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No tax city
over brown river
speaks to poor woman
only 23 twice a mother
no man in sight

I am an unwed bride,
a childless mother,
a story told with numerals alone.

23 March 2014
1.
Suppose a fish
came here too
the smooth flanks of whom
silver by fast
in the roseing water
that sun does gold

Suppose a single fish
arched its back and swelled
out a great bell-curve
over the whole city
and stayed that way
a thousand years
— your years, mere
moments to a great being
like that,
      biology of spirit—
there is no time.
2.
In spirit land
there is no time
only space
and what it does
to us

the city safe beneath its glittering scales.

23 March 2014
Lightweight, as a swan
reflected in slow eddy
I am (any I is)
a bird that turns
half under water
half in the sky,
a self is a beast,
some heraldic blending,

my enfield, head
(brain) of a fox
forelegs an eagle’s grip
and eagle chest and lion after
and wolf tale aloft,

*a self is a composite,*
heraldry is always reminding,

*we are the mythical beasts,*
griffins basilisks manticores.
There is no such single animal as me.

(All that I learned from a picture
of a swan moving forward
in Jeff Scher’s lovely little
homage to springtime *Welcome Back.*)

24 March 2014
= = = = =

Moon and morning star
then color starts
as if it came from there
all over again
and we were new.

Dawn is a quiet desire.
An obsequious animal
at first, barely rousing
through the trees and then
before you know it
you know it.

25 March 2014
There are so many
and none.

    gematria
shows the way, every
word adds up to One

which is the same as Ten.

How our cruise began
in all these seas
from which these lilies
hurried home.

    Long
lovely quiet equaling None.

25 March 2014
The roses when they begin to shout
will drown me out. This is the way
I am supposed to be, a voice
in ordinary attending on great matters
from the lower register,

          a song not

much use to the sun.

25 March 2014
AQUEOUS HUMOUR

Waiting to specify
begins in the trees
where answers ripen

the sea the sea they cried
on the mountain crest
seeing what they saw
with the part of ocean
that wanders us.

In the old books it is said
the whole earth is the Buddha’s blue eye—

See with the earth and really see.

25 March 2014
You see a certain thing
you fall unconscious.
As if the whole body is
not strong enough
for what it sees, or is
only what it beholds
and there was nothing there.

25 March 2014.
From palest dawn

the brave light

comes,

then slow

the colors

those children of the light.

26 March 2014
INTERVIEW WITH THE DRAGON

I am many kinds.

You alone?

I all one.

Water and air, like in Chinese?

I am air when I am in water,
I am water when I am in air.
I am earth when you sleep,
I am fire all the time.

When you roar, is there meaning?

There is always meaning
count the lines
in my face, they
match precisely the lines in your palms.
And when I say precisely
I mean the numbers match,
the planets align, the rain falls.

Do I belong to you or you to me.
As a part to a whole.

Which is part, which is whole.

Yes, only yes.

You confuse me with clarity.

Next-door, a machine is grinding tree stumps at the behest of some man or men.

Or woman?

A machine thinks everyone is a woman.

26 March 2014