

The Opacity Of Frosted Glass
by Gautam Verma

but it's not the fault of signs
that they mislead

our powers of interpretation rest
in what we already know

desire so neither breath nor vision

desire so neither fulfillment

so spilled over into dreams

hills on the horizon all blue
silhouette

a frozen ocean

meanwhile

leaves brittle ticking in trees
& the nectarines rotting

3 a.m. & the bedsprings creaking

of a whittling be reminded

caught or clung in threads of spittle

a pulse in the house

seen from without

as though a translucence of walls

wanting less so withheld

diacritical mark of the moon
in lunar lands

cape

the bells toll at six o'clock
the opacity of frosted glass

by diffusion of images
desire lives

line's thrust into the page
(not this – written across)

enigma of the purely words

to see “cat in contemplation of the floor”

by the way it's both
the refuse of the world

night has begun to close its windows and doors
night has begun to shut-shop

lights at the end of the thread

so drawn out to an end

& we'll have it to do all over again

rent by a moments indiscretion

Gautam Verma writes, "I write to you some distance removed, from Piacenza, Italy, where I have been since completing my graduate work in the US. I have a PhD in English from the University of Denver, and poems published or forthcoming from *Drunken Boat*, *Diagram*, *Segue*, *Art Times*, *Folio*, *Free Verse*, and *The Gihon River Review* among others."