

MICHAEL TURNER / Five Poems

Vial

what it comes in and when
what comes in it is finished
a little glass cylinder with
an end and an opening and a
tiny tiny cork that got lost in
its emptying stands small on
the window sill O'ing O O
O O mOre than just empty
is all O O O O that is O O
left O O O Of it O O O O O

POTiOn

O O O O that Peruvian rag
the alpaca O O O who stOOd
fOr it O O beside O O the fire
birds O O O O up O O O up
O O the chimney O O cOpper
goblets' O O O O bellies O O
O O O glOw O O taxidermy's
glass-eyed Owl O O O gOes
hOOOO-hOOO O O a blue
saucer O O O a crust Of pie

Genie

SO O O O O O Orange O O O

O O in O O O its O O O O O

furnace O O O O O smOke the

O O O genie O O O calms O O

O O O O O O O O O O O from

the O O O O ceiling O O O O O

O O O O O O O O O O legless

your O O O O O O O O O O O

O O O wish O O O O O O O O

O O O O O O O O O is O O O

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Cork

like lose a verb but like its noun
found the vial once again corked
rolling between thumb forefinger
passed absently from hand to hand
where it is rolled again and again
the air trapped a thought had or
imagined a fact a fabrication to be
deployed saved but the cork is there
pressed into place designed neither
to fit nor protect only to remain