



NANCY KUHL

ALMANAC

Midnight tides answer
the new (new coppery
coin new smudge of not
night) the new
October moon.

There is a window. There is
a window and it knocks
in its frame. Everywhere
women press the heels
of hands to eyes. Swaying
and unsteady. The bottle
green depth of the Atlantic
has been calculated
within inches. There are
watermarks six inches above
the baseboards in the parlor.
No wind-burned summer
girls pace thirsty
riverbeds for water glass, colorless.
In August a meteor
shower was promised but
didn't deliver. Bluish clouds
gather in an unfamiliar
arrangement, triangulation
of sky stars sky: blueprint
of who knows what.
Read a sundial; pattern
everything after
today's perfectly horizontal light.
Mercury is visible in the
earliest hours of morning if
you know what you're looking for.