

GREG ALLENDORF

Days of '15

after Cavafy and Doty

It was summer and his heart was
a stump. He'd appear when the moon did.

He'd haunt the colonnade or gas station,
song gagged and bound in his organ. Thereupon,
thereupon, thereupon—he was always at the point
of tears cactus needles torturing his paws.

He was I and the darkness was realist,
skink among moon rocks, arterial shadow
of the succulents, no sympathy
for any of us. He turned out his pockets and thunder
made infantile work of his mettle. Whereupon

the heart sagged under its apron of fasciae,
the eyes rolled in the head, found no peace.

I was he and he was myrtle-cloistered,

turning 'round in his room like an iris
in its bulb. It was summer,

newly summer, and the locusts
and catalpas heaved sigh upon sigh
of orotone pollen over the microscope
slides of the windows over the pistil
shivering in his mind.