

Fever 104

This furnace gleams
 beneath hot skin—

pinned, fraying at the seams,
 my tracery grows thin.

Thinner at every tick,
 each pulse a broken seal,

thought red and thick
 as molten spill, I reel

toward the door, hand
 feeling for the edge.

Anonymous as sand,
 I balance on the ledge

of a glassblower's lip—I
 am the silent film, the mote

of silica, meld of earth and sky
 to invisible curve, grace note

rising, fading. Dashed
 body at sea, I pitch and roll

adrift, lashed
 to the throb of this bone bowl.