

Eva Hooker

**AS FOR FLASHES OF LIGHT, WE MIGHT SEE VERY CHEAP
WHERE ONE COMES IN WITH A LANTERN
AND ACTS MOONSHINE –**

I want you to know this. – Like a draft of cold air. – Like the hemline
Of your heart:

The matter –

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Of the world –

its furrows and pastures, pretty fables and new glosses, its posts
and rails, yellow buttercups, its candles of beeswax, its serif hand, its first thaws,
its hard stone and tenements, its seed corn and libels, its withers –

May violets and horses in their high stalls, its flaws & starts,
its ratifiers and audits, rats dead for a ducat –

its props and old snares, its flip flops of shoe & the heart's horn;
the certain convocation of politic worms – unhoused, disappointed, annulled – rumpling
in their shirts.

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The ploughman sows beans. The clockworks rent lovers like torn
sheets as if to pawn

their unthrift, raze their bowls of paprika and cumin, their barrens & hives of honey.
As if to rob their fire.

Reports of hauntings and mirabilia: the dance of Saturn's rings, orderly waves
like disheveled straw –

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Make of this work your own looking glass:

– *Dreams are toys – only toys – but ambulatory –*

They walk inside your head at night.

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Our courtesy of correspondence demands more light.

More hanging back. Before the shadows flee. Before the dawn wind rises –

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Yes, and –

love walks on gossamers –

And disturbances. And molassia.

– And blood.

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Title: John Gee, *New Shreds of the Old Snare*, London, 1624.

“Oh not to neglect the present,” Elizabeth Joscelyn, *A Mother’s Legacy*, 1622.

Additional Manuscript 27,467. British Library.

“Dreams are toys,” William Shakespeare, *The Winter’s Tale* 3.3.38.

