

Maxine Chernoff

[ghost of beauty]

He jettisons reason
makes show of reprieves
how to entomb
what we don't hold dear
how to gild the notorious lily
from the observatory
nothing was seen
to honor the eye
let's invent prescience
we've yet to touch
what we can feel
yet we keep
watching for signs
something to hold
what we once called dear
something to press
between untasting lips

[ghost of love]

go from your homes

remnants of

a loquacious past

we know your reasons

your stone towers

how nothing lasts

beyond the request

when darkness loses

its waiting mirror

and tuning forks

stand in for solace

[ghost of astonishment]

Love or its affirmation

at a distance

or given to privilege

"I have an axle" he said

"I have a principle" she said

meant to disarm or to beg

the question

Let us steer toward

a suitable fiction

a place we can rest

comfortably,

a poster cigar

refutation of logic,

an April reprieve.