

POETRY CRITICISM

by EILEEN TABIOS

—for Paul Auster, and after his Collected Poems

1.

What if

 all along
the interior was stone?

All along

 what if
stone defined the absence of void?

Do poems cancel

 foolishness
from questions?

If not, does not the stone palm

 crack—
the pieces never to be caught?

2.

Nearly blinded me,

 this stone
splinter released by sun.

Blood on fingers

 after brushing
cheek's glimmer of bone.

Pain a most

 effective tool
for obviating abstraction(s).

Dear Stranger,

 After all this time
my lips shall memorize yours

Literally.