

**Pre-Comprehensive**

*By Cynthia Kuhn*

I've been drawn and quartered  
into more sponge than body,  
absorbing and wringing  
upon command. To see  
your eyes skim lightly  
over a polished vessel  
(all sundrench and glitter)  
stuns and disproves.  
Plato was wrong: appearances  
determine reality. Artifice  
(O neptune eyes, O coral lips)  
is a discipline, too,  
profoundly alchemical.  
Meanwhile, I trip around  
in a state of mismatch,  
as enticing as clam chowder  
but learning.