

PRIMAL

Primal is book seven of Decapoiema. Decapoiema is a series of 10 works of poetry, each based on one of the elemental numerals 0-9.



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Primal began as an effort at finding beauty. I observed my times and places with the goal of discovering the beauty in each of them. In doing this, I eventually came back to the connection between beauty and truth and the realization that nothing is more primal than these.

Beauty's companionship with truth is one of the fundamental premises of these poems. The relationship of words and numbers becomes the way that beauty and truth are expressed.

In these poems, primal is more than our earliest emotions or our essential nature. It is represented by the concept of prime numbers. A prime number is one that is only divisible by 1 and itself. It cannot be broken down by any other factors. It may even be indivisible, like the Tao.

Prime numbers are also the building blocks of all natural numbers. Every natural number is equal to a unique set of prime numbers being multiplied together. They are a part of everything, again like the Tao. Perhaps a better name for prime numbers is Tao numbers.

Each of these poems has stanzas with line counts that are the first four prime numbers, 2, 3, 5 and 7. The chapters take us through the seven days of week with seven poems per day. In addition, the chapter titles contain a seven word circle poem that is rotated one word for each day.

Primal beauty, primal truth, primal numbers, primal poems.

Stars bleed light, cracks open, sighing night.

Stars bleed light,
cracks open,
sighing night.

First Day

First Day 1

Over me
Over you

Comes a creation
Holds a preservation
Cries a destruction

Breathes a wander of air
Flares an arm of fire
Grinds the scales of earth
Holds a lift of water
Carries a scent of ether

Quiets the song of the black first day
Washes the love of the yellow second day
Hides the moon of the green third day
Strikes the hull of the red fourth day
Gathers the heavens of the blue fifth day
Rises the mist of the brown sixth day
Tastes the pure of the white seventh day

First Day 2

Do not enter,
Do not venture.

For venturers have been known to never return.
Who knows what they found,
If they found anything.

If they found beauty,
Would they tell it?
Would they remember the radiance
When light broke the fern,
Splitting the fronds into tendrilled rays

Of green becoming white.
White becoming a sear
On the innermost wound.
A wound that had lost love blood much too long.
A long that stretched so far.
So far that the tail became the leading wave
Of a returning tide of light.

First Day 3

A thin finger of ivy
Unwinds its way

Up the trunk of the fir
That for hundreds of years
Has never felt such a fibrous caress.

Though curious
Of its new host,
The ivy mind is simply being.
That very thing
We all preach to each other.

How would it feel
To be called an invasive species?
Would your leaves weep
As you worked the work of your calling?
It is us who make the declaration
Of a single point in time
To be the one, the true.

First Day 4

We place our hearts
As a template on the land,

Much the same as the marks
Left by the tamers
And the conquerors.

If this be our end,
If this be the want and why
Of our weary walk,
Then what becomes
Of the beauty of today?

If never was allowed the planting of the new,
I never would have sat
Stunned before the aspen
Sown years ago in this land of fir.
I would not have seen it bless
The vows we all spoke in our hearts
On a downpour September evening.

First Day 5

Do you ride somewhere on the steed of fear,
Who follows your every move?

I have moved closer, leaned into you
And all I see is white.
So white it covers every other thing.

I examine you without label
And all I hear is noise,
Noise that drowns out
Even my own heart.
Shall I want you gone?

You have taken me as your companion,
With me in the garden,
On the street, into sleep,
Biding your time
You listen for the lessons
I tell myself but don't yet believe.
You take them and dip them in your beautiful fire.

First Day 6

A day set in stone,
Deep veined marble

Whispering cold truth
In a mist
Condensing around my feet,

Fog so heavy
It strained to raise itself up
From the stew of mud
And flinted shards
The road had wandered into.

A small, silent singular presence
Stirred a swirl in the evening
And brought my eye
From deep in its socket to the surface.
Shine for an instant, take your place within me,
Clear a way around you and I will be a touch
That never lifts from your skin.

First Day 7

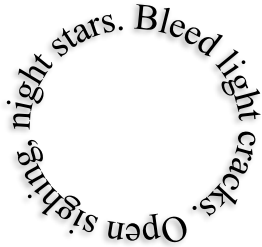
A fleck of sand in your hair
Holds the light you brought inside.

When you returned
From the walk on the day
That you decided.

I never need to verify
When you tell me something stirred.
When an image breaks in
To cast itself
Upon your wall.

