



Jill Jones

## Five Poems

### ↵ Fire Season ↵

smoke

becomes us

between each space

we

have learned

to keep secrets

## ↪In the Hour of Openings↪

Desires are daily, no consolation sufficient as suburbs  
where we walk by night, past unstoppered gardens  
through degrees where edges kiss (but not ostentatiously)  
where night's thigh gleams, and its covers pave us.

And a sky bowl so dark is placed above us,  
even the moon's conquered surfaces can steer  
our disparities, repetitions, like magnets, like iron.

We make openings darker than we imagine  
more resilient against the manners of each other's body,  
though we're determined by difficulty, time demands  
an argument with uncertainty, to thwart our silence  
a wanting, almost a substance, our silver vestibules.

I will go there, within the circle, even if no-one represents us.

To taste crimson galleries, to perfume our sleeping lips.

## ↳A Long Mind↳

I've been working up to this all day.

The gas, the incense, the lowly trash  
invite older pasts. Sunset spreads its saffron quilt  
then a bra-a-ck bra-a-ck of gates and ticketing,  
sweet lyres for homecoming.

And coming home can be hard, that place.

To live there after other places,  
to move into it smelling of tunnels,  
taking delivery in that peculiar accent of dusk,  
an old-fashioned and decadent indigo,  
slightly denatured.

There's been a canopy set here for years.

It's used to the complaint,  
to bearing a weight of schedules  
and mistakes. 'Once there was ...' begins  
the kind of sentence that can ruin you.

And this was? Not equality  
but your long fingers and your long mind.

I still have the entries  
and they never grow cold.

## ↪Rain Together↪

what truth is silence  
in body-to-body grief  
the monkey howls - tjak tjak

to touch but not the god  
to be temporal only  
a windy truth

neither male nor female  
eclectic as vowels  
comely to cosmic queer waters

we could devour evil with skin  
eat it up in growls and bells  
in orchestral rain

## ↳To Breathe You↳

cardamom leaf

green flesh

fingertip

sungiven

heal-all

taste to

tongue

garden, banquet

of the breast

wisdom

spice to

mouth's

mouth

naked