

Geoff Bouvier

Desired Reversals

What I wanted, I wanted so much I consumed it. Then it wasn't my thing anymore. It was passing through me, becoming my energy.

What I didn't want, I wanted so far from me that I blocked it. I locked it in a site I could forget about. Now that thing consumes me, feeding back through the walls like fire, sound, or gravity.

Ahoy, Matey

You're not an island, as who is. More like, we're spits, or peninsulas.

Nevertheless, when the high tide strands us—a long way—we can always get to where someone begins to harbor fondness.

Shallow water ports are hard to come by, it's true, but low tide will define, and anyway the best part's inland—less wind—more there to see.

If you're headed this way, down the strait, or on the morning ferry, and we meet up somewhere a few words from here, we'd better be ready for things beautiful and strange. I'm just saying. Everything celebrates that celebrates a we-change.

From the Scribbled Addenda that I Meant to Send Ya

The surface of the lake was almost perfect, like a blue plate. No wind, nothing to upset it. You told me you wanted to break the lake. Why would you want to break the lake?

Well with nothing more specific full of wonder down an autumn's early lightfall pretending, we lapsed in a copse, then, panting. Along an owed series of ifs that thenned together in no wind out of mind..

I loved you past tense, beyond tense. Lakeside, we were the dream defiers, dream deifiers. Forget any debts. Forget the morning chill. There was nothing more we needed to get through our heads.

Between us, I too wanted to break the lake. To reset it more perfect.

Sneaking Through the Ward, or Being Considerate Through the Ward

Tiptoe—hush, now—stealth becomes the early way—characteristically we lay bare nerves against a Braille world. Dot-by-letter dares revealing then: imaginary sentences with real words in them.

I'm up, it's dawn, sadly half-spent (haply half-earned?), approximately gray. Everything, this season's weather: touch-and-go today. New and old, latest sun and undone dew, exchange a mist-and-fog, "*Hello.*"

And then, now, quiet, is it? Yes. Between the distance and the window screen, drenching sudden showers tilt it down, felt freshets. Rainfall brushes grasses; drizzle presses houses; water lets us eavesdrop, runs adrift, and comes aground. All clean.

Put a finger on it. Does the rain say? Or seem to say, "*The world would be clear to you. It even writes you when it has to.*"

Geoff Bouvier's *Living Room* won the 2005 APR/Honickman Prize and was published by Copper Canyon Press. In 2009 he will be the Roberta C. Holloway Lecturer at the University of California-Berkeley.

"I never had a front porch before. It was always a back deck. I do have a front porch on my house now. It's weird."