

A baby rolls on its stomach, now the world is turned,  
A balm for the taking  
A bank of longing  
A banshee lament for its prey.  
A beauty of motion.  
A bed awaits,  
A bed of recklessness, with all four sheet corners torn,  
A being, mountains begat. He awakened and breathed fire.  
A bit above, it begins to pulse with a red like a pierced rose.  
A bit of this  
A black and white image cast upon the floor.  
A black hawk now lifts  
A blank limner of the story.  
A blessed taxonomy.  
A bloom lasts as long as it needs to last,  
A bloom one hour, a babe the next, offspring of an eternal return,  
A bowl that begs me  
A boy with a sling and a stone  
A bracing shower for things that would find their way in us.  
A branch fractures into nothingness, all the more dear.  
A breach of air to start the chain.  
A breath that burns  
A breath that follows to every door,  
A breath that gathers every thing into a small bowl,  
A breeze bathes a dividing line perched in the biting air.  
A breeze carrying the story of reincarnation in every moment.  
A broad stroke was once the mode of transport  
A brokenness opens the door.  
A brokenness winds its way  
A brush of alive therein.  
A brush of frayed hairs combing the bowed head.  
A Burden Borne  
A calling to provide a lee shadow  
A cast off cloak of things before.  
A catch of a call,  
A centering is found at the base  
A chalk run on films of algal dust.  
A changeling come  
A channel carved on high, granting free passage to celestial light.  
A child first put to bed with stories that echoed off the years laid out before us.  
A child goes beyond death with its first cry.  
A child in your arms, your shared lights mingled in cry and soothing.  
A child rests in my arms as I drift on the couch, one more door to mystery.  
A chronicle of dreams dared, a tracking in the journals of those called to watch.  
A clearer intensity bores through the fog of longing, to warm a point,  
A cloud becomes the cold measure  
A cloud passed through.  
A collective  
A color not seen before  
A companion in and out of poorly lit doorways.  
A corner of their world  
A cradle of hands made rough by the sand of sorrow.  
A creation, parts of speech parsed deeply with the clean edge of new chalk.  
A crook ready to snatch my mind before I have time to settle.  
A curved glass, lightly bent, is not afraid of things directly behind.  
A dark and wet reflection that, if I believed enough  
A darker etch  
A day leaving the valley, the rise so steep we need every last switchback.  
A day no different in the way the light first seeped through our sheets,  
A day set in stone,  
A day, a month and a year were our only clue to the nine gates of heaven.  
A deep canvas, broadly bladed from the brink of our solitude to the edge of our wild.  
A deep cavern,  
A deep watch at bedside  
A deluge will follow close behind  
A dervish leaf caught on a spider's web  
A different hand on the till

A dread, no larger or longer than an afternoon reflection,  
A drop of green hitches a ride.  
A drop of wine on your lips, the last linger of the voyage when we broke taste on a new plate,  
A drop waits on the end of a leaf  
a dry taste was but  
a dust caked remorse  
A fable rose up in the prince's mind, one that his nursemaid had sung on warm evenings.  
A face buried in swaddling cloth.  
A far distant supernova.  
A fault crack in conviction's crust.  
A fern spirals in hope of perfecting the curve of life.  
A few feet from below the lip.  
A fiery beam.  
A final check to see if the flame has completed its task.  
A fir root; willing vein fiber  
A fir; willing roots,  
A first breath comes  
A five by fifteen patch of lonely valley clay was our first testing,  
A flash of flocking  
A fleck of sand in your hair  
A fleeting spark to guard us when the hounds detect our scent.  
A float on any is destined the same. Soon we forget how to steer.  
a flower and  
A forgotten tribe around which only the impossible gather,  
A Form of Grace  
A form of myself reflects  
a four act play  
A fresh, moist loam clings like afterbirth on their skin.  
A frozen stream to follow my course.  
A full score years in the green, at last leads us to a dip of cool, a pause to gauge.  
A Furrow's Depth Apart  
A gathering, where all to follow, on earth or heaven, becomes as nonsense.  
A ghost of the void became the shadow points.  
A glance beneath  
A glow, reminding me there is no  
A gram shift was all that it took  
a hand washed blessing  
a hand washed blessing. A dust caked remorse  
A handful here and there  
A hard hand dipped  
A hawk perched on a snag just behind,  
A healing offer.  
A heart that lends so often  
A herald to summon  
A hole two feet deep, a bucket of water, a bit of sweat.  
A horn to mark the fog wandering inland to collect at our window.  
A hovering offering over our altar of grass.  
A hundred years past, a graft was carefully wed  
A hunter was stalked by a vision,  
A kindred bird,  
A knowing neck slows the head.  
A laboratory of dreams, kilned to dust.  
A language whose code stone remained hidden from this present age.  
A laugh perhaps, at all the times death cheated, proved a fool, to simply be of dreadful aim.  
A laying on of hands,  
a lesson, find  
A light box where no image leaks, no seam breaks.  
A light that suspends every thing.  
A line connects  
A lingering dimension of scents that scarcely mingle, only in shared tithing.  
A lone shovel breaks from the group  
a lonely path dead ends? Are the last  
a lonely path;  
A long lean into broken breezes, a reflection of skies.  
A long slow arc  
A long that stretched so far.  
A longer color reflects off their glass barges.  
A longing returns with the rain,

a lost chance turned into  
A mark so clear to those without maps and shod with inadequate soles.  
A medium of things  
A memory of an evening when  
a memory of an evening when a lost chance turned into  
A modern cloud with a cynical lining.  
A molten heart in rhythm with the ministering waves.  
A monk sits by the side of the road,  
A more concealed place  
A morning at the villa where the noise subsides and the hills begin in earnest.  
A mountain cat screams on the ridge.  
A mystery colored by loneliness and content with waiting  
A naked basket waits agape, scant flour mist takes the weave.  
A Nebula Underfoot  
A night song meant to lull us off.  
A night where the rarest form of storm in our valley's lore came our way.  
A night with the promise  
A nonchalant curve  
A note of your own  
A nova to shake every cell.  
A one celled organism drifts in the droplet  
A pair of thoughts rises now in the arms of understanding.  
A pale line, a  
A palm remaining  
A passageway lined with silk light  
A pause where the rise waits, so as it happens, all our breath is of another storm.  
A penance for fear.  
A place summoned from the dreams of our youth, preserved in the amber of our imagining,  
a place to land  
A place to sit in arms and play the games that skipped inside us,  
A point of land thrusts into the sea, just far out enough to touch the unsuspecting waves,  
A point that flies off before us,  
A point, a tender prick, a wound  
A port of entry through your iris, a pant of air across the rear arc of your leg,  
a prelude to this.  
A promise girded by the still shaken eternity of love.  
a promise of safe  
a promise of safe answers. Turn to the  
A prophet of the improbable, ferrying uncertainty in its hold,  
A pure clean bowl  
A quicksilver of spirit  
A quicksilver of spirit  
A raft they will be, to carry the weary.  
A raft to bear the world.  
A rain burst tastes like being alive.  
A receiving never random.  
A reckoning of far flung imagining and dormant strains.  
A recline into the thought that we are not green or gold alone, or that they are the same.  
A redwood cathedral, its shadows translucent and shaking in the evening afterglow.  
A refugee of tenderness upon the sea.  
A reminder that it had its own ideas, and would not settle for our crafting.  
A remnant of dust condensing into a mother.  
A remuneration of things. They soar, living in the  
A respire  
A restless sound  
A retaining wall on the brink at the end of the world,  
A retreating  
A return to waiting, where canyon walls reflect and focus  
A Rigorous Recreation  
A rime of spores and dust  
A rip tide pulling us like taffy, sweet spun threads rising on the wind.  
A rise and fall in hand with the land is their melody, their song is not of things kept in or out.  
A rising cream separating  
A river where the flow breaks softer than a drifting leaf.  
A rounding up  
A rust colored stain  
A sage once spent a year with pigs.  
A satiating fire

A scope holding a glass that had been ground with finest paper in the earliest of hours.  
A scorch, a sear, a blast of wind bringing a branding pain,  
A scripture told by water.  
A sea of life blood.  
A search for a place where a song  
A secret that had been entrusted only to the evening, waiting in repose.  
A seed of panic digs its nails beneath her wall.  
A sense of place is home for my skin, my flesh.  
A sere wind reaches even here.  
A settlement cupped in a cove holding the shadows of ancient songs.  
A shadow of igneous heat.  
A shaman treating the physician with herbs and mist.  
A shell's spiral of rivulets running off a trail as a downpour limps by exhausted.  
a sheltered place to rest from  
a sheltered place to rest from expectant verses. An octave above  
A sheltering place  
A shift in stance or altered lean to keep from falling.  
A shiver of recognition.  
A shore without  
A shroud for our night visions, filter enough for the most hidden deceptions.  
A shudder rose on my bare neck.  
A signal for the fullness of time, each a flare sent up to see who is on the watch.  
A single atom of the firstborn element  
A single emotion,  
A single iron would be forged, fired by lungs expelling years of holding tight.  
A singularity formed  
A sketch of your own becoming.  
A skimming of the line  
A slice of dust became its own point.  
a slight gap where remnants of  
a slight gap.  
A slight subsiding in a despair.  
A slip, a catch, an anemone cushions your hand, you touch the brine to my lips,  
A sliver adds  
A slowing of my blood until my heart barely beats.  
A small, silent singular presence  
A snake coiling over and under the paths, its skin flecked with scales of fabric.  
A soft layer of memory  
A soft purr, not quite a whimper.  
A song in the canopy counterpoints  
A song of no shame.  
A soothing evaporation.  
A sound not heard before  
A sound so soft and low  
A Space  
A Space For Collection  
A space to park our loads lest we forget our feet and stumble under our wonder.  
A spell where those of us entwined can never hold long enough.  
A spider once flew on a web strand  
A spray shoots out  
A star so far and long alone  
A stare latches  
A startled flock on the lake  
a stasis decants,  
A steadfast companion  
a steady pace.  
A sterile, unmoving concrete wall begs my eye.  
A stolen scent,  
A storm at the gates, then a pause.  
A storm pretending to hold the reasons for the songs of unrest.  
A strand of your air  
A stream crept from the crack  
A stream crept from the crack as I drifted the trail.  
A strike when the ions  
A strong man said to a rich man,  
A subtle mélange of same and apart, there currents pass at times and comes a spray.  
A sure silence when every word knows its place lies not in the air between us.  
A swath of their own scythe's marking, outspreads them.

