

Regarding the Watch You Gave Me

The wrist wants what the wrist wants,
& what the wrist wants is snap
& follow-through—some indication
that there is intention behind scoliotic
rhythm, synchopated vein-strums, jazz.
As if to be stretched over the drum
of a bass amp would be a better fate,
as if a knife weren't a knife & a vein
weren't a vein—as if bleeding weren't
bleeding but singing, & together they
were operas, that, instead of sung were
whispered into the ear of a child, a boy
who constructs a watch out of oak
bark. In plain Italian, he etches: *there are
things you can never know & things that
disappear in the snow, even when time
gusts in with the first thaw of spring.*

— Jesse Damiani