

VISITORS  
Jun-long Lee

**MODEL**

**VISITORS**

**A FORTNIGHT**

## Tuesday

At the hour where he presided  
he came to my house wearing  
transparent garments.

His entourage remained outside  
as we began to wrestle  
in the living room.

The garments were a vessel  
bearing the shining limbs he  
used to overcome me.

The fumigation was styrax.  
The herb was tarragon.

## **Thursday**

At the hour where he presided  
he came to my house on  
all fours.

Without waiting he placed  
his paws on my neck and  
we fought.

His breath smelled of lilacs,  
placed in water and left  
in darkness.

The fumigation was elk horn.  
The herb was thyme.

## **Saturday**

At the hour where she presided  
she came to my house wrapped  
in smoke.

Before we began, I was kissed  
on the forehead like a child  
by someone else's mother.

With every manoeuvre my arms  
became softer, my legs rounder  
and smoother.

Today no fumigation was needed.  
The herb was sage.

## Tuesday

At the hour where he presided  
he came to my house  
transparent as before.

Today I did not want  
to, so we sat in the living room  
drinking water.

From beneath his transparency  
I learned the oracle of his limbs  
in a language I do not know.

The fumigation was styrax.  
The herb was tarragon, though dill was used instead.

## **Wednesday**

At the hour where it presided  
it came to my house where  
it slipped beneath the doorway.

Less a struggle than a prolonged  
embrace, we breathed each other  
in a way that resembled weeping.

I nearly won as I pinned down  
a form composed of hours which  
would escape me as always.

The fumigation was cedar bark.  
The herb was dandelion.

## Friday

At several hours at once  
he came to my house  
filling my lawn with light.

He moved through the windows  
burning the curtains, encircling  
my wrists and sliding down my throat.

Inside we struggled, he  
with the darkness of my organs  
I with his unnatural pallor.

The fumigation was crocus.  
The herb was saffron.

## **Saturday**

At the hour where she presided  
she came to my house where  
I was not to be found.

Closing the curtains she took  
the smoke from her and draped  
it over the furniture.

She filled the hallway with  
herself, which was  
a type of singing.

Today no fumigation was needed.  
I was not home to place the herbs.

## Tuesday

At the hour where he presided  
he came to my house shortly  
before I returned.

I passed through the gathering  
outside my window: transparent  
animals in transparent garments.

Inside, ringed by smoke and singing,  
he awaited me in the living room; we  
began without words between us.

The fumigation was styrax.  
The herb was tarragon mixed with leaves.

**AN OVERNIGHT STAY**

with equal tenderness  
and disgust they are received  
The relatives, once beloved  
cots arranged downstairs

observed at the end of evening  
through the hardening quartz  
solidifying cabbage of light  
That night, unable to sleep

the low-relief of their bones  
raise tents among the bodies  
where camp former, disowned acts  
with their own little fires



you have come to my house  
to feed me with my days

kind food that smells like rivers  
spoiled food from well-tended graves  
Carriers of the kind and spoiled  
I give the lower rooms

and with them the keys  
to private garden gates

that lead to vital shelters  
that lead to the pits of the reader

where at night is divined  
by the insides of the lily  
reflection of lily, water, lamp  
The sleepless substance

seeping through and offered  
as morning loaves

which I might take in my mouth  
which I might throw on the ground

when I taste the mixed-in ashes  
that push up new lives and bring  
their plots to the surface  
candled by a personal farmer;

brought to the bed by relatives  
the sadness of edible days

Jun-long Lee is the author of the chapbook *Two/Ought* and several short films; he also paints and makes comics. His recent work has appeared in *Conjunctions*, *Jubilat*, *The Malahat Review*, *Grain*, and *Contemporary Verse 2*.

