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Incognito
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INCOGNITO

It won't be long now: ice like anvils crowding the eave-spouts and gutters, the roof hammered into corrugation. The day is darker sooner, night's gossamer performing its service, the front yard anaesthetized, the back yard already in coma. There are few alternatives but to sweat like a spore among the rattling hemlocks and survey the beetles in their glassy stasis. Begin your lament for the disappearing sun strophes, know that what is missing is always here, wingless and parched. Renounce the footworn ladder rung and the bent nail: the sonar will find you leaning into the crimson of a near coast, or gone under, or stranded on a chiseled peak, clinging to the serif of an unknown letter.