

Three Poems by Simon Perchik

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With each glove almost the same
you look face to face
for a place to jump

—you don't see the bridge
though these weeds
are used to winter

slip from your fingers
the way this sky
no longer has room

and each raindrop
suddenly white, already stone
grown huge:each floe

inscribed and with a single name
warms this hillside
midair, brings these dead

a river that flows again
filled as if its shoreline
is pulling you down, shows you where.

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You try to imagine the mirror
though there was an understanding
the jacket would not show through

and you could lift your chin
into the same wingspan
that hangs over this frost

just now coming in
already in front, same place
same time and at each get-together

the jacket tags along
as if it and the skyline
for a long time had been one

could reach across, cover your arms
with ice and any minute now
—what year is this? your shadow

still wants its back to the sun
already melted down
so it can leave even in winter

as that single-minded descent
sent ahead
and everything open.

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This still warm shopping bag
emptied the way all sculpture
reminds you what it lost

though when you step back
what you see between the jars
is its dried-up riverbed

shaping the Earth, its breeze
just now forming
doesn't yet have the need

for those same airfields
you look for in grocery aisles
take from the shelves

these damp boxes side by side
where you say nothing about rain
till the air you breathe out

has nothing left, by hand
you pull from its place
the sky you saved for last.

Simon Perchik is an attorney whose poems have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *The Nation*, *Poetry*, *Osiris*, *The New Yorker*, and elsewhere. His most recent collection is *Almost Rain*, published by River Otter Press (2013). For more information, including free e-books, his essay titled "Magic, Illusion and Other Realities" please visit his website at www.simonperchik.com