

# **MICHELLE GIL-MONTERO**

**LIGHT SCATTER  
APOLOGY  
NIMBUS  
STAGED HOUSE  
PARK**

## LIGHT SCATTER

Where air  
digresses into moss  
groveling  
along a wire.

What we see,  
farther, bluer  
with futurity,

fogs into pure  
proximity,

blue hills  
filtered through a  
closeness

they can't stand,  
can't meet:

what we see  
in what we think to see.

## APOLOGY

Nothing is

a gesture.

Lush, half-lit

window

lited with

what I thought

I read, what I

said I thought.

Writing

just to listen,

even if quiet

affirms the

insufficiencies

of words.

Not asking: What is it?

As summer

Accosts us

with direct address.

June, now

July:

sun

weighs plainly

on a metal

sheet, while gnats

riddle this

side of the glass.

## NIMBUS

Visibility: letting it  
sink in  
peace.

Hills fade blue  
and false—what I call  
hills

to mean a feeling-  
followed, flowing  
into roads.

Clouds  
have voluptuous  
names, nudge  
nothing.

## STAGED HOUSE

Whitewash, the flash stays.  
You ask the shape, and I say  
opaque, latent, the  
weight of snow.

Null bulk  
buckling—we talk

as a dream  
confesses itself, all at once  
then slowly

into the ether  
of the other and out the  
mouth, proud of its  
speech.

2

A thing  
afraid to touch

a thing, caress  
the head of heather

hair, glittering and ready  
to collapse as  
ash.

3

Every wall is  
a mirror, more

a nickel-  
scratched ticket  
than faceted  
portrait —

Little piles, grit silver  
wherever

the geometry  
shifts, settling  
into the real.

## PARK

At the revetment wall,  
the river gravels,  
gesture sediments,  
unmeant.

A mock scrape  
of knock-down  
stones, browsed  
by crows

fitful with with-  
held flight.

None of the rise  
or fall, only thrill  
in controlled  
unknowing:

the toppling top  
of rollercoaster tracks  
through trees.