

The Seer

by Philip F. Clark

The lank dark oils the bed
like a scarifying needle, blood-
tipped, red and ready for work
on your dreams. You whisper
 the secrets of men and past
lives: the lover, the husband,
trickster, gangster, priest.
I move closer and proffer
an ardent ear -- thinking that
I might appear. The light
in the room is a knell, a kiss,
on this audience of two.

 My hand is mute to touch
where skin has become a veil.
The strange bones of language
wander the room.