Some resist and some may fall
When the plow jolts left or right
Others know to follow the earth,
To requite every switch and swag.
There is a shade of daylight
That holds a bit more acceptance.
There is a touch of grass that trusts every hour.

Bleed light cracks. Open sighing, night stars.



Second Day

Second Day 1

Rain scatters
Like a dusting of seeds

Fruited in our heavens.
Plowed by Helios' chariot.
They give themselves up.

Strewn wide
With a randomness
That could only be
Had they shook off the planter
And sown themselves.

We toss ourselves each day
Onto each other's soil.
If a seed of me
Be found resting on your ground
Or one of you on mine,
We shall take up the watch
I will let nothing deny your germination.

Second Day 2

The moonlight of things
Tells stories of creatures

Born not on the slopes of Olympus
But in limestone caverns leeched down
By a single drop of innocent sweat.

Cathedrals of shadow,
Caverns of mist
Where light is so weary
And far from home
It can never return.

Falling is a form of knowing,
As your splattered self
Rises to meet you
Not the you of a distant reality
Paralleling your almost every move
But the you of your own imaginings
Where the glare slips slightly out of frame.

Second Day 3

Bring your ambitions
To the present tense.

You will see their sorrow,
See them in their night clothes,
See them blur along their edges.

They carom off
The walls of desire
So pale is their sound
That you may never again
Mistake it for your own.

Look directly into the sun,
Go blind, see again.
Carry a mirror in your pocket.
Flash the flame of becoming until it burns,
Until the hem of heaven itself is scorched,
Until all surrounding things are ash,
Until every cauterized love is a phantom.

Second Day 4

As we lay,
Each in our own fold of time,

We see the marks etched
On each other's hearts.
By a hidden storm surge.

Silt lines tell the high point
Of every past flood,
All the rising waters we felt
At times sure of drowning.
As we felt for the firm.

Yet always the crest,
Whether joy or pain
Would subside,
Taking with it a cleansing.
Taking with it lime
And hardness
And the filth of fear.

Second Day 5

Come to the side of the dune
Where lost ships are seen

Approaching from the horizon,
Their captains raising hopes
For the land of their fathers.

We can't make out the names on their prows.
We see only tattered sails.
She came limping into port once,
Her hold a shamble of old landings,
Her bilge foul with a long years seepage.

Remember taking her in?
Taking her to a cleansing bed, hearing her story.
We were her orphans, held to her as a dressing
Against a draining wound.
She was our lady, hiding long after her time
In a room that kept for us
All manner of words and wishes.

Second Day 6

When I walk far enough
Into the horizon,

I arrive at a gap in the cloud cover.
Where a following white light
Surrounds me,

So those still in the shadows,
Those with eyes to see
Will think of a mountain they once knew
Exploding
Just beyond the storm front.

Gaps in the world are too large
Yet still too small to be noticed by common means.
They break me apart without my knowing.
They are the wake left behind
When beauty passes.
An opening where the spark of soul arcs across,
And feeds my wanderings.

Second Day 7

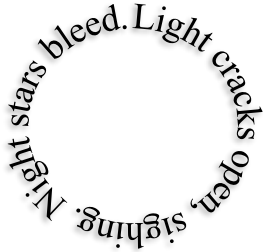
Empty marks appear
When I look above.

Between the branches
Comes the sky.
Cracks reach when I close my eyes,

When I pause after a breath.
Time waits like a butterfly,
Still on a leaf,
Girding for winter,
Or death.

Mystery remains
When all the knowing has been taken away.
When all my thoughts have been laid down.
When nothing rushes in to fill the silence.
When a truth turns on its heel
To watch me
With its beautiful stare.

Light cracks open, sighing. Night stars bleed.



Third Day

Third Day 1

A stare latches
Onto the leaf wall,

Go deeper, down, down into the green,
Deeper into the cracks and patterns,
Submerging sight until light has no more hold.

Down among the under spirits,
Jagged edges soften.
Marbled patterns mix with every other thing.
Eddies form and fall at the current line
Where one surface takes the form of another.

Down beneath what I can touch or taste,
A restless sound
Comes from further still.
Is it essence keeping time with eternity?
Is it the pulse of softer phenomena?
Or a call to stay?
To take the time as offered.

Third Day 2

When I first learned to walk,
It may have been every last thing that caught me,

Fixing my stare, repairing my eyes, so fresh they were.
Now cracks come like fragments of forever.
A knowing neck slows the head.

