



Toni Morrison

Five Poems

Silhouettes by KARA E. WALKER



RAINMAKER EDITIONS
LAS VEGAS 2002



I

I tore from a limb fruit that had lost its green.
My hands were warmed by the heat of an apple
Fire red and humming.
I bit sweet power to the core.
How can I say what it was like?
The taste! The taste undid my eyes
And led me far from gardens planted for a child
To wildernesses deeper than any master's call.



The perfect ease of grain
Time enough to spill
The flavor of a woman carried through the rain.

Honey-talk tongues
Down home dreams
A rushed but shapely prayer.
Evening lips part to hush
Questions raised at dawn.

The melon yields another slice.
Fingers understand.
Ecstasy becomes us all.
Red cherries become jam.

Deep juvenile sleep
A whistle trace
White shorelines in green air.
Welcome doors held open
When goodbye is "So long."

The perfect poise of grain
Time enough to spill
The flavor of a woman remembered on a train.



It comes
Unadorned
Like a phrase
Strong enough to cast a spell;
It comes
Unbidden,
Like the turn of sun through hills
Or stars in wheels of song.
The jeweled feet of women dance the earth,
Arousing it to spring.
Shoulders broad as a road bend to share the weight of years.
Profiles breach the distance and lean
Toward an ordinary kiss.
Bliss.
It comes naked into the world like a charm.

Five Poems is published in a signed edition of 399 numbered and 26 lettered copies.
The book was designed by Peter Rutledge Koch, and printed letterpress from digital
imaging and photo-polymer plates at Peter Koch, Printers in Berkeley, California.
The typeface is Rialto Piccolo designed by Giovanni de Faccio and Lui Karner.
The text paper is Rives BFK, the cover papers are Fabriano Ingres.
Binding and housing by Jace Graf at Cloverleaf Studio in Austin, Texas.

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This is copy number 182

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