

MATT BULT

Yosemite Falls, 2002
Acrylic on Canvas, 20 x 16 in



COURTESY ALEX BULT GALLERY

DAVID SAHNER

Minerali

I. Quartz

No less lustrous for your pedestrian stock,
Rarely pure except in mongrel pleasures,
You wear many hues of disguise
Cream or smoke—proud commoner
Surprising us with your faces.

II. Stromatolites

Blue-green targets of time
Replaced by alluvial stone—
Concentric circles
Light-dark light-dark
Like the days and separated
By the layered
Residue of years,
Each band the unspooled whorl
Of a fingerprint.

III. Pyrite

Mountebank!
More and less aureate than gold
Pocked by your cunning,
Beguiler of those who wear dreams
On their eyes.

IV. Chalcocite

Haphazardly disposed,
Like a cubist model in dishabille,
Thin plates crossing in drunken dimensions.
End on: a gray ichthyotic luster
Of confused human scales.

V. Obsidian

Minatory edges,
Primitive scalpel we like
to draw along the skin.
The one who is not us in its sheen.

VI. Jade

One dollop of teal,
Dowdy but smooth,
Ovate stone—
Amniotic sac within
Cupping an embryo drawn to the stage lights—

Jade tumbling toward her beauty,
Which is more so than a poem can say
In its fumbling skins.

David Sahner is a physician-scientist and prize-winning poet with interests in artificial intelligence, human consciousness, physics, infectious diseases, and biology. His poetry has appeared in a number of journals, including *Connecticut Review*, *Foliage Oak*, *the Bitter Oleander*, and *the Sandy River Review*.