A sweetness into every pore where love's promise waits.  
a table spread,  
A tale bound with tendons of archaic limbs, buried in the cloud beneath the north star,  
A test that would satisfy their own methods.  
A thin finger of ivy  
a thin layer of what stood for  
A thing apart, a drift away.  
A thing of no space, of no time.  
A thing so old that the memory of the pain  
A thing that will not hold a name.  
A thought formed in the days just prior to our birth.  
A thousand promises once again only reached  
a thousand promises;  
A thousand walkers have made the same backhand lift.  
A thousand words that beg us drink.  
A thousand years before.  
A thousand years of marking  
A thrust of branch, bark tendons stretched on limbs of sadness.  
A tighter constrict in my chest, a paler color in my blood.  
A tightness that would lead us to shatter before it brought us home  
A time when we would no longer wait for such readings.  
A tongue holding no abstractions, there was no distance  
A touch that awakens us on our way home.  
A trance of release hides the attachment.  
A transient cast brings the wind to our bed.  
A tremor that rose until it was hovering just above the remembrance.  
A tribe of migrant sparks  
A trick question.  
A tuberous clump of soil, loamy in your delicate hands,  
A turn of my head as we pass on the road, my heart falls faint.  
A turn of your head, your elbows brace the arch of your arms against the table.  
A twinge in the cellar of our minds gave pause, and pause was enough.  
A two breath year. An annus spiritus of communal air.  
A vapor trail  
A vision slowly wrapped around, wound its way  
A voice pitches  
A void rose when eternity fell into a single moment.  
A wail of air that touches your blood.  
a wait? Knowledge, alone, is  
A walk on the verge of a child's entry into our expanse where we left our thanks at the doorstep.  
A warm rising and falling behind your ear, all the way down to the bowl of your back.  
A warmth that once  
A washing or a piece of me  
A water drop,  
A waterfall becomes still  
A wave of compassion  
a wave. A breath  
A waver invades our feet, their blood already unsteady by the catches in our heart.  
A way bringing every cell in every body before that gasp.  
A way so clear we can stare it down.  
A way that confounds our grasp and knows the rush of beauty.  
A way that rises from the dust  
A wayside for travelers.  
A wedge of pain in the river.  
A well sprung crack  
A willing belly scrapes the dust and lets blood run cold.  
A winding that would tense our sinew and stiffen our ligaments.  
a window cracks,  
A windows molecular memory of least resistance. These days we meander more.  
A wise one once spoke  
A wound that had lost love blood much too long.  
A writhing scar arching its back under the heat of the sear.  
A year is their day, shadowing seasons, their deepest sleep and truest dreams when light bows low.  
A yellow glow rises wither the wall divides my thoughts.  
A yellow, soft on our wall, burst us blind on an ocher hillside.  
A younger man walks from the campfire, pauses beside a pine, and engages it in quiet conversation.  
Abandon all hope all ye who dare to dance.  
abducting self.

Above the map, just like in us.  
Above the path carved into its host.  
Absent  
Absent Remorse  
Absolving it of all obligations.  
Absorbing needs porous flesh and spirit needs filtering.  
Accept this soil  
Aches bring love like forever.  
acquired taste.  
Across an expanse too dark for breath, into our inner reaches?  
Across each day  
Across our bodies, this being the only weight pressing down,  
Across the bumps and ridges before we noticed a pattern, still more before we first heard words.  
Across the day, a notice formed where the earth, the sky and the water saw us hesitate.  
Across the longing dark she comes  
Across the moors and into cities waiting to be built, stone upon stone, into masters of men,  
Across the realms we had resisted in our roaming, across the canyon,  
Across the retinal plane  
Across this changeling ice  
Adam began the naming.  
Adrift on the ebbing heart tide.  
Affairs of state, alignment of desires, dispensing of remedies.  
Afraid to fall off the lip that waited to smile as they lifted a last heel.  
After forever,  
Afternoon promises later fulfillment, less weight.  
Again it may not be  
again, no end.  
Against a draining wound.  
against the cold.  
against the sky.  
Against the stone wall.  
Against Your Heart  
Against Your Heart, I Melt  
Against, upon, entwined, inside.  
Aged from dark,  
Air  
Air  
Air and water met, pebbles dropped,  
Air in, air out, the color of pain paints with thick bristles.  
Air listens for a lover's cry  
Air spreads like a robe, bringing bread to the table.  
Air that I once  
Air that now beats  
Alert to catch a dying hawk  
Alighting on a shallow patch of empty  
All debris falls, but some falls not to waste, but to beauty.  
All dreams begin with a sound unclear yet patient in its muffled return.  
All else took on a cast that at best seemed quaint, was tinged with sentiment.  
all in all for all.  
all in all.  
All manner of words and wishes.  
All that I have ever tasted  
All that is said for sure  
all that remains  
All that was blessed before  
All that we had been before has been so absorbed into our flesh,  
All the rising waters we felt  
All the way into the black hole  
All their chances are truest.  
All they knew to do was care for her.  
All things hold embrace,  
All things return.  
All things that can follow you.  
All through the night air.  
All through the night.  
All we hear is "hold me." All we  
all. Remember  
Allied as we are with wanderers,

Alone  
Alone  
Alone No More  
alone, but was  
Along the bank and thrown  
Along the path of least remembrance.  
Along the quay, just upriver from Bir Hakim, there grows in the cracks of the crusted stone,  
Along the silent valley  
Along the stream  
Always feel love marking you.  
Always gauzing the sun and shifting shape in the warm air rising.  
Always in plain sight, always more willing to be left alone.  
Always promises sifting and selection  
Always reflect drift, they shift.  
Always tomorrow's promise, opposite our calling, softly hesitating.  
Amid wild boiling seas  
Amidst And Against  
Amidst and against the fog,  
Amidst and against the fog, redwoods stand with  
Amidst And Against Unworthiness  
Among fellow travelers.  
Among the foreign elements of a subterranean aquifer.  
Among your expectations.  
Amulets soaking us in.  
An ache never sounds tranquil.  
An acre square, it showed on the plat, but paper hid the dips and dives.  
An air hole punctures the everyday ice, then gasps to bring us back.  
an altar where  
an altar where the forlorn may bring  
An answer that's  
An antipolis against those cities of bluster rising to try beauty's patience.  
An arch, bending heaven's own lovers,  
An archeology of remembrance  
An ashen smear on rice paper.  
An ebb and flow of a heartbeat.  
An egret beats its wings  
An elastic film  
An elephantine maple's striated bark smells like  
An elk stepped carefully into  
An endless spirit then  
An etching in every particle, like an eternal brass rubbing.  
An evening over the hill to ocean lands and the rite handed us by the sunset,  
An expanse lined only by the floating infinity of love.  
An hour in the field, in the time of frost,  
An hour is needed, to be in a place  
An I fills voids, voids of no sound, no form, no thought.  
An ignorance of noise as we bend with the wind, leaning lips to ear.  
An improvised riff breaking through the noise, gliding to rest on our laps.  
An inclination to understanding, rocking on the fulcrum formed by our crossing axis lines.  
An indifferent winter, beating around the bush, offering nothing.  
An infinite lowering of our horizon.  
an infinitesimal eternity, flecks of hope?  
an infinitesimal eternity.  
An instant before they realize what's happening, realize that the change they sense,  
An ode held in a single stroke,  
An ointment dripping down  
An old bookcase and spare shingles rising by its side as laughter's fort against the clamor.  
An old coin falls from the cold hand  
An old Taoist  
An older man woke at a cabin. It had come into his life at the least and most opportune time.  
An opening where the spark of soul arcs across,  
An oscillation of perpetual rise and fall.  
An unannounced tap.  
An unexpected turn,  
An unheard turn will change her.  
An unhurried bed of wet mud  
An untrue choice.  
Analytics, rhetorical

And a basement above the water line of our own trust's rising hopes,  
And a desire to stay.  
And a fragrance of mercy longs to break on this shore.  
And a salt fell and the brief passing turned their cheeks  
And air formed valleys rippled.  
And all I hear is noise,  
And all I see is white.  
And all that was created for them.  
And all to come.  
And allow heaven's gently turned key to be.  
And always a word or two transcribed from a reading first heard on golden hills,  
And an amber shaft refracts  
And anoints us with the grace  
And as far from the sky as my touch is from the death nebula.  
And back and shoulders.  
And black ink wept onto an open hand.  
And blood and sinew  
And blood heated by desire,  
And brought my eye  
And catch the precipice unaware.  
And choices fall away.  
And come to allow heaven's gently turned key.  
And coming in directions  
And commoners know how it seems to feel soft on a leaning cheek.  
And cover is spare.  
And dare it be said, loved.  
And daring fir roots  
and depth of hue  
And dew has lost its kiss.  
And dips his head  
And dresses them with mosslike gauze.  
And earth like a sweet remembrance.  
And ever since, empty space forms between words,  
And ever since, words have been placed in bottles.  
And ever since, words have come and gone  
And everyone has a believer  
And fades it away.  
And far from home  
And feeds my wanderings.  
And fire watches for despair.  
And fix with tender care  
And flinted shards  
And for the first time thought not  
And from within  
and gather time,  
And getting in line for things  
And hardness  
And hauled their boats up high, charged by their great one to press on to something, somewhere.  
And heave and pant  
And her care was left in his hands  
And holds it in its hand.  
And I may see these grasps and learn to caress its loathsome face.  
And I was told, "You may discard one thing,"  
And I will show you the near edge.  
And I with them,  
And I'm stopped.  
And it lay before us like a lighthouse for the ship of reckoning against our wandering.  
And its spores would shake loose and rise as they spoke, we waited for the dusting.  
And leave us packages tied up with words formed in the stillness of the lake of our collective healing.  
And let saturation's current carry.  
And like every hidden mystery, the magic becomes the common,  
And longing is hidden no more.  
And many bowls for collection  
And moist bed  
And more the feel of hard worked skin.  
And moves us closer to the communal basin where all brought for one to wash, the other dries.  
And my own blood  
And no more can we see the sky.

And once a week, or some other worldly interval, an application of ourselves,  
and one day we  
And our ladder to breach the walls.  
And our own hopes  
and out of mind.  
And passing back beside my heart, perfection's veil was lightly brushed.  
And paused in breath until he had drunk every last bit of us.  
And pearls go wanting in the slag heap of broken shells.  
And praise was passed around for having food that sang.  
And pressed gently until we felt a twinge just behind a rib, and so we called for food.  
And remain carried outside of time?  
And right myself.  
And rivers of ice.  
And runs it over.  
And see if I can detect in you  
And see if you can  
And snow has forgotten how to melt  
And so always  
and so be watched.  
And so must be re-learned  
And so their nights take them places  
And sown themselves.  
And spray flare up  
And squared off trenches in the savory ground lining down the hillside.  
And stay in the shadow lest we drown.  
And still allow oneself to be dreamt, to be, as it were, a promise?  
And stop to cool your brow  
And stop to hold me in your arms.  
And storms blown unencumbered and knocks in the grog of the night.  
And take up the watch.  
And taste their hidden flavors.  
And the bleak expanse cannot suppress or ever contain the wary rainbow.  
And the conquerors.  
And the dune blocks the light.  
And the exhale  
And the filth of fear.  
And the ligament that stretches  
And the place we call the other,  
And there are stars where the light is so soft it cries.  
And they love their changing us.  
And they love their changing us.  
And they never wonder  
And thirst made the jump to our kind.  
And this dead layer  
And this, nature's mandala  
And those who walk therein  
And though it has no weight  
And thunderstorms of faith.  
And thus be all more perfectly content.  
And thus we say, "We must have won."  
And to hold and bear others in their own to and fro returns.  
And to sail to a gentler yet stronger clime.  
And until the dark does the same in the light.  
And vapors no longer wet  
And we didn't care, didn't want.  
And when all is quiet, it sighs.  
And who sit to such pleasure.  
And wish for it too  
And with it a tuning fork  
And with the fable, a strange tremor settled in his joints,  
And words come only from its echo.  
And yet they fall.  
And yet you came, and still you come.  
And you may come to them.  
And you may find God.  
And yours shadowed mine in the reaches that lay just there.  
Angels breathe.  
Angels hang without weight on parabolic wings,

Angels see us fear,  
Angels see us fear,  
Angels see us fear,  
Angels see us fear,  
Angels see us fear,  
Angels see us fear, hold the softly peaceful nights  
Angels see us fear.  
Angels see us,  
Anger in the sky, hard thunder  
Anger you say? Destruction and  
Angles that yielded nearly twice as much geometric dirt but precious little ready to tread.