Eyes lock, knees soften, mind drains.
Every one thing is every other, the last becoming first.
The moon feels like the final white petal of fall.
A rain burst tastes like being alive.
Geese sound like storm wind.

An elephantine maple's striated bark smells like
A tuberous clump of soil, loamy in your delicate hands,
Mud gluing your boot heel to the earth.
Then comes the bush at the top of the hill.
The one near the golden tree whose branch aspires the sky.
"This is real", says the hand
Moving over the wet maroon leaves.

Third Day 3

I round the moss laden crag
Coming to a place

Where the height and depth and breadth
Of its space has received
The gift of condensing.

So every edge can recede
And I with them,
Riding their descent
Until the space and I
Are but a single point.

This crack drips an oil
Aged from dark,
Run along a lichen bridge
To the light.
This is the beam,
This is the balm
Of all forgotten things.

Third Day 4

Brush aside the branch that has
Just begun to reclaim the archway

Above the path carved into its host.
A thousand walkers have made the same backhand lift.
It seems polite this time to leave a little something.

As your only gift,
Give it your attention.
To the slight grit the life bark leaves on your skin.
To the season that bleeds
And runs it over.

To the back noise parting before each leaf's shudder.
To roots, as far as you dare to go.
To the weight of light pressing tiny cups.
To the not quite random wander of its turns.
To the absence of sadness in its drape.
To the crack in your mind that gives entry.
To the metamorphosis of moment into memory.

Third Day 5

Going out to greet a companion
First stopped by the light bending

In the trough of space carved
By our dear planet's plowing its way
Through the circled fields of the sun.

Caught, not trapped, I dip my hand
Into the sea that one day
Will receive each of our drops.
Moist with the lives
Of those gone before,

I watch the film dart and crawl down my fingers,
A quicksilver of spirit
Reflecting a form of my image
Reversed in a concave recess,
Then righting itself as I come near.
They can do naught but show us
Themselves already in us.

Third Day 6

“Go to the birds,” she said.
Listen with deep gulps

Throw it all off.
They will sing to you
A song of no shame.

They will glide you up
Where guilt does not dwell.
Where life stays still
While you pluck its tender thorn.
Go up the canyon to the birds.

She may know flight herself.
She may at one time or for moments now
Cross over from the world of winged beings.
How else could she have the right
To lock me in her gaze
As if she held my chin in her hands
To say firm and true, “you are worthy”.

Third Day 7

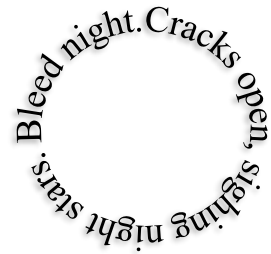
Every green that ever
Photosynthesized its way from a living cell

Leeches down through
The final few microns of atmosphere
Then lays itself pure in the soil's palm.

Plants feed on the colors of their ancestors.
Nuances of hue mingle in descent
Leaving all shade behind,
Falling into the bowl
Which holds the color of life.

Shades of organic pulse
Layer in flakes,
Stretching themselves
Where air and water and mineral
Dissolve into each other.
At the tip of the rooted capillary,
A drop of green hitches a ride.

Cracks open, sighing night stars. Bleed light



Fourth Day

Fourth Day 1

Some trees strain,
They gnarl their way to heaven,

Like the earth's crust upheaved,
Tectonic bark plates
Riding the mantle.

These trees dearly wish their deformed bodies
Were caused by such an ancient thing.
A thing so old that the memory of the pain
Has died its thousand deaths
A thousand years before.

These lurching, hunched backs
Hold young, virile pain.
Stored from every hand
That comes to touch
The knotted scars.
A laying on of hands,
A healing offer.

Fourth Day 2

You are steps,
Walked in dust,

Tracked along blood lines.
A black and white image cast upon the floor.
Impatient steps, not for nexting things.

Impatient like the leaves who cannot bear
To keep themselves for branches,
The burled out trunk is their shore.
Step now stubbornly,
Keep your hold like other leaves.

Who will not yield to winter's draw?
They wait as if their drop
Would be too much for us to hold.
Step in fire now
Step so strong
That flames may lap your edge
Like a rose found dipped in someone's heart.

Fourth Day 3

A song in the canopy counterpoints
The one just below.

Where sounds are rare.
Where branches are fewer
And cover is spare.

Who sings panic? Who sings warning?
Who sings a softer seeking?
Are you alive?
Do you breathe and bleed?
This is more than heaven can hold.

