

heights hardware

when you imagined this house what did you think would
happen all you get to be is alive a tilted trellis for ordered vines

the date of the founding was painted much later on the brick
side the painting much later signed bodega roses in the
exhaustion painterly and spiral bound in the heavy knit

you could do worse than write a poem to summon wind or to read
one and notice wind

chandelier

what message could you see on the path to make you stop or hurry
past and return the problem with most things is they're already
something else

I count slower to give everyone longer to hide there's what no
one wants to hear and what no one hears rowers pull along the
river would you turn events back into instances all the versions of
this song are live

scant rosemary barely enough for one bee I knew he'd say he'd
known any band I mentioned so I mentioned my favorite

poems for future anniversaries

they'll be the easiest to publish I throw a balled rag at the
shed soft so it doesn't come down to me it is gold

turn when you think you've gone too far time and temperature
the same on the bank clock there's this form fallen things
find bulletproof dying will remember me a dart board in
fluttering crayon

got very good with a throwing form that'd get me every time a
bullseye and very kicked out my experience has been far from a
memory poem for the penultimate etc to cook something slowest
hold it to the body's heat

radiant failure

hot to the touch or hot from the touching Cage said “thinking the
sounds worn out wore them out” deterioration but also as one
wears a costume out

you don’t wash it off you wear it off the heart finds its center
elsewhere in the heart the key that locks the door will never
open it the love that leads you to the city lives elsewhere but
lives turning the pencil as I write to sharpen it

didn’t take part in the drawing lesson skulls the world was my
skull watched somebody clean hedges in the park water bottle
and rag just for that

intimates

the hardest part of the long-distance sled race is feeding the dogs ice
in the frozen meat hydrates the team

it was too hot to touch so I gripped it displaced the heat

we had live birds you could pin in your hair and there was a target you
started very near and every time you hit it you had to step back and
there was a target you started so far from and any time you hit it you
had to step toward where do those paths meet today what target is
just to the side

bradford

I don't want to know what the deer see behind the shed but what they
think might appear an elegy for those who will survive us

you stop noticing the insects after a while that is you stop noticing
yourself got athletic shorts from the pharmacy the afternoon
inking through windows in newsprint gaze now a horizon or is it
the field I ran for it

the pitcher unlearns his arm a form now easy to fault but if it ever
works wow

ZACH SAVICH

Zach Savich is the author of eight books of poetry and prose, including *Daybed* (2018). The poems here will appear in his new collection, *Momently*, which is forthcoming from Black Ocean. Recent work has appeared in journals including *On the Seawall*, *Heavy Feather Review*, *Gordon Square Review*, and *Fonograf Editions Magazine*. He teaches at the Cleveland Institute of Art and co-edits Rescue Press's Open Prose Series.