

asking for passage

we are precise
in our splinters
you bring an umbrella
can't be bound to focus
mornings bright in brick
this house like that one
woven with halls
where we take care
and stay out of rain
misplacing where
we've been opened
discursive like seasons
returning your phone calls
a wind chill felt in a pill
to start stalled engines
and watch billboards glow
asking for passage
or a dull shine like paper

bent locks

if you need anything
walk to the edge
of this sentence
tightening in the throat
the ink obliterated
by lamps that
channel new moods
ok with the syntax
whispering a theory
of departing nobodies
my door is through
that door and I won't
hear the snow breaking in
to sleep on the steps

cold neighborly

my fingers know how
to grease the blades
of notes people hit
singing muscles to calm
character fire in a
structure's false alarm
ashes mean that wings
go not sadly and high
over waves digging
what we do with land
a street's medicine cart
wheels back new winters
& we learn to putz around
shine space between buildings
cold and enclosed neighborly
hymns to misspelled airs

dialect ascribed

the plan is to make
your leaves wither
more than a moment
to bend the seasons
the train completes its halt
a dialect ascribed
to the road which is
a premise for my life
walls are terrible
but people are good
an animal inside a backpack
patterns across the
mind's inward voyage
this light that reaches
the clouds from here

—*Tony Iantosca*