Turn the tables on this thing that knows itself.
Tie its tail to its neck.
Shout nonsense and laugh at the dance.
Listen again above and below
The song has no straight lines.
The one who takes care to sing
Never finds rest in an answer.

Fourth Day 4

An old Taoist
Snuck up behind

One afternoon when something
Started blowing fresher and cooler
Than an August day had any right to be.

He rapped with his stick
To wake attention.
When I turned,
He nodded
Toward the apple tree

We have become runners, we who walk so easily
And who sit to such pleasure.
Our running jars us inside,
Brings us finally to falling
Through things, into and out of time.
Hear his cane tap the stones.
His foot shuffles against the grain.

Fourth Day 5

In the flat plane of pre-history
Arose a hierarchical race.

Their web of connections
Layered over with coatings
Of harsher dimensions.

Their inventions became bizarre
As each day forgot the shock of the last.
They stepped the homes, their families, their rule.
Without pause, they built levels of heaven and hell
Until the sand came and washed them away.

Their descendants carry an inheritance clasped tightly
Around their waist, intense packets of grasp,
A remuneration of things. They soar, living in the
World of above and below. A separate economy dwells
In reaches hidden in the cracks of their topography.
Therein veins of other gold are tapped
And pearls go wanting in the slag heap of broken shells.

Fourth Day 6

I know not
The names of birds

But I am beginning to
Turn my head and
Listen to the voices of birds.

Adam began the naming.
Then Linnaeus.
Now the scholars fret
For the million unnamed species.
Who will be their witness?

They all know their own names.
They give no thought to what we call them.
They know, from beginning to end
What they are, their purpose,
What sustains them, what kills them.
And they never wonder
If we do the same.

Fourth Day 7

They came carrying rules
In their pockets and justification on their backs.

In their courgs
Trust is the first casualty
But surely not the last.

These seekers cast off
Their innate salvation
For one with strings.
There is no devil in the mix.
They simply ask the wrong questions.

Words become barnacles impairing the hydro dynamics
Of the spirit waters as acceptance takes on a foul stench.
Wedging into the no space between you and God.
Maybe your mother was right.
They will go away if you ignore them.
Maybe their constant sharpening
Will wear them down to nothing.

Open sighing, night stars bleed. Light cracks.



Fifth Day

Fifth Day 1

A flash of flocking
Smoke to the side.

Quicker than my mind can understand,
But just fast enough
To drop a feeling.

Drop it in that place
Where thought does not precede.
I jolt.
Into what is clear.
A beauty of motion.

Fullness in all changing directions.
Dip fast below sight lines,
Only a millisecond, only a vision.
Hang on to that instant.
Now one bird rises up, now the whole flock.
Though falling remains my companion,
I see the rise.

Fifth Day 2

The cloud held its place
For so long,

It stood, it seemed, day over day.
So long and low that its sooted flanks
Had not seen the sun since the last leaf.

In this land, things still and dark
Tend to become cache beds for green.
Moss on a cloud feels not so farfetched
When sky and life and color and light
Are reserved for precious things.

“Patience”, they say,
With their allotments.
When you are not everywhere,
You can be everything here.
One day I may just decide to sit
Until my shadow side
Becomes a soft blanket.

Fifth Day 3

If, when night and sand abandon us, will we find our way,
Will we reconcile our spirit to our decay?

They wait, the light that the night will become,
The stone that the soil will become.
They wait with fever, wait long, wait hard.

They crane their heart to a point in the sky.
Where spiring visions call to children yet formed,
Fractals draped with hard earned grime.
Where those who turn their faces come.
Though knowing justice, they know not how.

Where every color of light and stone refracts
So that we may know
The stone from within.
Where every shard of glass bleeds
From the touch of a penitent’s lips.
Where every petal of gravity
Floats on a pool of sacred water.

Fifth Day 4

Demons cling like barnacles to my hull,
Listing my step as I go from door to door.

They cut me most gently,
Leaving wounds like gill slits,
Breath for every deep.

Angels hang without weight on parabolic wings,
Inverted like empty bowls, stirring the stone shed dust,
Rising to meet the air of those on the edge.
Numbers become names become walls
Become cavernous vaults storing tasteless manna.

Towering elegies rise from the dead, for the dead,
By hands on their way to death.
Hands that have known
The weight of generations,
Rendering their raw hewn images.
Until that day, we shall remain unbeckoned,
Neither harbored nor cast away.

