

Poems

Bonny Cassidy

The day after reading that book
Already full on
his reasonable magic

the day passes out
in grains of distress.

I don't know the words for this one

but hear his
sprout above the gale, huh—
living their life midair

into squinting faces
over, speak.

Destiny

The duck is sceptical

agape

it faces the deep
passing time.

The duck sighing
shuffles
its beak

writes the word
blame.

Inland

I lay my thought
over the bough

mouthless
clear as confidence

its spiral
tipped and
drawn.

I will imagine you in foreign streets;
not at the feet of history
but in the alley where it limps.
Sometimes you
come back in drips
from your shoulders, other eyes.

Last light mine
I stand up in the field

incommensurable

a doric winter
straight
my fluted brain.