

Bat in Winter House

cinder-struck, a coin
 the anvil spends
in winter's debenture—
I spoke tenderly
 to it, as I
would to a lost clock
trailing a sea—
scrubbed fret of wheel,
sieve-tenderer—
ghost- suppressing—
not to be ashamed
of Christ, or
anything with wings
the night bandages—
We moved past one
 another,
two darknesses
cohabiting, in orbit
around some idea
of dwelling, mammals
any doctor
of the church would
 recognize—
a dark grammar,
thorn of coal
or coal of thorns, I
couldn't decide—
 understorm
to the wind's vivid
angle— that
magnifies, & metes—
or, a theory of
translation,
 in translation—
OBLATE OF STAVES—