

BEATRIX GATES

The Verge

—on 2/3/13 for M.

It snowed the night
white and black
And you are sharp
outline of this tender visible
seeing

This morning, every branch speaks to the ground
as it speaks to the air

February: an ungallant, undeniable
between

This is the juice, the squeeze between,
the time ground works
to bring round what we will know
and recognize—

How we need the verge

Caution Shoulder Work Ahead
Ice jam at the bridge Stream's locked
Busting concrete's cracking from the beam

I hear delirium, the changing blood
Water caught hard
Ungallant, undeniable
The water must through!

It could be called delirium
Speaking to many
But it's not
Change