



Image from Gem-A

D. G. Zorich

Before Lifeafter

Ah, but this is sleep,
sleep or something such:

Paused, we wait, a consortium
of needs diapered in miracles;
we gas and drooling twitch;
we riddle, shaggy faced,
catholic, brutal nights;
through gummy eyes we diddle,
kill, and say we loved;
with cheesy crotch and breath
we grope for something lost—

We sleep to read the skies,
fill an empty stage,
grasp beyond profit
here and from sleep.

Lifeafter

A crock near the empty periphery crumbles;
it did not call itself to end.

Pieces lie in a puzzled heap of edges
drained of significant volume,
shape to hold or empty,
the ability figured in every curve,
the past of every scrap and fragment:

Ex-capacity, dead content set free,
free to stretch its absence,
throughout the wreckage of its prison.

As You Like It

We offer the eye to slap the hand:
Linear smooth light, the weapon of dynasties,
necropolis grid on the muddy Nile—
The swamp, the matrix, the languid, rippled matron,
chiseled, pours and powers the flat,
runway-genderless wheel of rigid fashion,
pomp of chemical morals and masks.

Speech, the bloody lips of which are warrant,
fumes the latticed access, prompts
the player out of costume, pulls the rabbit
from a thimble hat: The liquid felon,
from its lexicon prison, projects to paper gyno.

Alphabet order to omphalos soup,
three bowered seasons steeped in rooted probation:
The opal-speaking magic blooms.

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