

# smitten in an inner place

*by* Bobbi Lurie

*for paul celan*

take it like an amulet a jewel like a tulip filling up the expanse of green the volatile view from within your thin wrist you write into manuscript for the hand is a map with but grasping still it is but a like two palms like a we are bearing these layers of lovelessness together we are hovering with fear the closed kitchen painted yellow and the food always the food to keep alive these bodies in endless procession these bodies and needing embellishment i painted black inside my closet to find a basic dress the secrecy is enormous but the new things hang unused and to wear a beautiful blouse in regular weather to embellish with necklaces and avoid the loss through appearance for the elements of speech are carried in the air arranged in their respective places but the traveler's animal corpse without language memory leaves without the chemicals of sight we pass an arc of trees without seeing which picture is important this view from the bridge and lack of sympathetic protection is what led you to the water curved like a strand of hair in your hand and the weather's damp blue and your mind locked in your walk repeating steps seeking colors without names without language memory leaves

