TODD DAVIS

When the Body Is Absent

The light that lifts the day has fallen on beebrush, and the ghost of God, which smells so much like these pale flowers bees cross over,
is everywhere in the air. The stars disappear one by one, and once again we are blind to what anchors the body: peeling bark of the madrona tree,
thorn of honey mesquite, the purple dust of cenizo settling in dry basins, as the sky opens to another shade of blue and the sun to another shade of white.

A Consideration of the Word “Home”

Because glass is more liquid than solid, because this pane, made more than a hundred years ago, ripples and bubbles, the prosody of its movement is like an epaulet of stars shimmering on a night in August when the first cool air is smuggled over the border and our vision of what we thought was the unchanging world
grown fat with melons and the reddest peppers runs floorward as we spy our father strolling among the grape arbor, dreaming of the first hard frost and the dark fruit that will turn sweeter as the vine withers.