

TWO POEMS

Kyle Conner

Maintaining an idea below the flatline of logic, suspension
cables hold up a smokestack, persona against typewriter,
fascia, walnuts—
The human form persists, won't buck, ask the poet, the merchant,
the man with the limp who haunts through the park, assume wisdom,
irruption, history of unravelled utterances.

To purge the questions, accepting the answers, plasmic.

Today all light, dappled with things, also in shadow, formal excrescences,
the vast plectrum plucks sun to earth, being zithers—
Human finding angles, attacks, crust, amorphous gnat cloud, words in
shade, kinetic plush hum, a crash of internalized
peristaltic process, exterior corruscations, zenithing.

I am these words-things, such is my world.