

JAYE KRANZ

HERENESS

The dog will not leave the chair he has crosshatched,
a score in brown leather for every time
he has clambered up its banks, borne however many
gyres or snags, toward whatever blessed place
he has found there—or bounded, bloodied—
to dream of his chair. Like the way, coming onto this raft,
(your skin, our wicks growing long, the candles low now)
all other thought or reeling is gone. Or how, a long time
drawn over rocks, after all the splitting is done—
we are smoothed. Bell—mouths
opening to more of more, then a funnel,
welled with water, tapering to silence—
before, yes, gathering ourselves again,
somewhere in the middle—distance.