Fifth Day 5

I am the alms gatherer,
You are the stonecutter,

We are the placeholders.
Standing at corners, breeching entryways,
Reading faces, marking the rise.

What family is more holy than these, misfits every one.
Holy because they cry, eternal because they never leave.
Blessed for the flash that carries them.
Crush them and their pulp will seep into your soles
Until you can no longer stand.

Scorn them and their beauty
Will glare the sun back at you
Until you are burned clean through.
Ignore them and they will ring in your ears
As you beg for sleep.
Love them and you may begin,
May enter, may find a place to sit.

Fifth Day 6

They are out there,
More than a number,

More than a field reaching to every wind,
More than the conjuring of an imagination
When night stretches the bands that gird the dawn.

They are in wild groves,
Found by light and only light
Or in the trees, high and holy,
Or beyond stones turning in harmony with our steps
Keeping them always on the lee of our presence.

They are of the sea,
Not the thin film of ours,
But fold upon fold of the eternal melding.
A medium of things
We can't even dare wish for.
A deep cavern,
As long as we shall ever be.

Fifth Day 7

Patches of beauty,
Leave us behind.

Never to be seen by things such as eyes,
Never to stir a breath or lead a word.
Never to be the thing thanked for

And thus be all more perfectly content.
They know from whence.
They know what end.
They know how far
And all to come.

They curl and crawl.
Their time below
Like moments inside a soul.
Destined not to be shared.
Released from blessing and curse.
There comes no sadness to their door,
In their never named lives, they soar.

Sighing night, stars bleed. Light cracks open.



Sixth Day

Sixth Day 1

On the windward slope
Of pruning, planting and removing,

There falls a murky rain.
A rust colored stain
Watering the land with labor.

In its condensation,
The springs of Eden
Are dripped with ghostly dye.
Is the bloom made more lovely by my work?
Does justice balance in counterweight to beauty?

On the lee slope of the same, work does not precede.
It follows behind the line of the land.
Gardens are tended from our knees.
For what has already come and gone
Is the basin of gratitude.
A sterile, unmoving concrete wall begs my eye.
Painted in all manner of climb and fall.

Sixth Day 2

The walk was not ready for the coming snap,
Involved as it was in the mind of the walker.

Too far within to be the watcher on a storm blown
Stretch of pavement, in a season when darker things
Tapped on the side of the afternoon.

Now comes an unannounced visit, a messenger
From a place where vision does not normally travel.
I look above and there comes a beauty,
Resting in that common space
Where things retire when scarcely noticed.

Comes a beauty, before which I can only stop.
Sink my feet down and lift up my eyes.
For the briefest eternity, there is no thought inside.
I have heard of a thing called bliss.
A light that suspends every thing.
A breath that gathers every thing into a small bowl,
Just enough to dip my mind's finger.

Sixth Day 3

Nine thousand years
Before the Buddha or the Christ,

Her body well fed through winter
From the grains her people had learned
To grow, she kept watch over them in the cold.

She sat on the plain at dusk
And for the first time thought not
Of gathering or mating or skins
Or fire dying or cries calmed.
Near a rock that had pulled at her

A vision slowly wrapped around, wound its way
Into the bowl where her hunger once lived.
The steps back to the hut
Brought her ashes and dust back to bed.
She would not return until the next moon.
No powers yet were formed to taste their own fear.
All they knew to do was care for her.

Sixth Day 4

I was born of the sea when the spirit of God
Moved over the surface of the waters.

I was weaned in the city
Where soot and grime
Anointed me.

I took my first steps on a mountain
When a shred of gray was first seen on high.
I was reared on the prairie
When glaciers retreated
In deference to a new age.

On streets, in forest, in foundries, on cliffs,
In factories and meadows and concrete and streams.
A sense of place is home for my skin, my flesh.
Beneath this, we all roam,
Returning with prodigal steps.
Sure in our stride even as we doubt the way.
I will sit here for awhile.

Sixth Day 5

Waves break just out of earshot
And the dune blocks the light.

They are recorded every one
In ledger grains falling into a glass
That was itself once trash on this shore.

Count the grains if you must.
Rub them in your hands.
Grind them in your teeth
Until a shudder
Shakes you free.

They are more than markers.
More than placeholders.
More than tiny flecks of glass.
They are time itself.
Not the marking but the being.
The flow that captures us all
In every dread, in every ascension.

Sixth Day 6

Streams never
Caress with intent

But a duty bound heart.
A heart that lends so often
It bleeds usury.

