

The Agency of Weather

I am determined by degrees. The key sticks only in darkness, only when damp. In the brittle thaw I will seed a willowing brush, a lavender that fades with one touch. The fog settles at another level; it will always veil, dull the space between your elbow and my waist. Black ice, the depth of fear. I will wilt. I will shiver, back stiff before the arbiter of inclinations. I will burst and each tree will shed before you seal me out.

Taxidermy

after David Rakoff

The mounting of sorrow, skinned. We begin the next time with a smaller step, the consideration of removal. The island fled, the body's tangible failure. In toxic preservation *It is the gestures themselves*, we grasp vainly at the barre, *their repetition, their slowness*. Some taxidermists strive for the echo of movement, to hold the figment of a hardening form tamed, *it all hollows one out*. To sew without visible seams, to comb and pose that which would remain feral. The figure lost; the lie of limb by barren limb.