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D. G. Zorich

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Between the evenly spaced pin stripes
of sky on the empty page
spring was unexceptionally beautiful this year.

The sun has emptied the streets
silence fills the clock from which something has fled:
To the rhythm of footsteps attempting to leave the ground
the wings of a thing invisible
are beating the air that squirms above the emptiness—
Molten fruit drops
throughout the night; the squawk of tenured birds
mocks the empty jaws of neutered cats.

We sing to ourselves in a barrel,
the hard, bloated syllables echo delightedly.

The bounce of truth is rare:
spring was unexceptionally beautiful this year.

We Did Not Miss
We're Gone

To enlarge the domain of the merely believable
the arrows fly blind from terminal bows
across inner space (between the music
and its detonations) toward targets eager,
unseen, but known, anxious; ghostly.

Hidden, they watch the arrows arc
above and fly regretless and out
away into nothing at all and beyond.

D. G. Zorich has published work in *Antioch Review*, *Chiron Review*,
Hubbub, *Iconoclast*, *The Listening Eye*, *Poem*, *Slant: A Journal of
Poetry*, and elsewhere.