

Zoë Hitzig

GESTURE ATLAS

Here come the zeppelins
distance. Whales that leapt and stayed—
becomes dirigible. Reverse thrust maneuver for
and there is a floor. Stepping out on it I press in
with the equivocation of a neonate pony
curled by placenta, by the trauma of birth
as I am now with motion. With
will-I-or-will-I-not the am-I-
and the eucharist. I will not dress yet but inspect
between my eyes as the primary purpose of
drawing is to facilitate the study of the human
Through the wall someone is
Through the wall someone is watching
It is anime—I think—asymptotic legs bloody
from a fall from a tower with
I become drawn and falling. Adopt
someone is saying. Search now for a missing cat.
crevasse for nose, and I forget the cat.
A man with anamorphic
He looks sideways into my caves looks
line of dots in mineral pigment. None of us
I suspect him a clone framed into body.
Slip hand into shirtsleeve. Find throwing blades.
flamethrower and this flame, too, is a hand.
to have this world unhanding us.
the incomputable, the lethal
The lethal mutation, forgetting before
forget. The legal rotation. Angle of Proserpina's
with Tamar and Dinah
and Leda and Philomela
the Sabine women—
that says what skin is left

their shapes shadow
as forecast as all
mooring
with my sock
hair matted and
stained already
the hurry-fetch-it-now the
late-to-touch or the amorous
the space
gesture
in motion.
watching.
a show.
but unscratched
featureless, swift action.
the mission,
I have caves for eyes,
Find a man.
memory.
for dun horses aurochs
have names here.
He suspects mine.
A tactical
What is it
The alethic,
and lethargic?
there is anything to
wrist upturned
for Rindr and Cassandra
Medusa, Lucretia,
this is the hand
on my shoulder

cat. The none-of-us-have-names-here. The calisthenic how-
did-I-get-here. The joint crack of who-has-been- here. Was it
the figure in the convolution of the curtain I notice now
watching me? The figure presses the small of my back.
I falter a step and step into a cave. The hands of men
handle stacks of medallions, chips for the round. In this cave see
paintings lurid by lichens, crystals, and white
mold someone has tried and failed to treat. Two caves as the time
my face folded in half and my two eyes met. Two caves meeting
are not one cave. Motionless inside this kiss *kiss me* this figure says *play*.