

TWO POEMS BY LISA WILLIAMS

Gazelle in the House

A gazelle in the house means tender, breaking
silence. An approach calibrating hesitation. Something
held out in the hand. Something bitter, exactly toward
a gazelle. You will bring things forward that are not
of your world. You will push things back that seemed
massive, fundamental—packed away, out of the path
of a gazelle. Rooms must be cleared for the strands
of her shadow, a thin frame on white walls. Let a gazelle
determine it all. Enclosure means trespass. What looks open
is. No thoughtless clarity. No space she cannot step
into, butt to the width of her animal
need. She will stray. Like a clock, her hooves mark
crooked shifts on your floor. Her ears
quake like tuned strings.

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