

# The Seer

by Philip F. Clark

The lank dark oils the bed  
like a scarifying needle, blood-  
tipped, red and ready for work  
on your dreams. You whisper  
    the secrets of men and past  
lives: the lover, the husband,  
trickster, gangster, priest.  
I move closer and proffer  
an ardent ear -- thinking that  
I might appear. The light  
in the room is a knell, a kiss,  
on this audience of two.

    My hand is mute to touch  
where skin has become a veil.  
The strange bones of language  
wander the room.

