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# Song for G.S.

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It's natural.

Some of it science applied among chicks  
and shuffles. Morning precedes the backdrop,  
pigeons organize some skitter, a pastry-chef-

sky says *Here's some new calories for you,*  
*here's a little more sweet.* Neither friend nor  
foe, just a train ride from one place to another—

ice  
to mist  
to cloud.

Sometimes I feel like the tip of the twig—not  
the part that composes, but the other part, the  
conductor herself. Podium close to core.

Leader not led. Scratcher not scratched. A  
movement. A sprig. A sounding board. Then  
some stillness. Then some rustling in the trees.

# Enchanted Embankment

Synthetic

day on the underpass. Tire-drub overhead. Pool  
of lost souls huddle like hubcaps, hands clasped  
without fists or gloves. Cement and weed-stuffs

skirt the rise. Scatterings of cans, paper scraps,  
sparkle shards. Enchanted shadow/light/shadow—  
that old trance around the fire. Shards of joy

pass around. Drainage-trout sightings. Other  
fish held at wrist length. Routing, routing for  
the next downsize.

# Partly About My

A hard  
freeze has knocked a prickly pear from its perch.  
The outcome is flurid. Flurid dives down more  
than one safe perch. The flurid results are far  
  
from expected, escalating as we stand here  
watching the flurid watching. What I wouldn't  
give for some potassium right now or a pear-  
  
shaped rumba. *Hey, your rumba hair's on fire,*  
I long to tell the check-out man at the convenience  
store who ignores me, but I think better—convenience  
  
not being all about *moi* and only part of the overall  
game plan. An unplanned shaft of light, warble of an  
indigenous bird and a flock of I/Thou are my necessary  
  
angles. My sorted out ignitions. My flashpoints.

# Rey D.O.

You trust  
the aimless billboards along the mind's highway,  
those spokespersons on the rebate road lit by  
undisclosed sources (corn based, recyclable,

slow-foodish rehashes or partial hashes of twigs,  
sand, leaves arching over a pond reflecting a  
rear view start to the journey). Caches of tar

and asphalt's nuanced creamed corn texture  
gurgle beneath road hum. Renovations of old  
routes blare from the radio: *ipso facto, ipso*

*facto to you and yours; ipso ipso—ipso facto*  
even the words flatten and fob. Even the spon-  
sors tip their felted hats.

# Stroll

Again already  
the day is filled with lively foodstuffs, protruding  
dry things, things that offer little or no silence.  
Comings and goings chalk the sidewalk then cleat

out like cloudbanks in mid-session. The mind  
has a mind of its own—and its own eraser. When  
the volume's turned up, bird sleepings are futile.

Dream sirens increase, bubbles rise in the tank as  
water remembers the precision of air, air remembers  
water, water remembers itself. How could it forget?

How could it rise early enough in the morning to  
wipe *that* slate clean?