

ROB MCLENNAN / Life: Sentence

But let me stitch you back together,
just let me kiss it better,
let me find the seam and close it.

—Christine McNair, *Conflict*

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Words, evaporate. Beyond stray hair, the eyes. In turns, would crumble. Paint,
encounter. Island, island. Layered stretch.

Twist, diminished hour. Anything she reads: I do not. Watercolour elm. She
would not name. Who is this, really?

Is not, a fabrication. Count the rings: a married man. Is one.

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Populations, glisten. Territory claims. I want to know how much I want. Sings
portable, as clocks. Horse portraits for my pre-teen niece.

Blindsight. Rivers pitch, beneath. The house on stilts. A bedrock, wind.
Canadian shield. As in “behind,” and not as “twinned.”

Love, intrigues. We testify. The optic nerve seeks out: familiar.

Perfect, pitch. We couple, granite. What would astonish. Write, themselves. Naked, face. These daily fragments.

How would I imagine: landscape. Thorny numbers, scan. Unblinking, heart. A mother muscle, registers. Blend of rhyme. A fever. Level, at the trees.

Satellite, a language. Prisoned. Learned, the body's knife. Banks, and coats with pleasure.

●
Potential, keens. Convinced. Rips up, carpet-fresh. To bone. We house, home-bound.

Stretch photographs to swells, see. Watermarks. A tremble of the lips.

Blood races, ears. The marriage bed. If Christmas lights were,
possible. What far off thoughts of green.

Back stairs creak with impulse. Morning sunlight, winter, steams.

●
Drawbridge, shade. Distressed trees. A solitude, of pairs.

That is, to say. Transparent. Brevity, succumbs. Translated, sleep.
Unfurls, unfolds. Long quiet.

Continuous, in safety. Fleshy margin. Meaning knots, atonal. Bursts
of colour, liquid. Paper skin. Would elegize the lightness. Question, of.