

SCOTT M. BADE

All this was done that it might be fulfilled...

After Rene Magritte's The Lovers

Even now there is a distance we must
traverse beneath the cornice's sharp gaze.

Where amongst the folds will I find you
woolen with want? This room desires us

just as the forest desires the beasts. Who
claims anything beyond the body? And

the body's blindness to its fictions. I learn
most tangibly through a metaphor's warp

and weft. We've been sacked. And humor
is sad so often it feels strange to say it but still,

shouldn't we try to speak with an uplift
toward the end? An opening punctuation is.

Syntax, too, can provide, often the space to
place a door or room, bi-colored to provide

something there that is both contrast and balance,
like the fog over lake face or her bare arm under

the masked head's embrace. Enter. You. Me.
I love you she said between the muslin folds

meaning where are the moments that this moment
supersedes, crushes into pigment its atoms

of anonymity? I love you he said but the room
said it louder; its formal control like ravines

on either side of the road or, as is often the case
with lovers, like spinning above a missing floor.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott M. Bade is the author of *My Favorite Thing about Desire* (Celery City Chapbooks 2018), and his work has also appeared in *Fugue*, *Shadowgraph*, *Foothill*, and *Atticus Review*. Scott teaches at Kalamazoo College and the Kalamazoo Institute of Arts. He also serves as the coordinator of Western Michigan University's Center for the Humanities.

