

# MATTHEW MULLANE

THE WHOLE MOON GLEAMS IN EVERY POOL, POEMS

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## **This Island is Bigger**

"But you, you were built inside out."

"And you were born on an island."

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Soft disconnect,  
    black hair courting brown

Walkway flush  
with the rooftop.

"My post is empty and yours is too."

//

A scumble faced statue  
    Held tight between spools of magnetic tape.

Foley clicks away and grew up  
To stubbled legs always opening.

It's not as if fabric bricks stand,  
But that those wires may fray into,

"My island is bigger than your island."

## Station House

Homes for none and nothing for many.

"Let the embankment  
give way."

"I won't turn further,  
turn further further turn  
than the bored center,  
murmur and knock."

Striped course  
And bounded slate blocks,  
Homes for a drink of water.

Uproots glisten  
towards

Homes for none

and nothing for none

and nothing for a

looping stalk,

Followed between striped course  
And bounded by

A spliced perspective,  
diagonal  
spout.

Light cave  
floats orange delta.

Three prints  
and four steps  
for a drink of water.

## 1A Tartan

Led to a ballet, 1A  
2 to flooded tinder  
To force broken flint to bridge.

Examples of their own separation,  
itself an insinuation, is an  
introduction 30 years spent in "I did not like I  
liked" and this

open ended format left many doors open ended format left  
many doors open  
ended format left many doors open

To a reduction, a blackboard.

But it will do as a ballet 1A  
2 to a bridge.