



Image from PngTree

D. G. Zorich

Any One An Other

Like weather are people exchanged, remembered,  
each in turn replaced by another  
far-too-often something seasonally  
redundant, precious, reusably lintish—

Some leave tracks, or not; they are  
and then are something self-removed:

They get where going's need has gone,  
beyond the wound behind the eyes  
to an address, a locus after the last,  
odd, inadhesive encounter is recalled,  
and absorbed by the fog of an empty page.

## In Lieu of a Proper Silence

A time has broken; now  
is a time to finger the squall  
of small thoughts moistening  
in a largely empty thimble,  
the parenthetical absence  
(shadow of acoustic images  
engendered by words speaking)  
of an uncontaminated transit,  
the rhythm of darkness breaking  
from a night relieved of its ink.

## Crookedtimber

An uncharitable archive of detailed debris,  
embedded in the marrow, processed in abrasions,  
broadcast with elbows, sucked  
quietly and shared between blinking eyes,  
begetting wrinkled bones, knuckled  
faces, mud in the enameled depot—  
It slowly moves across the answer,  
attacking each morning of eventual less  
with a heat that is suddenly afternoon,  
of one fat cloud drowning  
in an absolutely illimitable, empty blueness.

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D. G. Zorich's work has appeared in *Chiron Review*, *Iconoclast*, *Indefinite Space*, *The Listening Eye*, and many other publications as well as *Caveat Lector*, to which he is a frequent contributor.