Sun lights up a pelt of dust on the receiver.

Being unexpected, this is a kind of call.

Cross names out and things are all made up of contrary, percussive, adjectival tugs.

I remember someone wrestled an angel, a signal.

* 

The present’s chronic revision which a poem re-enacts.

The open vowel (peek-a-boo) pelvis

through which you “came into this world”
sits on the shelf
in a mausoleum
now,
world on either side of it