#### ANNUS SPIRITUS

Annus Spiritus Spring  
Annus Spiritus Spring  
Annus Spiritus Summer  
Annus Spiritus Winter  
Anointed me.

Anointing, its oil for flame or skin, for heat or healing.  
Another hour it caught us from underneath when we could fall no further.  
Another limitless realm, it is a dilemma of pain.  
Another rise of the sun on our horizon through cracks in the skin of the world.  
Another trace of the homing first spoke to us in the indigo before the morn.  
Another. Waiting for its time.

another's heart,  
Answers come, then  
answers turn to the  
Anticipation sustains us like a fleeting rendezvous on the street.  
any chance of warmth in the dawn.  
any storm. It was here it  
Anymore, anyway.

Apparitions in the dust,  
Approaching from the horizon,  
Arcs of worry,  
Arcs scribing our sun, bearing heaven's light.  
Are bearers of all to come.  
Are belongs to this hidden cord.  
Are bits of imagination.  
Are brought to this one, a layer over us to keep us from maudlin memories.

Are but a single point.  
Are clothes we don to meet the day's appointments.  
Are dripped with ghostly dye.  
Are embraced in the arms of light.  
Are filled with things  
Are forty days and nights  
Are forty years

are never complete. The gray  
are never complete. The gray mist has a way of instilling  
Are pieces for picking.  
Are reserved for precious things.  
Are softer on the skin.

Are the favored children of the clasped hands that suffer as one.  
Are the steps along our descent coming fast?  
Are they things that are blind without us?  
Are they things that ride our backs,  
Are they too much

Are thus transported  
Are to snap and free fall or be completely enveloped  
Are trapped by an afternoon's neglect.  
Are without a number or a name or a never was.

Are you alive?  
Are you fast enough for nothing?  
Arid air that held me up higher than the earth's blanket.  
Arise spirits,

Arms beside.  
Arms clawed and sunk in warming soil as they buried their dead.  
Arms fall, remembering.  
Arms regret nothing,  
Arms regret nothing, be so still.

Arms regret nothing.  
Arms regret they fall.  
Aromas of fog and bangers, carvings in the bedpost, in the vale paused in time along our span.  
Arose a hierarchical race.  
Around their waist, intense packets of grasp,  
Arranged on a plate in the same way  
arrives. Without feeling,  
Art 20  
As a first sign it is most natural  
As a template on the land,  
As a wax of forgetting  
As abettor of her own past's decline  
As close as you can.  
As different from mine as the dark.  
as does the light.  
As each day forgot the shock of the last.  
As each generation must say.  
As far as the mind's eye  
As I drifted the trail,  
As I pass through holy places.  
As if her morn were not our own.  
As if it knows the answer.  
As if it were a washing, a removal of all that could ever cling.  
As if our souls had been singed.  
As if poured from the golden basin  
As if she held my chin in her hands  
As if they had no worry.  
As in our dream, follows, will it? Then share it.  
As in this moment,  
As in this moment.  
As it drips the rock,  
As it is, our carry expands, it extends us past the end of creation.  
As it lays its body on mine  
As it notices its tail, it understands that all things return.  
As it passes through the shades  
As it rides the back of the stone.  
As its child returns from the night.  
As laden ones, we imbibe from the cup of purest labor.  
As long as we shall ever be.  
as many shades  
As our arms caught on each others sleeve, reaching so long, so far.  
As portals of light for the alms seekers who paced their rounds at the water line.  
As servile transcription  
as tedium.  
As the air let go of its hold on the sun's gift, the light cast like seer stones.  
As the beginning is from now. It is as far from the sorrow  
As the embryonic plasma edged all things into being.  
As the hand of labor holds many a tool, so the face of recompense strikes many a stance.  
As the steed reared, our line of sight stretched from the highlands north,  
As they band to pray,  
As they drift, they too lose their personality.  
As they take their leave  
As though it senses  
As though they were carnival scrip and evening was the line waiting for the ride.  
As usual, the recipe is simple, one post, one bag of concrete,  
As we felt for the firm.  
As we lay,  
As we rise, we take our glimpse  
As we stand at the mountain pass, ready to leave one and enter another.  
As well as its lungs.  
As with all children, it was her gate to gardens far beyond her window.  
As you beg for sleep.  
As you shift your exposure and refocus your eye just beyond that star.  
As you walk by  
As you worked the work of your calling?  
As your only gift,  
As your splattered self  
Ash drifts with a purpose

Asking to be lifted to the window  
Asleep at your side, they raise a wall you scale, where awaits a view,  
assemble a monument. Perhaps  
Assessing its next move  
At dawn, Venus parts her bright hair.  
At dawn, you and I were empty  
At first light, we crouched at the edge of the wash to pan the tailings.  
At first we drift and drink and dream.  
At the bedside near the edge.  
At the bottom of his heart,  
At the edge of a field  
At the end of the drop, when fear has run out, I'm left to wait where the waters burst.  
At the epicenter of each life lies a pit from a strip mine.  
At the fringes of forever that hold the void tenderly.  
At the garden where others walk, one winding upon another.  
At the instant just before first light,  
At the instant you resign to wait, when you have nothing prepared but a clean cloth.  
At the mist scrubbed headlands where wind devours hope,  
at the rim where  
At the tip of the rooted capillary,  
At the tower's feet, our peniche lays its gift with a nervous hand,  
At their darkest, hours remind  
At this line of hesitancy, this point of struggle, a wave pauses.  
at this point, it returns with a sigh.  
At this point, it returns.  
At times I stirred, and the divine that had knelt inside from my beginning,  
At times sure of drowning.  
Attached to the tips of our fingers, hanging on ridges sneaking across from another dimension.  
Attention pushes and pulls.  
Autumn, I knew, it carried  
autumn. I knew it carried beauty. In its bosom,  
Autumn's Death  
Autumn's Death Cried Beauty  
awaits its time.  
Awake morning,  
Awakening extends hands to hold suffering.  
Awakening our tremors, night rinses clarity.  
awakening to no  
awakenings.  
Awareness of land hears cycles  
Away and across,  
Away flies justice, complacent rest gradually loads heavier weight.  
Away from carrying on the race.  
Away from our reaching  
Away from what the ancestors said was the mountain's door.  
Azure skies light this pool, remnants our only exhale.  
Babes who splashed time warp ripples across the surface of our days.  
banality  
Bare your arms lighter than the sound  
Barren ghostly arc, its reach our  
Barter with the cosmos is a fool's game.  
basket yet weaved.  
Be changing remembering  
Be found on mine  
Be found resting on your ground  
be held in thought.  
Be pressed to my feet.  
Be still, bring rest, others will it.  
Be the beauty of a blanket  
Be the cloak that gives the answer its shadow.  
Be the creator with care with a vision thus.  
Be these tears so still,  
Be these, cry now tears so still they fall,  
Beach, trail, mall, park, where we walked made no matter, made no deep footprints.  
Beads sweat out and slide,  
Bear  
Bearing sun, our scribing arcs now spring into sadness  
Beauty 13

Beauty falls  
Beauty falls and for weeks  
Beauty falls still, beauty falls fast.  
Beauty falls, falls, ash blown in drifts  
Beauty like leaves  
Beauty like the time the clouds,  
Beauty responds, in the dialect of truth, "I shall not be represented, I am that I am."  
beauty, in its bosom  
became an alchemical  
became an alchemical reaction. Time was a  
Became one when they left every scrap of form behind.  
Became our passion draped garden.  
Become cavernous vaults storing tasteless manna.  
become the dance  
become the dance. Tomorrow, no hint  
Become the watcher,  
Becomes a glass.  
Becomes a soft blanket.  
Becomes an eddy stirring silt deposited in last spring's runoff.  
Becomes only thought  
Becomes our own.  
Becomes our prayer bench.  
Becomes the Urim and Thummim.  
Becoming their touch, their mineralist, their herbal healer.  
Been the light  
Before a regretted pilgrimage,  
Before a regretted pilgrimage, a singularity formed.  
Before a thought took root in representation, a language formed.  
Before all foes, but now I bow.  
Before forgetting brought night, souls used to light heavens.  
Before our faces finished their turn, we were there, and it had home defined,  
Before our trust, between our time, is a telling that does not betray.  
Before taking  
Before taking up the dance.  
Before the birth of light, I loved.  
Before the birth of light, I was.  
Before the Buddha or the Christ,  
Before the first year's end, we would see new places for ice,  
Before the ship takes sail into passages that lay beyond the edge of our charting.  
Before the stirrings of the dawn.  
Before there came to be cries or whispers from any mouth,  
Before this night falls I shall stand  
Before turning,  
Before us, color forms penetrating, clear words.  
Before we rose  
Begging for food, leaning into the asymmetry of the land.  
Beginning  
Beginning with words, the disadvantage is never far from sight.  
Behind a laced window, a pair of hands opened for our alms.  
behind, can fold  
behind, new skin.  
Being a dry creation, his left hand withering,  
Being Nothing  
Belies the roil below.  
Believe my arc, I want to say.  
Believe that these times rush away from each other faster than their channel's slope allows.  
believe their art.  
Believing itself worthy, leaving a void as it gathered every shred,  
Believing we were not far from the spring of hearts, the source of all epiphanies.  
Bend in ten million galaxies.  
Bend their will until a golden  
Bending my head to yours as if listening for a sign to clear the way.  
Bending, then lending itself to the poor in light, blessed are they.  
Beneath our feet  
Beneath skin, the sound  
Beneath the ocean  
beneath the waves.  
Beneath this, we all roam,

Want to lift that basket that floats to my shore.  
Beside their changing us.  
Beside, we know they love  
Beside, we love their changing us.  
Better to ask how simple must be  
Between a mark of essence and its naming word or symbol.  
Between air and water.  
Between my dull body inside and the bright shine of sensory flows.  
Between the branches  
Between the tower and the lake whose water rose in a wisping arc.  
between the two states of paradise  
between the two states of paradise, that sip the air and sigh the water.  
Between weariness and folly  
beyond belief,  
Beyond fundamental dimensions, beneath quanta and further than the outer reaches,  
Beyond the dream to what was unfolding in each moment's stratum.  
Beyond the range of beasts and men  
Biding your time  
Big bang awakes as the exhale of another's demise.  
Biology has become our memory, in a twisted frame.  
Birds  
Birds and beasts have yet to refine  
Birds become darting guides and  
Birds become darting guides and fish mirror their starts and stops;  
Birds came, as if in a fable  
Birds go beyond death when they trust the air  
Birds waiting to fall from the wire when hard cold  
Birth 2  
Black edges netherworlds, the clenched radius arms his fate.  
Black marks that etch the sky.  
Black melts and drifts despair down like shedding skin under heat.  
Blade and frond unfurl. Leaf and moss  
Blanketed by ash from the unappeased one.  
Bleed light cracks. Open sighing, night stars.  
Blessed for the flash that carries them.  
blessing vanished before long tide cresting.  
blessing vanished. Before long,  
Blind  
Bloated, bleached driftwood by the time I came across the carcasses.  
Blood is a current for riding  
blossom chose noon  
Blue and gold leave singing star's when.  
Blue awoke today.  
Blue, when we strained the first few fathoms through the sea foam mesh,  
Bodies lean, light tilts, as though a celestially stirring note  
Bodies lived in, loved in, heaven can only wish.  
Born in trust, not thought or longing  
Born not of Chronos or Chaos.  
Born not on the slopes of Olympus  
Both dam and causeway for rivers that run to no end.  
both sides soaring, but  
Bound deep and pure to another.  
Bounds softly, lazy floating sky.  
Bowing and rising in prayer.  
Bows in reverence.  
Bracing up facades?  
bracing wonder.  
Brambled and steep, curious to feel the feet that padded the hilltop, silt still from the great floods.  
Bread  
Bread and water for the day, a listen for the night, a stir for the morrow.  
Bread and wine sustain the flesh of the bored.  
Bread became a symbol of desire,  
Bread came, dense to our tearing, solid like assurance in our mouth.  
Break Calls  
Break it like loaves and fish.  
Breaking down his garden into  
Breaking down your door. It will not rest in your darkness.  
Breaking the crest.

