

# GLACIER

## ADVANCES

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CHERYL QUIMBA

2007

what about

no more shreds in the  
recycling box

slipped in

like a finger hovering over an ivory key

that itch praying Lord

Lord

take the fear from this room and

sustain beat for early morning chill – that

taste of lead in the mouth that

singular snowfall on a garbage can lid

all the birds fly from the basement

in time with a clear gallop my

eyes behold a glimmering

stance

what about

a serenade

I dreamed of

violins

or battleships doing their business

your

limbs asleep as they

ought to be

on film

the dramatist swelled upward of three

thousand tears

a tragedy

we laughed

of course it was a love story

where else

can we turn and turn

like wheels

what about

a theater with velveteen seats you  
trip forward

poems and poems  
to sleep beneath

a standout education at any price  
in general a general commands only attention

and sky finally collapses  
two cents tho  
artistry draws up  
a remodeled kitchen  
many splendored  
yellow  
what

yellow

and goodbye to this that steals breathing



what  
about

eventual ruin  
petrified wood    unfrightened  
          the city dines this evening on capers and milk  
and  
we speak aloud methods to labor pleurably  
          a grazing field golden in the lamplight

          caught in soundbite  
          stilled

the hour concedes to the clock  
another face just held  
                          tight

to someone's wrist

what about

ecstasy

burnt and unfolding

a blanket creased over and taken from the closet

professor couple over coffee delighted

exclaim power *with*

as in

the paradigm unbuckling

like an earthquake no slight

shift here

atlas directs us to the nearest

faraway place

what about                      what racecar

desperate

forwards and

backwards

sip community through a

spigot

Eamon hurried                      Anne calm as a

restaurant bill folded in a leather case

my

digitized murmurings beckon multitudes              what

bargain-worthy digs

broken car window multiplied by three

we

bicycle-bend the whole

shebang



what about

unprefaced love poem in a blink

song: my life is one long hallway

don't: watercolor that fervor off the page

the options are Argentina or a rowboat

mindful of the three o'clock glare the

young boy brought only galoshes and was

floored by the warmth of his reception

it was peak season after all

the verb/noun natures of elbow and knee

caused a tropical storm in that landlocked nation

thankfully

a general thirst abounded

what about a real vacation

alive means being hungry

last week I danced on a grid you can't

take the bell's chime with you so

don't even try

who

*doesn't* have hermit fantasies

the upstart stole a sandwich commendably

patching the smile fragments together

to make a face

one desire only

*one*

what about buoyancy

a brief song for  
the seekers

dusi/e-chaps  
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