

WILLIAM DORESKI

Back Bay Aubade

This morning my body's a chord,
each note forced into harmony
too articulate for complaint.

The frozen light, also musical,
creaks along staves of shadow
ruled by the whims of physics.

You dislike these flimsy metaphors,
which avoid those exclamations
of love and hate you love to hate.

From your high window the view
of the avenue tilts to the east,
toward the harbor speckled with floes.

The ache as I strain to straighten
after a night of fetal cramp
renders trope pointless, pleasing you

as a drab winter color scheme
applies itself to Back Bay facades,
confirming your old suspicions.

At last I'm upright and ready
for a day of extracting some sense
from old books bound in velum

or sheepskin, their small type crisp
on rag paper centuries old.
You prefer shopping for styles

that aren't yet in style, draping
your elegance in textiles
that flatter decades of daydream.

The stony gaze of drivers caught
in the morning rush looks crude
as Egyptian eyes painted

on wooden sarcophagi three
thousand years ago. Maybe
we need that much time to learn

the proper names of places and things.
The chord my body struck at dawn
has now dispersed, but the air

around me still tingles with lost
but unforgotten melodies
to which we might try to conform.

William Doreski lives in Peterborough, New Hampshire, and teaches at Keene State College. His most recent book of poetry is *The Suburbs of Atlantis* (2013). He has published three critical studies, including *Robert Lowell's Shifting Colors*. His essays, poetry, fiction, and reviews have appeared in many journals.

KATHERYN HOLT

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Mixed media on panel, 32 x 48 in



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