

TODD DAVIS

### **When the Body Is Absent**

The light that lifts the day has fallen on beebrush, and the ghost  
of God, which smells so much like these pale flowers bees cross over,  
is everywhere in the air. The stars disappear one by one, and once again  
we are blind to what anchors the body: peeling bark of the madrona tree,  
thorn of honey mesquite, the purple dust of cenizo settling in dry basins,  
as the sky opens to another shade of blue and the sun to another shade of white.

### **A Consideration of the Word “Home”**

Because glass is more liquid than solid, because  
this pane, made more than a hundred years ago, ripples  
and bubbles, the prosody of its movement is like an epaulet  
of stars shimmering on a night in August when the first  
cool air is smuggled over the border and our vision  
of what we thought was the unchanging world  
grown fat with melons and the reddest peppers  
runs floorward as we spy our father strolling  
among the grape arbor, dreaming of the first hard frost  
and the dark fruit that will turn sweeter as the vine withers.

