

PREDICTIONS OF THE MATERIAL

Before the wick rejects
the flame; before the glass salts
the waters, or the rental
en route to your funeral stalls
between islands—I turn
the burner high in anticipation,
olive oil dollop ready
to smother the pan, when a moth
plummets to the blushing
element. Wings immediately
charred. Let me tell you,
more than once in a parked car
I've held the searing
buckle to my chest. As a lottery ticket
jams a drawer. As dawn
reveals the fish in the pelican's jaw.