

## Z E R O

Janet Lembke

## Poem

a ring	grasping air
the edge of	a blank page
an empty room	in a house built
on speculation	the perceptible
container of no	thing nor breath
unentered space	a cenotaph or
virgin's inmost	unquick privacy
a construct	of silence:
unless you fill	its measures
with your	living Yes
it is the	perimeter of
zero	