

 **these are fireworks**  
*Michael Bernstein*

*Hot August . . . and talked endlessly of panic.*  
—Louis Zukofsky

1.

an arc

humming  
and dry

would  
junk the  
gardens.

at night

w/no  
grasp

of  
buoyancy

2.

in this  
blind

breath-  
ing i

wore yr  
shirt

and as  
always

spoiled

3.

like fire-

works

a  
canopy

will not  
bronze us.

sans rain-

dialed  
15 times

and the  
Mystic Law

4.

to dry

to broad-  
cast the

solstice.

red wax  
and  
spines

at dawn

5.

i crouch  
in the

land-  
scape

and braid  
you

January 27-October 8, 2001