

STEVE WILSON

Little Poem for Edward Gorey

Something mutters at the trim
of the page—a word or two
concealed within an heiress's coat.

At the gallery opening, she draws them
to herself again, under her breathing,
beside a dimmed canvas. It is raining now

across the broad plains of Kenya, where
syllables range, sweat, conspire
to become: the needle within her thoughts—

at once certain and sheltered. What is
this sound—sound's shape? The voice of
a lover leaving? What trails through air

remorseless as this slender glass of Sémillon,
abandoned beside a paisley chair?
Speak. Speak, pale form, lest I be lost.