

Michael T. Young

Collage

Each morning this body reassembles from fragments, shavings
scattered in the slow descent through night and its many knives.
During the long sleep, my blindness trawls ocean trenches,
hooked to the luminescent spines of nameless sea creatures.

I cup an ear to the lip of lava craters, waiting for a note
to boil up from the pressures. Fingertips sift sands
of an unconscious Death Valley. The brain sieves the dark particles
all night, until it blinks back into the soft weight of heavy covers.

Through the windows a world of manta rays swim through maple trees.
Wheels sheering asphalt by a stop sign, screech to spike temperatures
at the pitch of sparrows, stoking the settled spores and plankton.
Robins brush the sky back into its blue polarities and its soft extremities,

while winds coil into my rebounding joints and the dream that broke me,
splices its disparate petals into a single pit, a core carried all day
and that ripens around its hardness, a fruit, a lush condensation of depths
that will, one day, be peeled and consumed by the elements.

Michael T. Young's third full-length collection, *The Infinite Doctrine of Water*, was longlisted for the Julie Suk Award. His previous collections are *The Beautiful Moment of Being Lost* and *Transcriptions of Daylight*. Young received a Fellowship from the New Jersey State Council on the Arts. My chapbook, *Living in the Counterpoint*, received the Jean Pedrick Chapbook Award. My poetry has been featured on *Verse Daily* and *The Writer's Almanac*. It has also appeared or is forthcoming in numerous journals including *Cimarron Review*, *Gargoyle Magazine*, *One, Rattle*, and *Valparaiso Poetry Review*.

