Bold Beginnings
Natalia Zorrilla

“For a poet, the first line of each verse is a riddle. Take your place boldly.”
--Emily Dickinson, probably

“Assume that nouns are singular rather than plural.”

now after work, the pale stucco
    Could keep a Chancel, cool -

It was the hidden man so handsome;
a cherub’s fat little hand gesturing
like a bird but everyone’s ears are bleeding.

    the river’s wind made shiver
from uncleaned neck to her fantail. The pen
    And I got as far as Capitol Hill.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan
Into the nothingness of scorn and noise,
    I am but two days old.