

PHILIP METRES

Dear Lattice of Peasant Ribs

dear city midwifed from Peter's mind
dear Neva Venus your avenues of want

want nothing now your churches robed
in plastic & scaffold await transfiguration

Kazan's cathedral columns a back-
drop where purple-dyed punks mill

with provincial brides & classmates mull
swirling bustle skirts to fiddles turning

tradition to invention dear city of postcoital
light & inchoate dark dear lattice

of peasant ribs & spine your Museum
of Atheism then your Museum

of Atheism & Religion now St. Isaac's
again & swathed in green curtain

dear cocoon where have you hidden
the other me dear sweet mouth

I cannot touch your face without
that fever again