

# QUIET POEMS

FELICIA ZAMORA

incept

adam/atom, callow

sole

if I am your rib, *whose home?*

& space binds

to rules; flesh & rules.

molten

cast from/cast into

core

where hands inch together, *unable*

& a temporal lobe catches

chants carved in lobes.

incipit

cords gathering

motet

in congregation, *here lies*

& in interment we all

*hush—find place.*

caducity

D minor/limp

notes/nodes

immunity in body—contrapuntal

itself—*The Art of*

unfinished, *Fugue—*