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mayend04

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lapLAP

Lapis not be lap
not be lambent but
labia, be lappet,
lapel, lampoon,

that lap be licking, and to lick,
and to lap up, the way the tree
licks up underneath the earth
with its long tongues
the small and endless waters in the earth

but not *lambano*, no hurry
to the place, but I make haste
to where you unfolded
the lappets of your closing,

clothing, it all is one blue stone
of unknown origin its name

it was the first weapon
it is the thing this church of me is
founded on

a rock, a rock big enough
to lift and throw
and kill a man and still be blue.

I grind it not too fine
and paint with it, ultra mare
that color comes, the blue
bluer than the sea that comes
from over there

where the blue man complains to the moon.

28 May 2004

Number every mistake