

## **“Infinite Folds of Silk”**

a poem inspired by Clarence Schumaker’s painting, *Channel 4*

by Jeffrey Lamar Coleman

Then, I lived in the time before  
When love was a sunrise

And we never spoke of dusk.  
We never mentioned waves

Not covering uncovered bodies  
As we swam towards,

Beneath love, submerged  
In a realm without end.

We never imagined kamikazes  
Of night birds descending

Into unlit horizons  
To obliterate dreams of dawn.

We were always serenaded instead  
By seagulls vanishing behind clouds—

Like ancient rituals  
Of passing through and beyond another world—

Their songs a ribbon of fuchsia  
Undulating with and against our skin

As if infinite folds of silk  
Binding us beyond ourselves

And we never speak of dusk.