i.

Easement to
estuaries,
shellpath to shell
path.
End of
Wall Street:

once there was

a wharf.

ii.

Something in
a bottle:

One might
attach

to it

a spigot
for filling,

Emptying,

filling—

iii.

At Bay.

Landspit
collecting

what we call
stoneware

what has been
eased
in tides has been eased—

think of bottlenecks growing into sealight.

Peacockfeathering:
glassy Roman—

iv.

Come up from the fields.

Chartres: *come up for air* 

*less quickly.*

Under water edges learn from water.

Scare of scarring—

scars dropped into sea return softer, more forgiving.

v.

Asterism before breach, nosegay before shards
went following
different pulls—

floral,
diurnal.

There is a star in Cygnus brighter than the sun.

Apparent motion
means

you
will have seen it

without knowing,

and it will have

seen you.

Future perfect.
Swan’s wake in deep river.

Will have been washed
ashore.

Will have been
waiting

new names.

vi.

Day’s
end:

one might
fall asleep

bottleneck
and fingers touching.

Easement
to estuaries
years from now
you will

remember.
Dame jane,

demijohn—
emptying into space

identical
to lunula

of open hands.

vii.

Cygnus.
Summer triangle

of Northern cross. Somewhere there

a black hole
lies.

    When
clay cannot join with other clays

we call this

    bone dry.

But still—

    suitable perhaps

for other purposes.

viii.

    Istoriato:
each glassening

a different story.

Some call Cygnus Phaeton’s
One True Love.

Except the sun.

    All the sun
might mean.

Future perfect.
Will have been Phaeton’s—

sunshard.

Who fell
into Eridanus,
river of the winter sky;
for whom
Cygnus searched
easement to estuaries
for whom he
dove and
emptying, filling
dove.

ix.

Easement of
estuary, shard
of riverbottoms.
For whom he
would have dived
until
recovered.

Down
to riverbed, down
and down.

He swam—
through steam
of the afterglow.
Again and again.

Found
no body
but felt—
the body’s warmth.

X.

We call
crawling

what is
exposed

when glaze
separates

from the clay body.

We call
crazing

the accidental cracks
in glaze.

Each night
you’ll find him

in the river
shadow,

shards collecting.

When in clay
a figure rises

enough
to be touched:

we call Relief.

Michael D Snediker is the author of Queer Optimism: Lyric Personhood & Other Felicitous Persuasions (U.Minnesota Press, 2009). His chapbook, Nervous Pastoral, was published by dove|tail press in 2008. His chapbook, Bourdon, is forthcoming from White Rabbit Press. He teaches American Literature and Poetics at Queen’s University, Ontario.