



D. G. Zorich

Lipdance

Far from that which is either desired or at hand,
from gummings deep and seal secure,
it's not unlike you to know what isn't true,
stamped, regretless, bound to beyond.

Through newly ripened windows a cloying strangeness
enlivens the curtains with a strangled wind,
a shadowhalf pushing at the door (to a darkness
smoldering alone on the other side),
fueled by drought, the touch of a turbid lucifer,
friction that moistens the acrid darkness:

Bleary, swollen, black postulant ace –

Forgive us, the only words to finger.

Forgive us, against the lips of your mouth are forced

amulets, glammers, and auric blood,
eyes of the polymer soul sac, I.

The Bad News Is Wonderful

Both in and out, watching and thrusting,
both here to enhance and the pleasure destroy –

The exhausting humidity of empty,
mechanically expectorated words
will be sizeable recognition
of the scarcely animated assembly scheduled:

So close in the absence of desire
to excess, there is nothing left to kill.

Having lived to dispatch, to what
shall this exit give birth if not to the ordnance
of dreams: Both bread and water?

The pitch of nightmarishnight is dissolving;
at least we share someone's wife with her husband.

D. G. Zorich has published work in *Indefinite Space*, *The Listening Eye*, *The Pacific Review*, *Packington Review*, *The Wallace Stevens Review* and elsewhere. He lives in southern California.

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