

KYLE HEGER

## VOICES

As I lie, having waved  
farewell to my words, noises  
rise from the street to fill  
the void—flattened  
voices of children laying  
waste to neighbours'  
property, teenagers' elaborately  
ignorant grunts as they labour  
over engines that won't  
start, percussive expostulations  
punctuating a game  
played a thousand miles  
away—leaving bloody  
tracks on my bed, see-sawing  
through my chest with bone-  
cutter persistence, and planting  
booby traps for anybody  
who might be foolish  
enough to try coming  
to my rescue.

## GREEN

With your dark glasses  
finally removed, I find  
a green that is a rupture  
and a reunion, a product  
of spontaneous generation  
and a foregone conclusion,  
a threat and a promise, a  
beginning and an end,  
the iridescent flash of  
a dragonfly's wing and  
the cool skin of a grape.  
But my glimpse is so  
brief and your eyes are  
again sealed off so  
impenetrably behind  
those cryptic opaque  
shells that I wonder if  
I have ever really seen  
such a thing as green.

## **AN EXERCISE IN RHETORIC**

Your skin argues with me across town,  
through the night, as persuasive as  
a ripe peach, issuing invitations and  
ultimatums, exhorting confessions,  
eloquent in the rhetoric of desire.