

EVA HOOKER

Mercy as a Form of Economy

Things that want to step into a name step forward,
Come before the eyes,

Ask for measure, size and weight—

(You carry your bones all wither and rue
(You carry your bones all wither and rue

*

I stencil cages by hand rifle pyramids for treasure
As if I could make

Pity something I could want.

*

In the summer I lay on the deck watching the sky move.
I was weary from errands of the dead.

Mosquitoes buzzed.

*

*:: Within Nothing, you can occur within
Nothing you can
occur ::*

*

I remember the blood-bloom how it wastes into beauty.

*

How this watch is a form
Of death

A practice you perfect
Even as you break molecule from molecule peeling off reciprocity

Like the layers of an onion.

*

We keep within the damaged spellings
A quiet zone.

Set the table simply
With green apples and lemon it is the time of the lamb

And anise.
Then lay down the ligament of your right hand.

*

Ask mother
About lungs how to breathe how to spill stop yield.

(Your heart is Pentecostal)

Ask if skin is decipherable or the soul so grooved it can carve
A self from the inside out.

*

You can make use of nothing and write with your tongue.

*

Careful work, this.
Careful work, this.
Careful work, this.

Like writing in the trees when it rains.
It shelters

As it washes us out.

*

The wild geese do not know that winter will crush their skeletons.

Notes:

1. *The first couplet is from Paul Celan, The Meridian (Stanford University Press, 2011): 148.*
2. *The stanza in italics is from Dan Beachy-Quick, A Whaler's Dictionary (Milkweed Editions, 2008): 292.*