

Benjamin Gantcher
UNTITLED

we took our widow to the beach
well she led the way face lifted like a blind girl tasting
a path through currents we couldn't see
groping sands that looked blank to us

it was hard to keep up she blended in
with the tired grasses
wind the colors of accident
sand the color of indifference

and at the shore
the colors of seawater bleeding into her legs
the wind lightening her innards and head the air
draping her with invisible crimson like a lost Romanov

hearing the petition of the offing
the widow our widow
looked like she was reading
the page she had come for

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SELF-PORTRAIT OF THE AMBASSADOR

Of all the wars for your attention that pollinate
the lungs, growing bodhisattva swat teams
so that, like a plant, you turn to greet
some new...something,

it is the yellow behind the swallows,
sharp and harried, human as bird,
shaving and smoking and drinking, but on the trapeze!
immune to their own rapture,

the tardy messenger who finds the city
finally and falls against the domes
with a cry that you wish she would hear,
limber empress, rolling in the hay,

it's that yellow that chimes
with the fig tree in the weeds,
a pair of dolls all petticoats and savage tats,
and you reading toy tea leaves

that foresee a breezy summer
but cross-referencing the fenced-in Gowanus,
that obese peccadillo depository
goofy with freshets of seraglio fume