

John Mann

LINES FOR W.

Here I sit, intestate at morning.
Locked in time's crude interface
memory awakes--
I am sick with dawn.

My cat flies flush against the window:
all action freezes to glass.
A coiled spring transfixed by grace,
time stops in the wonder of his watch.

So remembering you Walt,
in all the blessed focus of your days
(your nights' starred shadows
all the scarred revisions of your want)

I think of grace's turnings,
the underside of grace. Caught
in the cracked rhythms of your
sex you hover, unsprung by dawn.

Scored like scratched crystal
you grow to my dawn.
Time waits in a wonder of pure yearning:
I'm stung to second sight.