

Lily Brown

FIELD FIGURE

Her body twists at the waist

still comfortably intact.

Any world reverses. Earth on sky,

black on grey, urchins

in flowers, i.e. the field

is the sea, an iris

sun redone.

The moon's not cratered but seeded.

Body parts obscured by feather.

Body parts made circle by snakes.

Feather, flower, feather, flush.

Sky all lispings stars.

Lux is a measure of luminous flux

and eyes, half shut, dim studs,

turn my eyes on me.

I make a bed—white covers white covers
checkered dog,
green book half gone.

At mind's light
the ceiling's a sea heaving.

Aquatic on hind legs
the sea watches,
the striped prairie, hung with hearts, eyes.

I watch sight regular
in the garden,
in the garden
watch it move
so many seeds from the iris sun.



Cristina Toro. *The Invisible Life of Small Things*, 2011, acrylic on canvas.

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