

Liz Dosta:

Liz Dosta is a Teaching Fellow and MFA candidate in Poetry at Columbia University. She lives in Brooklyn.

Nimble Cumulonimbus

Dark with dark on my dark path burning
 darker path over hill over mountain over mouth
slanted and slanting. Turning until scattered until pieces
pock the brain
 making whore-ways wider like open to open
arms. Here the hint comes and the hunch aches
and the hell undresses
 at breakneck speed, torpedoes like a toe into post. Encased, the eye
in brick until blind until broken until
 binding must perform its opposite
 in a dress no less than a breast to a mouth
or a mouth to a mouth as rarer I go forth
like a force or a horse or a human who is
kidding herself
in heels. Be sharp, be static, be still.
Ghost lips speak
 your chill of thrilling effects. Skirr of skin,
the scrambled slap
misses the vanishing face. Hoof-less hind on the run, red-mouthed
 a red stripe
across me now.
Hear the darkening changing
like a siren
 like thunder
swallowed in the strike. Ear twitch
 remains.
Into and out of your life it lights
and wails
 as the good night compels.

Bald and Wild

The moon. Babies.
Cancer patients.
Cantaloupe, the light of the mind, the riot skull,
the tattooed principal. A poet
I once loved. The bell
in the church tower and the man who rings it
on the hour, every hour. Hours
without will. My neighbor, David
who wears white overalls with platforms.
The sun. The palm.
The bronze testicles of the bull on Wall Street.
The bald eagle.
Bells of Ireland,
which are grown in Mongolia.
Lightbulbs, soccer balls, watermelons, the belly
any belly really.
Breasts.
My old friend Andy (where is he?). He lived
in Berlin, Ireland, and Amsterdam.
Now he's married, maybe with babies,
to a blonde girl named Kelli.
The night on its back.
The eye
that feels.
A raindrop
a tear
the back of an ear,
and of course, the fist,
a feeling thing.
I have two.
Neither hit.
The shower-head, the top of a hill, an empty pool.
The toe
dipped in
is a feeling thing,
the tip of a finger
is a feeling thing,
the heart
is a feeling thing.
I have felt myself into a dress - a person no less!
Who'd want to be anything else?
A marble. An onion. The moon.
The moon and I
will have beautiful children.