

## Polishing

The doctors wanted to polish off a beer  
“Take the edge off”  
as they strapped electrodes to the pulse.

Gaze out a windowsill burnished like a stream:  
see children on a hillside  
baking in sun,  
an old Jerusalem.

I saw a rosewood table then  
polished by archangels.  
I saw mirrorframes of bronze  
and heard carpenters, joiners, hammering caskets.

Last, the polished blood was drawn from the arm  
spaniel-red.  
And who are these royal sisters who come  
toward me with purpose, Rimbaud’s lice-hunters?

I wanted only  
to polish off a lyric or two  
back home.