

Eva Hooker

GREAT GRAY

—yes, *nebulosa* and swinging low
over the dirt road and shifting snow and pale wood the sun so absolute

in its red it asks how to make a soul out of fire

—and yes, I should not say how you hear whispers
under ice. And then—,

you eat.

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Hunger varnishes the plain; lambent—, and willful, it listens
hard for shadow.

—And after,
summons.

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Watch. Keep watch. Turn your head against the lavish light.

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*What if an angel: (whhht whhht whhht): pressed me
To its heart?—*

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Here we sleep in still-rooms hesitantly
like winter birds riding the underneath of, the shimmer

and white mercy of arctic air
Brush grass sweeps its face, obedient, to the ground.

Theories of Fiction

1. Fell of dark, a mutter, a hum
2. Or little bit of dream, almost mockery of what we want
3. To know, a character like an interval, of jewel, of dispensation—
4. Fée Personne (Fairy Person) with big pockets in her blue apron
5. Plotting exercise or a kiss (*whhht whhht whhht*)
6. Of once-upon-a-time, a piece-work of nature turned over into the sun, a looking-inward-down
7. Ambush—

8. *The secret*
Of this journey is to let the wind
Blow its dust all over your body,
To let it go blowing, to step lightly, lightly
All the way through your ruins.

9. And then what?
A way to drink the water of the dead and stay
10. Altogether—I am now as I as ever I was
11. . . . with your hand, thus, but use all gently
12. Advice to the Players: (Of suffering)
13. Eyes open. Like ponds.
14. Use. All. Gently—

It was the orange around your eyes. The rustling.
Of feather. It was the light. Half-moon of

Sun. I wanted to find
you out. See how you held the hollow.

How you travelled—portion of the beautiful—widening your wing.

Note: #8 in “Theories of Fiction” is from James Wright’s “The Journey.”

#11 and #12: Hamlet gives advice to the players.

This poem is a structural imitation of Mark Doty’s “The Pink Poppy” in *School of the Arts*.

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