

*split 7"*

derek beaulieu

Jason Christie

*side one*

saw your breath  
for the first time last week —  
no:  
saw your breath at the station  
for the first time last week.  
towards the window.

another early morning  
sleep with these books  
think through paper  
by the ream numbers  
another day would do

that letter brought a new vocabulary.  
touch. the eyes are the same,

aren't they? watch the mirror

breathe close, closer.

*side two*

A limp lamb. Lumps  
limp and lamps wooned  
the balcony. A car door  
slams. Plus 5 the parts  
swagger, musical weather  
staggers closer to noon.

Snowfall over a full moon.  
Dry air bristles my beard,  
heard you're not home and  
I've got the gout from our  
rich living. In your stead,  
I've become a window.

*split 7": two poems*

derek beaulieu

Jason Christie



12 blue, 10 green.  
housepress / yardpress  
dec 31, 2003  
10:37pm