

Poems by Andrew Frisardi

Roll Call at Acheron

The sound was coming from so far away
we thought at first it was the breath we missed
the moment we were dead, that very day.

It neared us like a moan inside a mist
of wishes, harmonizing with the hum
of silence from a newly pulseless wrist.

It was the sigh that light gives when the sun
of zeroes grazes hills, cicadas saw
the day in half, and working men succumb.

We all were at the river of our raw
awakening, awaiting each to board
in turn to cross the current of a thaw.

Some balked at the sound, frightened. Some adored
its strange articulations as it came
like feathers, hovering. Some murmured, *Lord*.

The sound each heard as either grace or blame
was wind that called us: name by name by name.

Logos

The form the branches take is who I am,
as is the trunk in seed whose cue I am.

Blowflies hatching in a corpse display,
perpetually, how impromptu I am.

What's dying, being born? Who's mothering
the names of things, ancient and new? I am.

Many have drawn my water, but no well
contains the single drop of dew I am.

The seasons make their odyssey around
the vacant pinpoint sky of blue I am.

No source of light on earth illuminates
the place a rainbow ends, the hue I am.

Let there be light is what I call myself,
and being dark is what I do. I am

the thought you have of me, the fire of love
consuming what you thought you knew I am.

The Archer and the target that he hit,
the arrow that he fit and drew, I am.