Breaking the fragile film of my soil with tender shoots of you.  
Breaking the soil  
breaks? Cracks where a heart  
breaks? Cracks where a heart dwells, where an ache was  
Breath crystalline with hoping. Frost  
Breath for every deep.  
Breath gives thanks  
Breath is a hopeful thing, a promise for the young.  
Breathe deep, feel the strength of your lungs.  
Breathe the cosmos, for it is surely breathing you.  
Breathes a wander of air  
Breathing comes. First labor, then laving  
Breezes softly hope. Sky and earth  
Brief bulb holes and foundation excavations, garden sweeps and gravel mounds.  
Bring it to those who hide.  
bring me closer  
Bring rest,  
Bring rest.  
Bring us to now.  
Bring your ambitions  
Brings us finally to falling  
Brokenness wants us to know  
Brought her ashes and dust back to bed.  
Brought low our heritage  
Brought stones, melting with wet moonlight,  
Brush aside the branch that has  
Builds its flesh upon my bone.  
Bundles of the last hour or a tiny pouch of a sifted instant.  
Burdens for the children have gone to the grave.  
burdens for the children.  
Burn bright in their gasp, they call for more.  
Burning Bush  
burning masses. Darkness knew  
Burst and cracked, sky perched in anticipation, clouds tolling some call to prayer.  
But a duty bound heart.  
but a promise,  
But a steady dare for love has eternity as its own reward.  
But a still, sure scouring.  
But air knows a better way, a way not overlaid, but entered.  
But anguish knows its only offering is thought to be evil,  
But as the teller of tales, tales of fish that swim in the sky.  
But at the hand placed to our lips by our own calling awe.  
But being human, our hearts had many chambers, not all holding gifts.  
but chemistry,  
But children ourselves. But what a place to be.  
But countless chance encounters of moments and molecules write this tale.  
But crawls every day on hands and knees, to be closer to the dust.  
But each deposit has been ignored.  
But every act, of every species, whether toil or breath,  
But exists in the ether  
But fold upon fold of the eternal melding.  
But hadn't seen the coming game, where they were each one his.  
But he was poor no more, and so  
But honoring the memory  
But how could that be? It seems too convenient. Our past lives leaving clues and broken branches,  
But I am beginning to  
But I can't go on.  
But I surely hadn't seen this moment.  
But I will soften their instincts  
But imperatives give way to the love of a single place,  
But in limestone caverns leached down  
But in that dark there may be found  
But in the flight it is still yours, for you are flight the same.  
But in the tightest crevice.  
But invested every color of our will to the song already playing across the meadow.  
But it is there I find the east and with it reflected light.  
But it was a phantom. It carried no scent, no sound.  
But just fast enough

But keeps us only as a reminder of what we once wept.  
But light stood its ground, knowing it was the emissary of peace.  
But long before such things, he has been pressed down.  
But more likely a less gallant endeavor, a voyage of common form.  
But mostly a stretch where nerve endings were carried off by the current.  
But not a point where self was sapped of strength.  
But not like this, without passion.  
But now came to reclaim its right to do with us as hope allowed.  
But now just a short run  
But of things that accept the land's undulation as their own and plant themselves in service.  
But once it was not so.  
But only so we remember.  
But physicists now believe in  
But she was awake at the watch.  
But show us  
But sits and stiffens under the shade of contented atrophy.  
But soon we forgot and only had water marks that we soon stopped believing.  
But still, my death, so full of fate, should that not stir a weep?  
But stop to gather on the way.  
But surely not the last.  
But swells and bends and shadows long  
But takes aim from a scale of comparisons, watching every step for a sign.  
But that is not my universe.  
But that remained a dormant dread.  
But the 'dare we hope' spark that may, once we cease, be love.  
But the first capture of longing.  
But the harnessed team ahead of us smelled of wild, as though freshly broken.  
But the papers granting entry were of our own hand, stamped with hope's seal.  
But the scrub that breaks  
But the thinner air and the fog drip kept the wet soil draining through our fingers.  
But the true return of sun is not for charts, it is in our blood.  
But the water does not.  
But the wet one behind our eyes holds  
But the you of your own imaginings  
But their dust is not the only death love calls to notice.  
But there it is.  
But this spring is not that time, there are seeds in the scat on the meadow.  
But those who gaze heavenward  
But to the old city wall to show us where we had entered and would enter again.  
But waits in a quiet room, places its hand on your wrist, a companion for night sitting.  
But watch too every instant.  
But what if? What would I find if  
But what of passion, how will a heart be assimilated,  
But what of the waves?  
But when trails are young, their flaws have yet to give them color.  
But why would the sky or the star  
But will beat with blood,  
But willingly fades being into whispered shadow.  
But your love is all. It is the breeze and the moon's glance.  
By a hidden storm surge.  
By a hound at the heels  
By a look that takes all care.  
By a single drop of innocent sweat.  
By and by, we grew restless of taking observations and lay down our instruments.  
By any means of human form.  
By grace, no fence ever rose.  
By hands on their way to death.  
By incantations fed to them.  
by itself. Can  
By my own words, her tremble rode on every breath between us  
By original sin or grace  
By our dear planet's plowing its way  
By the mind on a raft of thought.  
By the silver lens  
By the time they reach this canyon  
By their ancestors  
Calculate how much force it takes  
Call us to this shore, bring a far sought light to our fading eyes.

Called awake to verdant song by the third act's opening rains.  
Called to record the scene when mortals meet, rising to believe and bending to listen.  
Calling stones to find their own place.  
Calls love to come forth in a spell, to emerge from yours into mine,  
Calls To Return  
Calm became waves became calm.  
Calm Longing  
Calm longing years  
Calm returns and melts itself. Light  
Calm when breaking waves are needed.  
Calm, longing years  
Came a new begetting.  
Came not from molten earth, but arose on the backs of comets.  
Camped at the base of a granite wall,  
Can always reflect drift,  
Can angels see?  
Can condense into wild torrents.  
can find the words  
Can it even bear our touch, can its vastness contain us?  
Can only accept their change  
can only hope.  
Can see through the scope  
Can the same days that harden, also find the winding way that leads to softening?  
Can we conclude a mystery? Can we know where we feel?  
Can you dissolve into the water  
Can't yet see the paths to be missed when on  
Can't yet taste things like pain or the long low  
Cannot carry to the loft of things that simply are.  
Canyons tore their robes.  
Care takes all our midnights to home.  
Careful to spill  
Caress with intent  
caring, be kind.  
Carried in liquid, our first form.  
Carried on the tailwind  
Carried on updrafts  
Carried on your wake  
Carried to your hand that may so slightly shake as it breaks them open.  
Carried up the hill on hods shaped by an unseen hand. Formed and spaced in the sun,  
Carries a scent of ether  
Carries everything it touches  
Carries the sky to our room.  
Carries you to soothing water.  
Carry a mirror in your pocket.  
Carry me away from your halls of knowing.  
Carry them home.  
carrying "no".  
Carrying a line of regret to a far star.  
Carrying us down, down until we wake on a shore.  
Carts had once been summoned  
Cast deep into the current,  
Cast out by our ancestors.  
Cast shadows, remaining as a reminder of its place, so long as light does not burn away.  
casting bones in a sacred  
Casting color over my eye's fertile soil.  
Casting up spores of earth. White flakes  
Catapulting them straight into evening, landing in an acrobat's net of stellar thread.  
Catching my periphery with a start, a primacy that gripped my neck.  
Cathedrals of shadow,  
Caught between dying and death.  
Caught, not trapped,  
Caught, not trapped, I dip my hand  
Caverns of mist  
Chance 10  
Chance falls in the angle of the eye.  
Chances near, fully home, free enough,  
Changing us,  
Chanting holy, holy, holy.

Chanting no,  
Chanting peace,  
Chanting peace, days of grace  
Chanting quietly nothing.  
Charting depths.  
choice reflecting  
Choices too are no more.  
cilium, stirred  
Cities  
Civilization  
Clarity rinses night tremors, our awakening.  
Clawing rocks, down,  
Clawing with fingers happy to embed  
Clear a way around you and I will be a touch  
Clear around the back  
Clear calls illumine our sun with pierced  
Clear marks and signs in the recesses that trailed as we made our way.  
Clear Night  
Climb with the bighorn, until  
Climb with the bighorn, until the valley fades from  
Climbing the tide released rocks round a point where the light still breathes,  
Clings to my limbs.  
Cloaked in deep slate, they wait, with constant conscript of fresh recruits.  
Close enough to earth to hear the echo of his own heartbeat.  
Close enough to emptiness to hear the silence of eternity.  
Close enough to hell to hear the final doubts of the discarded.  
Close enough to love to hear the words that failed when first spoken.  
Close your eyes before you turn your head.  
Close your eyes tighter than the crack  
Closer hours will never feel things.  
Closer to things that are without a name, without a purpose.  
Cloth  
Clothes worn to meet the day.  
Clouds are bestowed  
clue, keeping its company with  
coast. To try light, taste sighs, touched  
coincidence?  
Cold and hungry, dressed in sorrow.  
Colder still, the black that holds  
Collect us all  
Collected in the bottom of our bowl, a slight soothe when ardor fire threatened us.  
Collecting the residue chaffed off when dream wheat tosses high.  
collects in bone sockets.  
Color 12  
Color finds you. You hold it in loosely cupped hands and watch it drip.  
Color takes time, this day our hue's unveiling waits.  
color to pale veins. Is darkness the only place where  
color will blind you.  
color will find you, color will blind you.  
color will find you.  
Color, to pale veins, is  
Colors marking new season's fall.  
Combined, they are an herbal light,  
Come between the seeker and the shore.  
Come nearer,  
Come nearer,  
Come now, follow this way, mind not that first step.  
come release me.  
Come through our dawn window  
Come to break their fast.  
Come to me, I come to you.  
Come to the side of the dune  
Come to the side of this hill with me now where wildflowers reserve us a seat in the bend.  
Come with me and feel the limits of knowing.  
Comes a beauty, before which I can only stop.  
Comes a creation  
Comes from further still.  
Comes the sky.

