

Trevor Calvert

Sidelong glance

her tattoos went slipping up her arm
“*iketeru ne?*” she held out an
evening’s invitation gently writhing,
reptilian wanted to gouge out the
ar in my name leave only the *hat* like
some kind of trick said, “today
we’re all falling apart” we were a
night-time procession unnamable
in ecstasy she was a cracking
mirror said, “*ima wa hyakki yako
desu*” but i was just passing through
a lit filament empty holsters on
my hips smoke rolling behind me

shivering brings with it greater
currency the girl’s eyes reflect,
condense your voice’s flexibility,
plastic and flickering we ask for
your sweet pressure, your intent
tilting, you query, “*watashi no
atama wa doko deska?*” my
mouth yawns wide tongue
streaming out the girl “who
sometimes kisses us above our
eyes” inspects the small tips of our
fingers

the streets seemed to lead into
grottoes we were caught within
our own reactions you of the
“waning horizons” were always
wandering off “*dame daiyo --
watashi tachii wa kanashi desu*”
something was going on, secrets
were being spun she knew a
confession might ruin it we wanted
the impossible bottles were
collected for cloud experiments

hike wa kokonotsu desu flew out
from her mouth we had no
remorse were all action, no
dalliance you were “a curious
gesture” evening clinging to our
wrists swept the gaze from your
eyes, the teeth from our mouths
“we didn’t come this far to run,”
was often said a web, a
membrane we were numina that
night artificial (obfuscated)

he “with a prayer scarred into his
throat” said the cartography was
obscured hiding the stars the
girl inferred definitions, the loneliness
of old movies “nights like these”
were always recurring hiding
around bends behind your eyes,
cryptographs ticked telling us,
despite the chill, “we had already left
the *Yomi no Kuni*” you were a
failed mystic language missed
us, defining us as stories said,
“*aishteru*” made love only for
warmth

Poem

each knew they were lost snow
crept round my ankles, false warmth
of silence and space, she was
wise you often said, "I know this
place, every singularity" the
plumes of our breath were kept
here, without recourse, we could
only speak to you "*ei wa doko
deska?*" was a pointless question
we became adepts of nothing,
held our skin and ceremonies close