorical consonants.

The throwing arm sings and  
collapses. The song

distributes distance.

## MEMORY RHAPSODY

In which you lean back — there  
where your skull fits into the groove

of the pillow. Mind  
on the sill of sleep.

From which  
a thorough  
resemblance falls backward

through the window.  
Dashed on the street.

Memory turns,  
hears the impact, goes back to sleep.

In which waking is a kind of  
ulterior motive,

by memory injured.

Memory's ragged,

imbalanced creeping,  
its shallow

unbathed scent.

Memory smells itself

from here. And to there  
in falling, follows.