

Christiane Bergelt

BON AMI

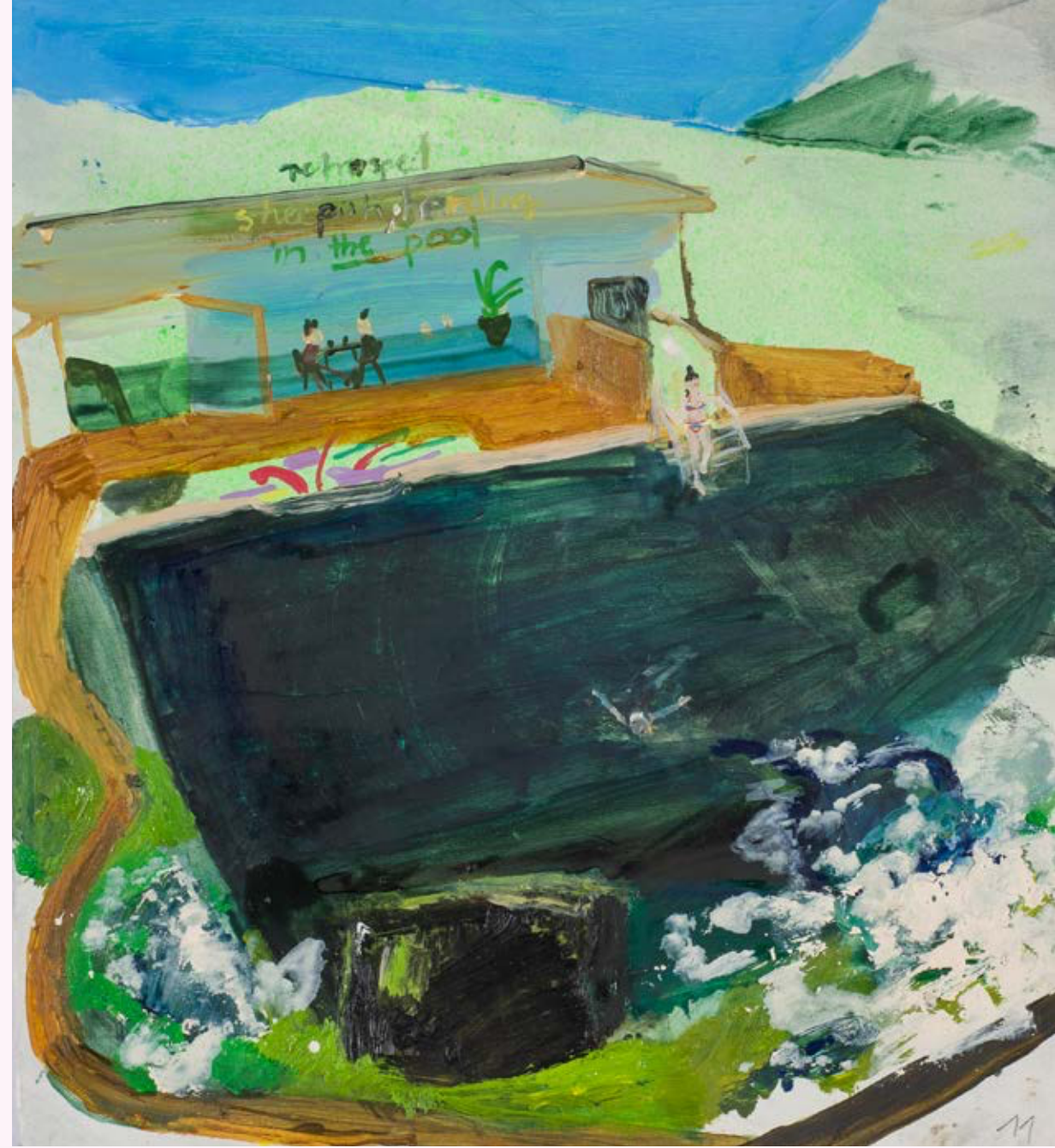




cloud in a room



pizzette



hot pot



coelin bath



ted ed



yellow blinds that never



glitch



huh!



twister



exit



You Wouldn't Do It

In spite of the bed, the creek-
bed that is, poured out for us
like a new planet, bony and staring,
water yet to be discovered.
We had yet to be discovered, small horses,
escaped. Pulling over us was
the homespun sweater of night.
Into this I followed. You,
who would not slow, turn, do it.
Who would not stop abruptly
that I might crash-land there.
We were Capricorns, and so
you would not do it but would instead
plunder the night in slow circles. Me—
following and cautioning, following
and cautioning, afraid
of the dark and afraid
of wasting it. At the mouth of the field
we were fishtailed goats, plodding
and slick from all the everything
but touching. We were women
and you would not do it
in spite of the clearing before us.



tre mandorle



slick boulders

parisian veil





purple lack ultra chat

