

Two Poems by K.T. Billey

Wind

Whips are weathervanes
and we are more like drafts
from the south—warm and about to

torque windows. Children
waiting for someone to watch
the fracture, the slow advance,

the lean into. Meteorology
teaches that pain is value
judgement—all ribs fold

where fingers run sidesaddle.
Who doesn't bend at the waist?

Wild Thing Worn Thin

Each coil of pelvis
 is a water wheel churning
a very small stream.
 A thickness of hip
 waiting for hands.

Strangers take shelter
under wet awnings, watch the steel lining the sidewalk.
 Black-burnished, how it tends to the run-off,
 the litter scraps and rain. Of everything coincident,
 this much is

bashful through the window:
 A woman sets sheets of red tissue
between layers of chiffon
 to keep them separate, to prevent silk
 crush from clogging the machine.

Between the flowers on the dress
 and a couple damp shoulders
they'll find all the indifference they'll ever need

 to burn off the mist
between ribs,
 the outrageous unfolding.