## THEEQUALIZER

## 1.11

0.......

EVIE SHOCKLEY [ 259 ] the cold

## THE COLD

—and after the panic,

what?

the groaning of some
machine meant to comfort us
the dry-eyed wakefulness
the work still to be done

where there's a whistle, there's a chill where a sliver of light, a poem

—that some morning we will push
the earth too far

will feel its bony elbow

pushing back

will fall into it as it caves in

to our demands

under the moon's snow-stare at dumpsite

we should quake :: it's our fault

—the cold of a bomb crater radiates

through the smoking rubble
of families
through scattered twigs :: young
underfed lives

living and dead revisit together
the fruitless olive trees
and prayers

o......o

-and after anticipation,

where is the body?

safely encased in marble

littered across

contested terrain

lips propped open :: O

the footprints didn't sully

the snow until

they doubled back

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—as if tired of repetition nature veers off

hurricanes recalibrate our tolerance
for wind and water
tsunamis chart new merritory
equatorial muscles, nuzzles polar

abnormal is the new natural the flood next time recycled metaphor

—or nostalgia for one's ownly

culture

the draft from the window
threatening to open
that said to be gone
but palpably upon one

goosebumps sweat blisters scabs the body's outer layer giving itself a way

o......o

-ethical

waved around

like a wand

testifying to the bearer's magic pointing always in opposite directions

the i $\quad \text{in } j\hbox{`accuse}$ 

ice clings thoughtlessly

to saplings

aesthetics stands in

—as the cold seeps up from the floor into my bones

can a feeling change a structure?
a pain departs
and do the bricks of the house
lose their mortar?

a man opens his arms wide to the crowd i read the gesture: we i trace the cross