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Deserto in Terra Solo
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Cataracts are the advent of the king of twilight: his throne is Atlantic spindrift. His lamp is filled with glow worms and winter breath. What does he do all day? How does he keep awake? What names and songs pass through his head? He's an adherent of the secret order that makes Pontifical mittens: thin silk gloves in many liturgical colors, each with a black cross in its palm. The King of Cataracts holds the Pope's gloves close to his face and admires the narrow band of ornamental embroidery which no Anglican has seen since the Reformation. When he holds these gloves to the window they become two lucent hands of smoke.