

The Exquisite Corpse

Who sleeps with an angel
crushes a feather

The lesson of the flower
blindfolds in black soil

This is not white
only silence its memory

A drop of sunlight makes
a halo on the rosary bead

Sea races and dashes
the silent statues of days

In the House of Strangers
the plague of 1000 doubts

The hands of a clock
sculpt a mirror into stone

An automatic moment propels
itself in the face of time

The wings of the sky cast
bird shadows over a sundial

Lift wand of night to the
dying ochres' instrumental

The menses of the crescent
carve in ivory bas-relief

Put on the hat of the moon
Stride away to the stars

The future concludes nothing
true or false

—Dennis Saleh