

**LILAH HEGNAUER**

**Bread Knife**

I want only your nerves in my endings.

And a hearth. Keep me

on the lookout for noon, unimaginably awkward and here.

If you have this streak of indigent loneliness, I don't know it.

If you have a motto, it's *plenty*.

If you were a woman, you would be

decked out in gaiters, up to your knees in the snow  
too short for this life

and loving it. I was only ready for the  
momentous embers.

Hello mousseline frost, and hassocks,

hello shuttered garden, rabbit warrens timorous  
under the solstice field.

Here I am tending this fire in ignorance: all I know  
is how to set it hissing.