

jennifer atkinson

THE PROVENANCE OF COLOR

A fox glances back
and vanishes over the rise,

her lovely copper undulant run
burnished in retrospect.

Consider as well the stink
of her muzzle matted

with blood and her expert stealth,
and the shades

and forms shift
in your mind not negating or erasing

the translucent
pink around her body as she disappeared,

but grounding that light
with a peaty sop,

weight cut wet
from the earth and stacked for burning.

YOU ENTER MILK RUN

as if the invitation inward

across the sill the baffled
threshold of dark

were into your own body and bloodstream

Immersed in light
so dense with particulate color

it is as if the sunstruck secret under-your-eyelids

red you'd thought
as capricious and untrappable

as dream had been captured for exhibit

as if the ember at dream's burning
not-yet-broken-into core

had been flindered and crushed to cinnabar

ash and magicked
into embodied light

here itself known not the means of knowing

revealed *and* revealing
— imagine the doorway

to further is left ajar