Comes to rest  
Coming fully home.  
Coming home fully along,  
Coming so near, fully home free.  
Coming to a close, a chance look knows there is nothing to see.  
Coming to a place  
Compassion 32  
Compassion comes without a knock, the drapery always hanging in the window,  
Compassion sustains the mind of the restless.  
complacency thrive on the wind of  
Compute with the stars, you may find  
Concentric lifts, beating on the wings of wind from beneath the earth.  
Condensing around my feet,  
Conjuring this wild as a primal beginning, a place for perpetual return.  
Conjuring visions of new spectra, a feeling with which we were so familiar.  
Connect to something of you, through the rock with its dripping mist.  
Constructs that are as stable as the minds that hold them.  
consummate in presence,  
consummate in presence, but a promise  
Consummation has come day after day, year upon year in ways that startle.  
Content 'till now as a trillium bed, it breathed deeply the freshness of labor.  
Content to wait,  
cosmic dust, they fall into spirit.  
cosmic dust, they fall.  
Cosmic wombs are patient.  
Could ignite them.  
Could it be a hundred years of reaching  
could lift or carry  
Could lift or carry, on updrafted fate, let saints wash away  
Could mirror its cascade.  
Could not break, could not store, yet still broke soon away,  
Could there have been a tenderness in the roiling of the waters?  
Count the grains if you must.  
Coursing into yours.  
covers the journey that bores,  
covers, the journey that bores light shafts into us  
Coyote  
Coyote snuck in while they were busy preparing the feast of going away.  
cracks in love's  
cracks in love's thirst is everything.  
Cracks like a word caught in a eulogist's voice when the beauty overcomes the sadness.  
Cracks open, sighing night stars. Bleed light  
Cracks reach when I close my eyes,  
Crawling from mound to mound  
Crawling ones see a different truth.  
Create a void and you will hear the no thing lapping at your shores,  
Create a world and you will hear its prayers.  
Created sleep to give her respite from the weight she bore.  
Cried Beauty  
Cries a destruction  
Cross over from the world of winged beings.  
Crouch low in the channel, catch the echo  
Crown becomes their proof of knowing.  
Crucial to things that can be verified by method not madness.  
cruel, a sentiment  
cruel. A sentiment arrives without feeling  
Crush them and their pulp will seep into your soles  
Crushing my hand like manna bread.  
Crushing the wind stuck in the throat.  
Cry for yourselves if you must, for falsehood's allegiance with your own dreams.  
Cry softly greens. Their hues calm, drape  
Cry when atoms collide, love when in doubt.  
Curious chatter in a tabac and gutters swept as you wander in and out of your past.  
Cyclone fury lays down the law.  
Dance with me, you other, you bringer of blessedness.  
Dancing on the razor edge  
Dark Patterns  
Dark Patterns Perishing

Darkness  
Darkness carries  
Darkness dreaming, shadowed entities are prone to places with rumors of visions.  
Darkness remembers it once fell. Light, her glow, dying photons reflect longer.  
Darkness sings soft. Moon lit wisps of  
Darkness twists this idle, wrings it long and hard above our heads,  
darkness, and the earth may be  
darkness, and the earth may be trembling and I may chance to touch  
Darkness, inside nature's thin walls  
darkness, the only place where  
Dart among ferns without a sigh.  
Dart and dash, then crawl  
Darting side to side  
Daubing with handfuls of breeze  
Dawn recedes again  
Dawn, one measures gently. Grace for  
Dawn's condensation dewing on the underside of raised arms.  
Day and night approach unhurried in the early hours,  
Day and night entwining, vibrate  
day surprises.  
Day upon day of listening  
Day's common balance, now setting without shine.  
days gone by,  
days gone by, assemble a monument, perhaps  
Days of long time's grace  
days to come and  
Days when our breath  
De Deux  
dead ends are the last  
Death 28  
Death comes lightly as the only begotten child of life,  
Death sees it, calls it hard focus.  
death. We read each other's  
Death's dark run cries and tears the earth.  
Debris built its log barricades again, but were these signs of impermanence as before  
Declining their sadness. Into spring now,  
Deep across canyon's dark spans?  
deep beneath the bark  
Deep drops make the river feel as though it exists only for returning.  
Deep I go, or slide, or fall, an ephemeral ice melt, hop scotching its descent.  
Deep veined marble  
Deeper into the cracks and patterns,  
Deeper than trance, longer than the night, stronger than hallucination,  
defeat themselves.  
Demons cling like barnacles to my hull,  
Denial seldom ministers, or dresses wounds, or sits into the night.  
Density  
Deny our generation.  
Denying love like forever.  
Depositing a silt of light  
Deposits our silt on the shore bank, sifts us with a sacred golden mesh,  
Descends and now stops, waiting light.  
Desert  
desperation  
Destined not to be shared.  
Destiny cares, but nothing holds it, nothing brings it offerings.  
Destiny once cried darkness, where hope sees, she settles.  
Destiny's gravitational pull can be so tender that it scarcely needs  
Destructive purge away.  
diary in night and noon and still. We wander without  
diary; in night and  
Did she know I craved the sting of its coarse salt upon my tongue?  
Did we ever completely plan anything or was there always a place,  
Did we so soon forget  
Did we think so low?  
Did you dream last night old raven?  
digging away  
Digging shards to be kept under glass,

Dip fast below sight lines,  
disappointment. Breathes  
Discontent is familiar with normal routine.  
Discontents  
disgrace, reaching  
Dissolve into each other.  
Diving, it swims the current  
Do I send words your way or do I stand behind the laurel and wait for more accepted things?  
Do not be afraid is the way  
Do not be afraid, is the cry  
Do not be dismayed.  
Do not be mistaken when walking paths in pain's garden.  
Do not be what you think you ought.  
Do not build a dam in your sister's canyon,  
Do not call, was the request put forth by reason, as if we thought we could hold back the tide.  
Do not doubt that you were named even then.  
Do not dream that golden dawns will deliver us.  
Do not dump your waste  
Do not enter,  
Do not oppose but find the point  
Do not reflect on us as burdens, but come to transport us.  
Do not think it dark. Do not  
Do not think that the moving grass is the wind.  
Do not try to fill it. It  
Do not venture.  
Do not wish for the heat to end  
Do they even remember  
Do they feel a line between them.  
Do they know the smell  
Do we dare call  
Do we dare touch them both at once?  
Do we even know the reason for fire?  
Do we remember how to burn?  
Do you breathe and bleed?  
Do you have a conclusion? Do you wait for confirmation?  
Do you remember  
Do you remember the audaciousness of the color? How it bled from every plant and stone,  
Do you ride somewhere on the steed of fear,  
Does it confirm my loss? No, it is a marker of stranger soundings.  
Does it send forth rain to see if they are rightly prepared?  
Does justice balance in counterweight to beauty?  
Does some thing override it all? How could it possibly matter?  
Does starlight continue piercing the heart of forever,  
Does the world turn for this?  
doesn't mean there  
Doesn't morning calm where last comes fading dreams?  
Doesn't she end darkness with prayer?  
don't feel, don't say,  
Don't Keep  
Don't try to tell  
Doorstep and wait for their return.  
Doubt no longer  
doubt no longer a wait, knowledge alone is  
Doubters became a hollow clack of rocks underwater that feared to enter the air.  
Down among the under spirits,  
Down below the normal limit of such reactions  
Down beneath what I can touch or taste,  
Down my fingers.  
Down the road, an expedition camps.  
Down their arms, ocean blood ran like  
down their arms.  
Downriver from this earthen encampment.  
Drape calm hues. Their greens softly cry.  
Drapes like a cloak of comfort.  
drapes like prayer remains. Tears collect in bowls  
drapes like prayer, remains  
Draw close, come near.  
Draw nearer still

Draw your shade across my canyon.  
Drawing the liquid like a hummingbird siphoning nectar.  
Drawing the nearest side of promise on into my chest,  
Drawing us down  
Drawn and leveled by the same hand that trued up the gates alignment.  
Drawn to this patch of night.  
Drawn without even a memory, as if a hollow had been and was no more.  
Dream instead of the now, the more that shook our sails.  
Dreams, our way hard, no longer steps.  
Drenches the cosmos and slips through its fingers at the same time.  
Drift In Silence  
Drifting in a current of remembrance.  
Drifting in and out,  
Drink at the confluence of the waters of knowing and other natures.  
Drink when you thirst, sleep when you tire.  
Dripping down smooth  
Drips of sea spray evaporate in the flash, condense on the ledge, an awning for our afternoon.  
Drips through openings where the needles of heaven have struck.  
Drop it in that place  
Drops feed the stream.  
Drove it down to the cistern we kept in store as a font.  
Dry heat comes as  
Drying into bricks we stacked firm as a foothold for our farfetched notions.  
Drying the small pools  
Dusts the skin of new folded hands.  
dwells, where an ache was  
Dying light diffuses it here.  
Dying, delayed, watches over longing.  
dying, only its own fulfillment.  
dying, only its own.  
Each act plays like a half remembered song. The words that sit us up are clear in their benediction.  
Each cell decides, decay for loam, or milk for shoots who find a body laid out as a gift.  
Each day since, we feel a faith-time clearing on our own ocean headlands.  
Each embrace segmenting  
Each expanse contracts and holds an image.  
Each hand of dirt twinned by the same mass lifted from the back of the trailsman.  
Each has a story, each has a device to validate the day.  
Each in our own fold of time,  
Each lesson lies  
Each line losing its naiveté as it connects with sparks jumping across every gap in the verse.  
Each of us as drops.  
Each one hued like a snow crystal.  
Each particle of us  
Each point of cosmic dust aglow  
Each pulse of sound that lays  
Each refracted break in a star quiver,  
Each respire and flexes in its own tale, as if it is a separate entity.  
Each sip, each breath, a taste of their desire, a scent of their collective hand.  
Each snatched from their routine comings and goings.  
Each speck a spark ignited clean.  
Each strand is joined  
Each street runs smaller, crouched under awnings, spaced with thunder drenches, laced with hail.  
Each struck by a passing firefly at the very same moment.  
Each time driving deeper to quench more than a thirst.  
Each time we looked down into the path, the flecks of quartz in the gravel,  
Each turn leaves a choice, to pick at old wounds or to lay our hands in a simpler way.  
Each turned by a promise hiding behind the other's back.  
Each year we feel the strum, as we brush against all the past connections.  
Earth  
Earth  
Earth and sky. Hope softly breezes.  
Earth blood oozes slowly, never remembering to clot.  
Earth breathes in the scent of dying.  
Earth first took breath,  
Earth gathers all to her, pale flakes, long strands of vapor,  
Earth learned to breathe  
Earth wanders, it comes bearing no healing  
Earth, the tears and cries run dark deaths.

