

Rereading the Palimpsest
by Anna Bowen

So now we are rereading the palimpsest
right down to its bedrock
jammed with sheet pile

a shunt in the skull, a diversion
the absence of esker
shifted sideways and dispersed.

The fingerlink of water to paper
has always been chicken-wired, silk-stripped
milled and bound

fibers and lignin slide together with a suck
and are calendared by the sun --
author of reading who coaxes shoot and word.