

MATTHEW NIENOW

And

Flies wake themselves from the end we believe we've witnessed
and buzz winter out of their bone. They live again
and for what? To blink against the window over
and over, the tirade of their want a reminder of what lives in me
and, therefore, my son, in you. This glissando ligature that
 belongs to the mouth
and the ear. But more so to water, for it is all
and. We bathe in it, carried on the backs of ghosts
and gods. How gently it lifts
and drowns, while something in us wakes
and, to the glass we do not know is there, takes us full force
 onward, glistening with hum
and furthermore.