Earth's cast up respiration  
Earth's flesh fissured by magma capillaries.  
earth's moments, each one  
earth's moments, each one tenderly preserved,  
Earth's orbit or rotation,  
Eased from a loom formed where the light threads just above the wave line.  
Easing the edges of things that get in the way.  
East Midland winds would keep us migrating from shop to shop.  
Eat the Earth  
economics.  
Eddies form and fall at the current line  
Edges of forms bled out, staining  
Edges, our shadow becomes love.  
effortlessness  
Eight bells raising one note, the days were in no rush.  
Eight foot spacing is their octave, the fatter post at twelves, their measure.  
Eight points mark their rising line, bone chalk on cloven slate.  
Either way it was an act of daring that bore the thought to our listening.  
ELEMENTAL  
Elemental  
Elements  
ellipse or axial tilt.  
Eludes us most times  
Embrace a task  
embrace mystery.  
Embrace what colors bring.  
Embrace what you lean into,  
Emptiness writes its travelogue  
empty basins for  
empty cauldrons. I pour  
empty from this  
Empty marks appear  
Empty minds dissolve struggling.  
Empty minds sitting nowhere,  
Empty minds this moment.  
Empty minds, sitting nowhere,  
Empty minds, sitting nowhere,  
Empty minds, sitting nowhere, chanting peace.  
Empty. It's only the no thing.  
Encased in more than we could ever carry?  
Encrusted about my neck  
end of my explorations. The  
end of my explorations. The clue, keeping its company with  
end to end, the  
ending light. I knelt, painting  
Enduring  
Energy and transience.  
Enough to draw out even loneliness into the morning.  
Enough to hold back  
Enough to keep  
Enswamping us with a longing that hides its truth in a clot of strain?  
Entanglement. One particle  
Enter then, I seem to ask  
Enter your pores or through a cut.  
Entwining passes without much notice, save that it stirs  
Eons past keep watch  
eons past keep watch. A stasis decants  
Equipped for and girded against mystery.  
essence leaves lines.  
Establish the boundary, define the adversary, and you will have your prize.  
Etched against the washed out sky just above the ridge line.  
eternal air.  
Even barbarians knew the equinox and still it brought them no peace.  
Even before the first big tree came into view you felt the light and heat shy away.  
Even before things such as 'is' and 'was'.  
Even know how to say your name.  
Even my own heart.  
Even the feel of the brick as I pressed your body up against the wall.

Even the heavens stand aside.  
Even the sages sound trite  
Even when to return keys to their rightful place of keeping, a knit pouch,  
Even, it seems, the light of other bodies who leave it for gleaning.  
Evening purging of the day's collected grime, rinsing in the deep moist earth.  
Ever atom of matter  
Every bare piece of skin.  
Every beauty  
Every bloom that ever snuck into, then flew out of the garden,  
Every color of newborn light.  
Every corner of the world where we have trod, has left a pebble in our shoe.  
Every crack in the lens  
Every crumb fell from a table on high, manna dust on our heads.  
Every flame that ever singed a brow that leaned too close  
Every fruit tasted forbidden, warming our bodies as we consumed.  
Every grade and steep carried the lift and fall of the wave of his soul.  
Every green that ever  
Every life becomes a mediator  
Every malleable moment,  
Every one thing is every other, the last becoming first.  
Every other balance heard Earth breathing.  
Every peace can be ours.  
Every prayer of light again and again to love's single point.  
Every rising thing will view.  
Every skin relaxes  
Every thing and thought becomes the moment of our kiss.  
Every thousandth  
Everyone has such a place.  
Everyone who promises the hour alone,  
Everyone who rolls the apple seed with their tongue.  
Everyone who washes hands slowly,  
Except for a shining pain behind his ear  
Except ye become as little children,  
Exhale your memories, they never wished to stay.  
Exhaling the night.  
Expectant verses, an octave above  
Experiment is not even possible. The horse cannot be ridden.  
Exploding  
Exploring every body cove.  
exposed fraud. I watched  
Eyes lock, knees soften, mind drains.  
Faces have trouble turning  
Fades into more hidden spaces.  
Fading comes last, where calm morning doesn't exhale.  
Fading, decaying on the ledge  
Fairer still has been the clime that wed us to its days where every afternoon hangs on dearly,  
Faith 19  
Faith spoke to us, words not of what we would do or be, that was in other hands.  
Fall aches bring doubt,  
Fall aches like forever.  
Fall now to belly.  
Fall off in ashes.  
Fall To Drift  
fall, far away.  
Fallen limbs and trunks are no longer stacked,  
Falling ever so slowly  
Falling into slumber,  
Falling into the bowl  
Falling is a form of knowing,  
Falling snow. Hear those words and you  
Falling, mimicking every pair, every layer, every cover.  
falls slowly, becoming the  
Fanned out along the ground where we lay low, waiting out the afternoon.  
Fanning over its alluvial bed, each finger bursting into a thousand rays.  
Far beyond its normal prostrate pose, elastic as it reached over the curve,  
Far down slope, a quarryman continues to haul stones  
Far from the precipice, I take you, you are still.  
Far in the rear, one stone will soon be dislodged and the heat of the magma heart

Far less mindful,  
Far more fermented fruit lies  
Far more mysterious climes  
Far off into this east is a slight arch in the soil where we waited shyly,  
far too simple.  
Fashioned from their own fading will.  
Faster than thought I am awake.  
fate completely. Consumed  
fate, a page of gloom's  
fate, a page of gloom's death. We read each other's  
Fear 18  
fear and trembling. Take note  
Fear creates as well as compels as it awkwardly grasps at love,  
Fear is farce. Not  
Fear prefers to be a stranger, not the companion I know surely dwells  
Fear that the lids on the jars  
Fear was an icy sheen melting into  
fear was an icy sheen melting into hope, masking the fire beneath  
fear, the one who says that  
Feed on us?  
Feeding flames to the birthing star.  
Feel break along our descent,  
Feel break calling the steps along our descent,  
Feel break calling you.  
Feel dragons inside and beyond.  
Feel everything yet to become.  
Feel it now warmer than your own door and hear soft words,  
Feel like I'm parting  
Feel love where demons fear to tread.  
Feel me full" was the thought brought back  
Feel moans from the bowels of terror.  
Feel more, feel your ancestors cry.  
Feel no as in this moment.  
Feel no as in this moment.  
Feel no as in this moment.  
Feel our descent.  
Feel rising things like new.  
Feel shouts from the dark mouth of doom.  
Feel tears on your acid burned skin.  
Feel the bed of the ancient ones.  
Feel The Break  
Feel the edge of love as it shaves the skin.  
Feel the edges of each crystal.  
Feel the scales of self  
Feel with your thoughts and thus conjure.  
Feeling the pressure  
felt heat, death without  
felt heat, death without shadow or ash. They don't  
ferments of  
Fervent wind now enters my lungs, they burn hard.  
Fifth Day  
Filamentary slices of going  
Fill if you must, but you will soon find crammed,  
Filled the air.  
Fills and fades, like steam  
Find that place on your side of time.  
Finding essential words in the debris driven up in the storms.  
Fire  
Fire  
Fire breathed and awakened. He begat mountains.  
Fire Returns to Love  
First cleansing today, a purity  
First Day  
First hues are truest, they will carry them home.  
First inhale today, a freshness  
First stopped by the light bending  
first swells and breaks.  
First there was stone and silt pressing on each other's skin.

First Third:  
First unlocking today, a freedom  
First will carry them home.  
First worship is one of water.  
First, naming dies,  
First, the hands press like pages writ with the barest flame.  
Fish mirror their starts and stops  
Fissures became seals preserving the origin of air.  
Fixing my stare, repairing my eyes, so fresh they were.  
Flakes of our hands shed in dew strands barely touched by gravity,  
Flame lays gifts of thanks  
Flares an arm of fire  
Flash the flame of becoming until it burns,  
Flashed and fallen,  
Flashes the arroyo inside.  
Flavor had turned in on itself, simmering in the care of its creation.  
Flecks fall from the tread to the floor, shimmering tea leaves lined up for a reading.  
flecks of hope.  
Fleeing  
Fleeing Trepidation  
Fleeting thoughts coalesce  
Flight touched sighs taste light. Try to  
Floats on a pool of sacred water.  
Floods  
Flourish. Signs, wonders, charlatans.  
flowing water.  
Flown across the world  
Fly to the desert, when the last city of refuge ignores your plea.  
Flying carpets catching rising plumes of smoke  
Focus hard, it calls,  
Fog lends its shadows to the mystery of the morning.  
Fog so heavy  
Folding into itself as it slides slowly down the hill's shoulder.  
Folds our wings in supplication.  
Follow the crack, it was written  
Following the road, our beginning takes on a wild of its own.  
Folly tries to  
Foolishness and dark, wisdom and light, exertion and chance, catch and release, a hearty stew.  
Footsteps leave their trail in the morning grass moistened at love's dew point.  
For a day when readiness  
For a few soft seconds  
For a healing that kneaded its way into our flesh as we walked with a lighter gait.  
For a moment, sadness uncouples from joy.  
For a time to come to pass when we would be less solid, no more in daylight form.  
for all.  
For care is a pit in itself.  
For centuries, Prometheans hide and ride the frozen vacuum.  
For Collection  
For each of our long begging days.  
For fireflies and their ilk  
For flesh and fear and bone and breath.  
For fragments they are, that build that world from scratch.  
For grace gently measures one dawn.  
For he's after hearty loaves, not the fragile ones of morning.  
For hearing the storm with wide arms.  
For here, where the stone waits.  
For its breathing has been taken all the way in,  
For nakedness to return to love, it first must pass through attachment.  
For one with strings.  
For others, expectation outlasts understanding in the natural selection battle waging on their frontiers.  
For reaching high and long and hard.  
For rust and wear to grind down the machinery of answers.  
for sense, lest they  
For skin knows what it is to breathe, knows flame, knows frost.  
For so long,  
For someone to write its word.  
For someone's strain.  
For the briefest eternity, there is no thought inside.

