

**PAUL NEMSER**

**Landscape with View of Lawyer**

I press up near the big window  
on the 19th floor  
like someone who cannot  
make out much in a face  
but must go up to it  
and squint close, run fingertips  
over the cheeks to be sure  
of its shape

though my desk  
has disappeared  
under the nimbus  
and the precedents

and every dawn I dream  
I'm a ritual slaughterer—  
an honest, kind, and upright man—  
with a knife, a whetstone,  
and these teeth.