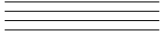


O N W A T C H I N G F A N N Y
A N D A L E X A N D E R



S E T H L O B I S

Bedtime prayers fossilize the former world,
The one just lost.
They are orbital inventories.
A dollhouse is a theater,
The wintry sets awash in color.

We cannot give up our ghosts, our treasured things.
Oh, life. Oh, Elsinore.
The dark, short day,
Cognac and cocoa.

A yellow wooden house bright in spring rain.
No one is bashful about sex.
“Erotic” is a loanword.
Mothers are monologuists.
A child’s kindness is different, radiant.

The uncle’s house a curious kind of counter-extreme to the bishop’s.
The old law is uncanceled.
“The smallest pebble has a life of its own.”
Imagination is a craft.