For the call to nudge the last crust aside, to see who waited in the open air.  
For the crack remains true  
For the different casts and sources.  
For the fire light, for the shadow.  
for the first star.  
For the grasses.  
For the land of their fathers.  
For the million unnamed species.  
For the weak, for the silent ones.  
For there were no tears  
For they had been told by god that the messiah was within.  
For those to come who made them mirrors of their own.  
For transport away and back  
For uncommon sounds, slight utterances falling as a constant yet barely felt rain.  
For us to bear?  
For venturers have been known to never return.  
For victory claimed by cowardice and compromise come to dwell.  
For what are we if not bodies of breath?  
For what has already come and gone  
For you already know  
For you are not just your longing.  
For your gleaning.  
forests; contain and release each  
Formed by the lay of my hand painting the small of your back.  
Fortune is said to be the handmaiden of those who dare.  
found at home.  
Found by light and only light  
Found us again at the top on those terraces looking off into the open eye,  
Foundations crumble to farce.  
Four states in pairs doesn't need to be as fast as light.  
Fourth Day  
Fractals draped with hard earned grime.  
Fragments, strips of cloth from love's raiment, shards from broken urns,  
Fresh souls are more apt to notice things without the grime smeared on the glass.  
From a dissolving comb.  
From a few weeks to nether years and in this did they extend our trust.  
From a place where vision does not normally travel.  
From a year when listening  
From above, the line between us as we entered, though fine and straight, seemed infinite.  
From across the sea.  
From an urn fashioned of their own crushed fragments.  
From cause to effect to someday not even remembering.  
From cracking?  
From deep in its socket to the surface.  
From guests carrying packets holding shards from love's dropped bowl.  
From her watering can.  
From high,  
From Land  
From like clothed sunsets across a continent so close that each took on a piece of the other.  
From north of the river  
From nurturing those things  
From our birth but falling closer.  
From our dawn  
From our room  
From oven to basket, he plies his oar with ease, doughman's tool, bread's midwife.  
From points so near our presence?  
From streets lined hard, to a crooked stream, from a cupola tower, to gardens just outside her window.  
From the dawn's plasma.  
From the dust caked feet that had walked that old desert, there fell a sifted shade,  
From the fruit of the tree of knowledge.  
From the grains her people had learned  
From the last outpost  
From the mountain's own skin.  
From the precipice, the horizon sits as though fallen.  
From the restless rumblings  
from the right urn  
From the shedding coat of Ursa Major.  
From the start

From the stew of mud  
from the sun. Then  
From the touch of a penitent's lips.  
From the walk on the day  
From the womb there has been a beat  
From the world's end  
From their sheer weight  
From things that become a threshing basket,  
From this morning's bowl,  
From this side, we have seen our idle and it did not become us.  
From those below  
From within, the view tells nothing.  
Frost hoping with crystalline breath.  
Frozen in time and air.  
Fruit is always in the bowl beside his stool, once reserved for payment for passage.  
Fruited in our heavens.  
fulfillment.  
Full indentations in our skin?  
Full of wood fresh split  
Fullness brings its basket,  
Fullness in all changing directions.  
Fullness, being a form, does not describe the ninth step that took us off the edge,  
Galaxies spiral, subatomic spinning keeps us true,  
Gaps in the world are too large  
Gardens  
Gardens are tended from our knees.  
Gardens take no notes.  
Garments rent in threads, orange leaves tomorrow.  
Gasses condense around vents; it was the breeze of forgetting.  
Gathered in jars from  
Gathers the heavens of the blue  
Gauze from the gowns draped on the backs of storytellers.  
Gave their way to the press of our heels in the sand as we timed the tide.  
Gave themselves up in glad release to the steps and skips of three girls.  
Gave to the bodies of light of every season as it found its way into our spaces.  
gave up its ether.  
Geese sound like storm wind.  
Gently they still reflect,  
Gently turned key.  
Girding for winter,  
Give it your attention.  
Give the gap  
Give the gap attention, pushes and pulls  
Give them a headstone to be heard.  
Give them your heart and receive.  
gives itself for reading.  
Glances and passings stitch together ever more swatches in the tapestry,  
Glancing off trees.  
Glancing uncovered skin on the way out, so as it happens, all our touch is of another flesh.  
Gliding on the wake of time.  
Glimpse beneath their own heart's bedsheets?  
Glinted at an angle that matched the inclination of the lean of our stance.  
Glistening sighs, brings risen mist.  
Glow. Gentle glimmer of starlight.  
Go blind, see again.  
Go deeper, down, down into the green,  
Go to each other in secret.  
Go up the canyon to the birds.  
God in a particle, the all  
God is but each generation's  
goes on its way.  
Going back, far before the mind, far beyond this air.  
Going out to greet a companion  
Gold and crimson have not gone in vain.  
Good and evil or any such thing and its no-thing lover.  
Grace 26  
Grains scattered in the wind like dancing droplets on a well stoked stove  
Grasp if you must, it is an urge of our condition.

Grasps are eased, striving is slackened, seeking finds its way abandoned.  
Gratefulness wonders if we know of blessing's extent.  
Gratitude is the tender of honor  
Gravity and fluidity deposited a gold that only fools would find  
Gravity may be how inanimate objects love one another.  
Gray is not a contradiction  
Green flashes over water  
Grey road, gilded halo  
Grind them in your teeth  
Grinds the scales of earth  
Guarded by sentinel towers, locking out fear, keyed to a pattern kept in the soil awaiting our carving.  
guardians of all the veils  
guardians of all the veils in the to and fro reflections  
Had been brushed aside each day.  
Had not seen the sun since the last leaf.  
Had they shook off the planter  
Had to stand to full height so their lines of sight could crest the planet's arc,  
Had we known there would be so many steps we would have covered,  
Hair follicles. They contract when  
Hair held in an embrace of extremes.  
Half of what they said was true and the other half was too true to be said.  
Half the mountain let go and the broad flat waters were cinched into a cascade chute.  
Hands gloved in rich cake reach deep beyond the ground, skin on the verge of oxidation.  
Hands that have known  
Hang on to that instant.  
Hangs loosely woven air thread, hidden where strength,  
Hard by an ache and forgetting  
Has anything on us. We are the forever.  
Has died its thousand deaths  
Has found scratches left in rocks and colors seeping from the ground.  
Has it always been there waiting?  
Has never felt such a fibrous caress.  
Has not always been the story passed on at broken bedside,  
Has snagged a piece of me  
Hate Love  
Hate the garden, oh heavy winter, give the buried seed no hope,  
have gone to the grave.  
Have just enough round to lend a sense of instability, just enough slick to alarm.  
Have now become mere novelties to chase for our amusement?  
Have settled into excursions for supplies  
Have they come to wash me  
Have we forgotten thanks, our offering being the touch of our hearts?  
Having no signs with regulations to violate. His milky eyes became wild lenses,  
Hawk, leaf, cloud, web.  
He broke tradition and didn't first chant creation, for who would believe his story.  
He charts a course far from  
He claims he only longs to teach us how to love our own imagination.  
He curves and rides, but his pull does not constrict or tighten.  
He curves with an arched back, leaning into light.  
He first tasted the tip of his tail the instant before creation.  
He hangs them like prayer flags hoping for heaven's wind.  
he helped me move.  
He is a trance, and watching him is our trance, the release of an inner spring.  
He never dreams of rising, never cares to see the stars.  
He nodded  
He notices his old and new footprints in the needle duff beside the cedars and the damp by the falls.  
He placed it in a pouch to keep for a painted time to come, when he would recognize its finish.  
He rapped with his stick  
He rose up to her light, his arms  
He said, "We came  
He sat in the rear, hiding under a headdress taken from the shaman's tent.  
He sees in me the song his spirit taught him  
He stands before a waterfall, lost in what he could not name or had never been taught.  
He turns the oven wheel, orbits align. He is fluid now, turn, in, out.  
He twists and glides but his turns are not those of winding.  
He was the first of his kind, arachnida,  
He was the point, as all things were, was the blind, as all time was.  
He went, by row, dropping his seeds.

He who checked before, now returns, reaches high the paddle, the broad one,  
He who left, he who sat, he who roamed, they all returned.  
He would have frozen for a moment,  
Headlands and capes thrust their last blades in vain parry  
Heads will rise to catch the pour, to feel the rinse of ages.  
Healing oil for consecration.  
Healing seldom runs to its appointed hours, its cargo is too precious to chance another risk.  
Hear each mark as physics writes equations on tablets of wishes.  
Hear his cane tap the stones.  
Hear the sound of echoed calls.  
Heart and sound were the limbs that gave me brace in the wind.  
Heart, its touch leaves interlaced heat under skin.  
Hearts rising in flames of fear and the chemistry of love.  
Heat and soft were the words that smoothed the sand.  
Heat sheds to collect in pockets just beneath our skin; we are multiple worlds.  
Heat Steps  
Heaven Earth  
Heaven of dreams, it feared nothing.  
Heaven turns on its axis once more  
heaven, willing to swap a  
heaven, willing to swap a void for some small portion of  
Heaven's gently turned key.  
heaven's shawl. Are there  
heaven's shawl. Are there places where loneliness  
Heavier loads gradually rest, complacent justice flies away.  
Heaving in long low throes.  
Held for the play of the hand that had sat and waited for our fate's illumination.  
Help us to stay more within,  
Her bilge foul with a long years seepage.  
Her body well fed through winter  
Her breath and beat are the shallow waves forming a link around and into me.  
Her change will turn unheard. An even becoming remembers lighting lovers,  
Her gifts take years to unfold,  
Her heartbeat whispers, "I will try."  
Her hold a shamble of old landings,  
Her left hand, holding memories when moonlight,  
Her light fell once, it remembers darkness.  
Her soothed scars, balmed for dew, shed.  
Here is the mystery, the river between the cliffs of decline.  
Here it diffuses light.  
Here it was but the  
here naked, all  
Here the earth labored and bore children of yearning.  
Here the ice gives itself up  
Here they kneel, here they find rest and drink their sleep  
Here, where as a child, I knew, I carried my hope.  
Hewn by the restless ones  
Hewn from the bark of the sky  
Hid the pouch until his focus receded into the bosom of being, and he remembered, he vowed.  
Hidden among their specks of dust.  
hidden eternity, was born  
Hidden in wombs, dormant through every inspiration until this.  
Hidden like blooms opening no more.  
Hide deep beneath returning waves.  
Hides the moon of the green  
Hiding her forms, it rises now pure.  
Hiking the spiked cape rising from sapphire waters, was this but a sojourn?  
His arm's radius, clenched the netherworld's edges.  
His first impulse when the blows ceased,  
His foot shuffles against the grain.  
His head has borne our sins since the beginning of sin.  
His right never wavering, always sculpting his dreams.  
His sculpting always wavering, never right.  
His visions measure without prophetic strength,  
His was faith, before dawn filled fate with possibility.  
His withering hand left his creation dry.  
Hold perfection too long, it melts in your hand.  
Hold perfection without a sense of grasp,

Hold the key to be still.  
Hold The Mark  
Hold the silence,  
Hold the softly peaceful nights,  
Hold the softly peaceful nights,  
Hold the softly peaceful,  
Hold the softly turned key.  
Hold this heat  
Hold us,  
hold weightlessness.  
Hold young, virile pain.  
Hold your breath  
Holding expectations without possibility.  
Holding the runoff drained by the watershed flowing from our future.  
Holds a lift of water  
Holds a preservation  
Holds its breath  
Holds shelter over ground that wishes it could be a bed,  
Holds the light you brought inside.  
Holy because they cry, eternal because they never leave.  
Holy water delivered on the wind, water for our ablution.  
Home them like dream turned love.  
Home to midnights, our all takes care.  
Homeless  
Honesty hid behind our ear, even lightly crouched in our trepidation, we knew.  
Hope 17  
Hope becomes communal desire, a longing to pour its aloes.  
hope, masking the fire beneath  
hope, she found softened tears, called him back along his heart's  
hope. She found softened  
Hope's never now.  
Hopes never dissolve into now.  
Hopes never dissolve still waters.  
Hopes never dissolve,  
Hopes never dissolve, still waters quietly can.  
Hopes never dissolve.  
Hopes never dissolve.  
Hopes never dissolve.  
Hopes never stop.  
Hoping that heart beat was enough.  
Hoping to land  
horizons that  
Hosts of angels see  
Hours golden, days of green.  
Hovers before my ear,  
How black the air painted the walls.  
How could it mean harm, how could it have the traits it has been given?  
How could one ask for ready when the scouts who had gone before returned with tales.  
How could they know such a thing?  
How could they measure  
How do specialized cells dare to exist, to be their own?  
How do we know what the infinite means?  
How does God, if that's what it is, listen to the chattering sounds of change,  
How else could it come but from above, how else could it approach but by chance?  
How else could she have the right  
How else to explain the irresistible pull away from convention, how else to describe those hues.  
How everything melted and reformed on canvasses up and down the banks of this barest of valleys.  
How everything we sense, is hued in its coat. Steam rises and becomes this dew descending our backs.  
How far it is from love and how far it is willing to go.  
How hot must they have burned,  
How is life possible, let alone thought?  
How light it is to dissolve  
How many bodies we gave up  
How many dusks would we walk this shore until our trust in the next waves coming,  
How misunderstood we are  
How much can an essence be reduced  
How rivers loose themselves completely in their fall.  
How shall I carve a window into the rock?

