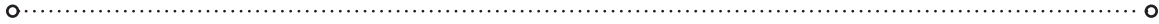


THE EQUALIZER

1.11



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



—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



—and after anticipation,
 where is the body?

safely encased in marble
littered across
 contested terrain
lips propped open :: O

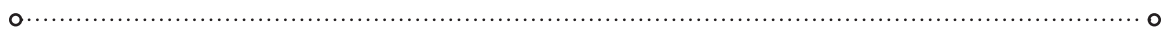
the footprints didn't sully
 the snow until
they doubled back



—or nostalgia for one's own
culture

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

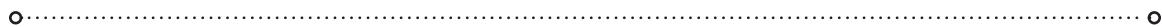
goosebumps sweat blisters scabs
the body's outer layer
giving itself a way



—*ethical* waved around
 like a wand

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

