Lori’s Poem

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Lori's Poem

Carpentered hands and feet,
spread out crown to wing like some nuptial crane,
perhaps the heat
more than the pain set your suffering on fire
as it blistered bleeding cracks
upon your lips. Sweat hung
in salty, stinging tracks
on the limestone ledge of your tongue. Pinned on
that rough
wooden geometry, they beat beyond the meaning
of the word and with expertise enough
to make it seem a portrait
on the wall.
Sooner or later burgundy is
crimson; camels bawl
in dust now heavy on the palate.
Smudgings on blue and plum
and black
are only flagrum
kisses. I have slaughtered
mutton in the heat
before (I’ll do it again).
The flies buzz in for meat
and blood as it dries dark and sticky on the fingers.

-Neil Dyer