

Lola Lemire Tosterin / TO THE HEART'S DISCONTENT

1

instinct is a small minstrel
flows in and out of summer
burrows her way obliquely
imagine a song imagine a form
of life thick undercurrent
of thin sheath drums beating
the air arid

riding the element
to a standstill

insect of a thousand wings waving
the silence

the languor
langue d'or

golden dialect
one note logic that drills the ear
takes to heart what can't be
said can't be reached
in the right sense

2

and strident too which strips
all meaning from to make more
sense (ssssssssssssssssssssss
break the spell /ingrown
cut it

closer to the bone

air waves
make the head throb blank
and double blank between
the facts you want while mine
circumstantial skirt the issue
for something more
than meets the eye

a mouth that lies in wait
for the heart's content
one shred
of hearsay evidence

3

the sinking feeling
when common ground gives
breath held like baby's
in a vase

in brittle clouds
small corollas

one ground held pragmatic
so grammatically complete
while the other hovers

hors-texte

at best marginal
apostrophe in mid-air
hangs by the skin
of its teeth hairline
hair's breadth just
on the verge of saying

4

cri de coeur

cri cri cri

fly-by-night unlike the dog-day
cicada hissing her missing story
wings folded for a roof
asleep in the ear

cri cri cri

dumb cricket
with its body gossip
feelers at the belly
ears at the knees
her small dislocated voice
that echoes loiters within her
secret recess

cri cri cri

wing span
sharp pang as it contracts
to open once again
to question

5

katydid will she still?
katydid will she still?
carries its own reply
sometimes gives way to a lie
to clear the throat

thinks it can say one thing
mean another

katydid will she still
whiles away the time
while she always will
as time will tell weighs heavy

upon the small chest's cage
of bones (to pick) splayed
in the shape of a wish

6

coeur en tourelle
tourne la page
à coups d'ailes
à coups d'ailes

(excuse my french)
often lose the thread
would lose heart as well
if it didn't leap into my mouth

if the racing heart didn't run
its course

 its murmur
to surface by word of
mouth

 leg

 wing

 thin

sheath drum
oh heart
your soft parts spread
me