What do you love?
You who wake each day
And fix with tender care
The cup, the bowl,
The cloth, the bed.

Where do you love?
You who walk this path with softened steps
And stop to hold me in your arms.
Look at this branch.
Is it not a dream of your own longing?
A cast off cloak of things before.
A sketch of your own becoming.

Sixth Day 7

A fir; willing roots,
Accept this soil

This holy plot, this tempered land
Where gathered elements
Come to break their fast.

I will never go beyond this piece of earth.
I will only drink this dirt. I will only be this time.
Once in the early morning eons
A slice of dust became its own point.
A thing apart, a drift away.

'Til now, it has never been consumed
Nor breathed, nor tasted, nor felt,
Nor ever learned to wait.
A fir root; willing vein fiber
Will brush this dust
This year or next.
It will be the last drink before the fall.

Night stars bleed light cracks. Open sighing.



Seventh Day

Seventh Day 1

On the way out to things
Far less mindful,

I reach the door
And I'm stopped.
Stopped to touch a love

That holds time in a ball of glass
Resting in its palm.
A palm remaining
Only for turning,
Pulled by the memory of a cheek.

Hold perfection too long, it melts in your hand.
Hold perfection without a sense of grasp,
It evaporates, rising, becoming a breath
That can never be taken.
A breath that follows to every door,
Waiting to stop the steps,
To stop the spin of the world.

Seventh Day 2

Do you remember
When your innermost ear took shape?

You were given
A note of your own
Like a centering bell.

And with it a tuning fork
That could line you up to your call.
A kindred bird,
A water drop,
A wail of air that touches your blood.

Our sound becomes our sounding,
Charting depths.
Our note waves through
Each particle of us
Until tone
Becomes only thought
And words come only from its echo.

Seventh Day 3

Beauty falls
From high,

Where hands unravel prayer rugs into soft flakes.
Flying carpets catching rising plumes of smoke
Pulsing from incense bowls burning pain.

Beauty falls still, beauty falls fast.
Beauty falls, falls, ash blown in drifts
Easing the edges of things that get in the way.
Beauty falls and for weeks
I haven't noticed.

Then the window.
I walk up without a thought.
I had forgotten.
Or maybe I had seen too much.
But I surely hadn't seen this moment.
Out of the invisible snow,
The tips of leaves show the first red on green.

Seventh Day 4

To fully live, they stretch the fabric of each morning
To the point where the only options

Are to snap and free fall or be completely enveloped
In the elastic film lying like a canopy skin over the
Intersection of the day and every eternity.

Others seek the presence of a repeated call.
Scripture read by the water's bounce.
Sacraments of paper and crumbs arranged on a plate
In the same way you saw as a child on the day
You first noticed that ache could hold beauty.

Some look for none-ness, alighting on a shallow path
Of empty, where lonely ones once rested,
Now a wayside for travelers; these are all our kin.
The many paths to one moment
Are clothes we don to meet the day's appointments.
We dare, we ritual, we toss aside.
We seek no meaning, only gather on the way.

Seventh Day 5

A baby opens its eyes
Asking to be lifted to the window

Where the morning light
Holds its breath
As it passes through the shades

Except ye become as little children,
You will not remember
How to ask to be lifted up
With your eyes,
Lying on your back.

You will do for yourself and worry for the doing.
Your countenance will fall and trust will fly.
You will look everywhere for the kingdom of heaven
Save within, where it waits at the door for your return
A baby rolls on its stomach, now the world is turned,
All that was blessed before
Is clothed in a new suit of wonder.

Seventh Day 6

The closest layer,
Like an inner aura,

Fills and fades, like steam
From the last outpost
Of warmth.

These clouds,
Nearer our hearts,
They are the moon's outer shawl.
Silken scarves
Of twice borrowed light.

These clouds move
In stutter steps.
Quickly on lower winds,
That I can not feel.
Is the upper left shading,
The higher cloud cover's mark
Or the moon's own umbral offering.

Seventh Day 7

It is beautiful,
This mystery.

Beauty like the time the clouds,
Reflected in the window,
Took light and movement from other dimensions.

Beauty like leaves
Trying to simply understand
When hard cold comes
Before turning,
Caught between dying and death.

Wander if you must.
Move in layers
If that be your memory.
Come between the seeker and the shore.
Be the cloak that gives the answer its shadow.
Be the beauty of a blanket
On the rune scratched stones.