



When You Shock Me, You Open Me to Silence by John Elkerr
 11" x 16"
 Colored ink on paper

WHITE CIRCLE

you are my grazing sedge at
 midnight, my nightshade, dogrose,
 wild cucumber—fickle and pushy
 and submissive all at once. you are
 a bulrush with news for the ear in
 the back of my mouth. you report: a
 wild man is running after a rain of
 seeds and vertigo; banners painted
 with waves snap in the wind as far
 as a sea once lived; a hundred
 hairless islanders with breasts and
 raw caveman erections stand behind
 you waiting to nurse me; royal
 palms sway with your hips in steady
 rotation; you will erupt and paint a
 circle of white sap around my lips; I
 will wander the jungle feeding you
 to firebugs mating under the moon.

Text by Stephen Eric Berry