



D. G. Zorich

Ananke's Net

By the secret of all that is moist,
the world that is water-encircled,
the chiseled world swollen with lymph,
the spray of seed and the vulva's flood,
in the City Of The Long Rock
all the shrines that have been sealed.

The default of painted lies
has devalued the communion of lights.

On the spindle of love you will harvest a
thread
for the dance of a perpendicular death.
Faces and paraffin dolls
hang in the memory's forest.
Under the sweaty shirt of epiphany,
of dust launched from cloven minds,
liquid coils in the hands of perfection

promise the gift of divine destruction.

*One more time, Athena,
love me, as much as you can.*

For the bond that bends back on itself,

the knot with neither beginning nor end,
from the girdle of the Milky Way
a victim child is taken—

Far from the inspired madness of noon
a mask is leaking lentic news.

Circles and crosses converge,
light on light descends!

*One more time, Athena,
love me as much as you can.*

Mind's Eye

Practiced, to a fault, at keeping still
the inevitable however from fitting its shoe,
in the eyes, day-late and westward,
a plate, precious with smoggy affection,
of value falling is filling this cavern
of aging fog with remarkable orange:

Memory sleeps in the rind of amnesia,
in the bountiful pelt of the kingdom's cleft,
a liquid account within which anchor
fugues and other flights in need—

The fresh, so effortless pinch of it vivid,
butt-up, above ankles cocked,
enfolding with muscled plush the furtive,
flushed, every-other, over-
under, revolving-door altar
whose brass and commissions compete with
the sun's.

D.G. Zorich has published work in *The Listening Eye*,
Indefinite Space, *Packington Review*, and elsewhere.