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Sortilege

*“Night. A dove with a little twig
glided by.” – Emma Andijewska*

Rain falls for days on end,
its spell sturdy as a spider’s web,
an iron enchantment descending upon a castle.

The damsels within have fallen asleep
before their half-stitched tapestries
(one asleep with a sleeping falcon
on her outstretched arm) (one
asleep in the weave of her golden hair)
(the lovers asleep in a feast of dreams).

You see this through the blue lens of rain,
and hear — what do you hear? —
the hall clock ticking as if time hadn’t long ago
run out?

In someone's dream it's morning. Light
laps at the window and strikes the crystal
animals arranged in a double row on the sill.

In another's dream it's still night:
you can hear water purling through chambers
and passageways. You can see the single
leafless twig from there. The little bird:
all heartbeat and hollow bone.

A Lengthy Convalescence

"Sadness, with its hundred silver feet, rushes forward." – Emma Andijewska

Sadness —
with its 365 sunsets colorless as vodka,
its nights heavy as black bread;
divided by 7 ironic evenings
blowing smoke rings
into the rose pattern of paper
peeling from the walls;
then multiplied
by the interval of silence
between the muted thud of a sparrow
striking a closed window
and a single branch
tapping lightly as a fingernail
on the cracked glass.

Sadness —
with its 12 or 13 predictable lunar phases,
its 52 wrapped and ribboned Sundays;
aspiring vaguely toward grief
or happiness,

believing in theories
and trusting in omens —

the fading circles beneath your eyes
in which you can neither swim
nor drown.

Do Gentry

Do Gentry won third prize and two honorable mentions in the 2004 Sacramento Poetry Center's annual competition, and has had poems published in *Sulphur River Literary Review*, *Ekphrasis*, *Fourteen Hills*, *Rhino*, *The Ledge*, and elsewhere. Her chapbook entitled *The Nightmare Parable* was the winner of the 2004 Permafrost competition.