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Monarchs

Open the windows, all
the old fevers have come back.
Raise the shade, patina of crepe
and spun cinder.

The fevers are back and your house is not ready.
The fevers are back as if never gone.

The fevers come crowned; come
crumbling as embers, as orange sleeves
burning bark and knobbed branches.

Fever of silt on white plates,
fever of talc that erase the sky's saxonblue face.

The fevers are back in flocks,
back as a reign of tangerine flame,
opening and closing, fluent as pulver.

Banners of a burgeoning sway flutter like arson.
Already the mind tilts to matchsticks;
already it shifts into brilliant ignition.

The fevers are back and your house is not ready.
Hang the effigy from the third story window.
The fevers are back.
Tamp the glass from the panes.

Sarah J. Sloat

Sarah J. Sloat grew up in New Jersey, and now lives and works in Germany. Her poems have appeared in *West Branch*, *Linebreak*, *Juked*, and *Bateau*, among other publications. Tilt Press published Sarah's chapbook, *In the Voice of a Minor Saint*, in January 2009.