How thin must starlight be stretched  
How to ask to be lifted up  
How we fail to be coincident with it all  
How we shy from the light.  
How would it feel  
Hurry the day?  
Hymnal  
I am a particle with two simultaneous states, on & off, up & down.  
I am but a body of earthy flesh, waiting on the gatherer's blade.  
I am come to.  
I am dualities. I contain them and constrain them and call them.  
I am every cleansing.  
I am every footfall.  
I am every parcel.  
I am inversed  
I am left then,  
I am rivers  
I am the alms gatherer,  
I am truth in these dreams, their mystery becomes me.  
I am two particles distant, cosmically entangled.  
I am, as was said, and before the beginning, I came home.  
I arrive at a gap in the cloud cover.  
I become thou.  
I beg you not speak with that tone  
I bow to your reflection in the glass that cuts to blood.  
I break, I unfold, I never held such a thing, such an hour.  
I breathe, and what I take in is a remnant of air.  
I came naïve to the gift you brought in your arms through the mists of early hours.  
I can not tell with words  
I carry my sight and my self  
I come nearer.  
I could fire a lightning spark.  
I could no longer break the still.  
I cut deep with obsidian glass.  
I dare you to tears, they come calling  
I dare you.  
I did not know this  
I did not know this earth's orbit or rotation  
I dip my hand  
I do not remember what we did that day with our arms and legs, how our bodies fed or rested.  
I do not remember where we started or ended or the in-between of our roaming.  
I do not wait, waiting is for temporal things.  
I enter then, it seems to say  
I even breathe  
I examine you without label  
I fail to draw.  
I fall back to an earlier path up a hill where stones in a creek we traverse,  
I fed you with flowers and food and few words that night we first untucked our arms.  
I feel it covering memory with  
I feel it covering memory with softer things washed ashore. Eliminate  
I feel my own weight  
I find myself emerging from another gate directly opposite to yours.  
I found a trail  
I found it in the winter sky.  
I give and plant  
I go off alone into the darkroom, release the words to the slot at the post.  
I go to the sea to partake  
I had forgotten.  
I had no thought, I had no step but the one of my youth.  
I have been to your places of formation and you have been to mine.  
I have heard of a thing called bliss.  
I have moved closer, leaned into you  
I have seen it work in the dawn, the cloth of the day spread out before her.  
I haven't breathed like this in years.  
I haven't noticed.  
I heard no shifting song or cry  
I hold you in a well of mercy.  
I hold you out in every open.

I hold you under an eave of sadness.  
I hold your home in the crook of my elbow,  
I jolt.  
I kicked the end of the untwined bale, it fell within range of a horse's stretching mouth.  
I knew then that one day you would be close enough to reach through the barbed wire.  
I know I'm heard when I find the look in your eye, half so sure,  
I know not  
I know not why one youth sets out in quest, she may have been banished,  
I know of no other explanation for how this table came to be set.  
I know they could not contain it ever.  
I know they saw something  
I lay my aches  
I lay where armies once assembled.  
I lead to a place on the webbed map of falling fibers.  
I leaned into you as if you were a breeze from off my shore,  
I lift the gate  
I lifted her onto my shoulders and soon her ear was against mine.  
I longed to rest.  
I look above and there comes a beauty,  
I lost it the same, eye for eye  
I Melt  
I need not tell you how that turned out.  
I never had a birthright  
I never need to verify  
I never would have sat  
I now can see  
I once spread entrails on the rock and with a turn of my head  
I once thought in light and shadow.  
I pass through and  
I pause and then  
I perceive thanks to photons. They are my rod and my staff.  
I press my thought skin against yours.  
I quake with the ribbons  
I reach the door  
I refuse myself with the same success as when I refuse the air.  
I remember my thought as the first star roused, I had once more fallen into you.  
I remember sitting here three centuries ago when the earth shook.  
I remember standing here two centuries ago when a band of strange people met this river pinch  
I remember the long white arm growing to dam the river that gulped down the falls.  
I remember today, selling salmon from a dust rimed pickup, sharpening my fillet knife in the old way.  
I remember watching here a century ago when men laid rock on the trail.  
I return to  
I round the moss laden crag  
I rub my stains against its pumice.  
I sat and chewed on a piece of hay, as dry and sweet as an old tender memory.  
I sat beneath the tree, not like Siddhartha, but like the fungus,  
I sat on the dune's edge.  
I saw the sheen of blood meeting air.  
I see the rise.  
I see truth in these lines, their elegance blinds me.  
I see you here.  
I sit and hear the storm of a mighty chorus.  
I sit in space so long alone.  
I sit to recall this pull that lives and breathes without thought of distance.  
I sit, when sitting is the only thing one body can give another.  
I squatted, back pressed to the gate, legs taut with a cautious strain. I watched the door fall to dust.  
I sweat all toxic breath into the chalice of cleansing.  
I take as a balm your hand in mine, never before, ever since.  
I take one breath.  
I tell myself but don't yet believe.  
I think my arms  
I too am lost. Lost to the finding,  
I took my first steps on a mountain  
I try to pass through  
I verify, but without the scent of truth. I know, without settlement.  
I waited outside the gate on the far frontier, the one called eight.  
I wake softly in the middle of an empty room.  
I walk and work

I walk into air  
I walk into your air.  
I walk the trail and my step shuffles with the limp of your absence.  
I walk up without a thought.  
I was born of the sea when the spirit of God  
I was reared on the prairie  
I was weaned in the city  
I watch the film dart and crawl down my fingers,  
I watch the water's film  
I watched the puff of dust float to the bathroom floor,  
I watched you from across a world that filled that room.  
I will be your foundation.  
I will let nothing deny your germination.  
I will never go beyond this piece of earth.  
I will only drink this dirt. I will only be this time.  
I will protect you if you expose,  
I will sit here for awhile.  
I wonder if you'll stop and kneel and wet your handkerchief in the one remaining pool.  
I wondered what to make of it.  
I would give in with so much dissipation  
I would not have seen it bless  
I would see it pass, like a neutrino, unencumbered by mass,  
I would weep to tell it if I had anything left  
I'm more likely to ascribe intention to gravity, to feel resistance and welcome as I rise and fall.  
I'm still looking for the account of how the mud tasted different this year.  
I'm told there are species whose dying act is giving birth.  
I've yet to raise  
Ice hits the stone.  
Ice skin fractures, cracks open like shivering seed pods.  
If a blade of grass  
If a box in a warehouse can calculate trillions per second.  
If a color not seen since magic walked the earth broke on your skin,  
If a living mass can know joy and pain.  
If a seed of me  
If a seed of me  
If a still small bird came and touched your hand, would you know?  
If an eye fails to open from slumber as it strokes the earth?  
If beauty be truth, then it is truth belonging to an ancient clan,  
If breath from a lover's mouth covered your fears, would you know?  
If ever we were mute, it would not be at their summons,  
If every thing has nirvana within, the kingdom within,  
If every trick is but a blast to shake the rafters free of dust,  
If everything I have ever known  
If faith is where the needy come for bread, how does love respond?  
If grace exists, there may be ways.  
If growth needed  
If I could know  
If I don't know,  
If I were to find you, I would lose it all.  
If I were to pry them off,  
If it be an audacious act to speak of truth when one is granted,  
If it be the word that scratches the door  
If it can be called anything with consistency, it would be walking into it all.  
If it fell hard and true at midday, then its shatter against the rocks,  
If it had a beginning  
If it had turned in you a moment before or after, a moment above or below,  
If it was cold, it would break you, if it was deep, they would call off the search.  
If it were 'not',  
If it were not a single emotion,  
If light can shock,  
If never arrives,  
If never arrives,  
If never arrives, closer hours feel things.  
If never arrives, closer things will.  
If never I come nearer,  
If never was allowed the planting of the new,  
If never,  
If no attic room, passed on to be stamped with the fears and wonders of a most delicate transition,

if not first, then  
If not, then heaven is broken, is trampled by lesser ones.  
If only a chance capture took hold and lay us down for another.  
If only the dust  
If only they could make it home  
If only we had known, we would have leapt sooner and longer.  
If our cadence  
If our coming together was chance, then this thought was our cards.  
If our coming together was simply a matter of time and truth,  
If our look falls a little less sharp.  
If such a kiss were for your lips  
If that be your memory.  
If the earth itself told you that you were  
If the light came in low and flat, then its glance shot it straight up as if a geyser.  
If the light from fusion is this painting, this sculpture,  
If the mind be a quantum computer, what be the world?  
If the soul is  
If there be no place without Presence  
If there had been no basements, there still would be wild abandon, leaps and darts and squeals.  
If there had been no hill to slide down, there still would be three in line for bent leg slides.  
If there were a door  
If there were not a table, to celebrate mass in every meal, we still would listen with authentic ears.  
If they believe prophetic bones.  
If they fell into exhaustion.  
If they found anything.  
If they found beauty,  
If they had sown themselves.  
If thinking is a parlor trick  
If this be our end,  
If this be so, if this be more than words passed down, then this is how I came to us.  
If this be the want and why  
If truer longings came home  
If we are to believe the signs, then life has always only known emergence.  
If we but use the level marked against the line through each day,  
If we could not flow in and out, we still would turn to they who once were babes, to wipe our tears,  
If we do the same.  
If we had landed in boats barely making shore, we would have ridden the white chalk horse,  
If we had no self to breathe, we would need create it.  
If we had not circled one country on the left hand side of the road, and another on the right,  
If we had stayed, we might have seen the conclave of elements assemble at the edge of the trees.  
If we opened that gate at all, it would be flung, there was no ajar.  
If we were in a daydream  
If we were to walk  
If you let your eyes fall  
If you remember hard enough.  
If you wait, you miss the beginning, the part where the author sets the story.  
If you walk these corridors, place your ear upon a door.  
If, in me, you see your reflection  
If, when it were born,  
If, when it were born, some light escaped, seeking  
If, when night and sand abandon us, will we find our way,  
Igniting never consumes it, dawn burns, waiting,  
Ignore them and they will ring in your ears  
Illumination surprises us like a banged headlight come back to life.  
Imagine a loom weaving threads  
Imagine the n-dimensions of string theory being states of God.  
Imagines the next move.  
Impatient like the leaves who cannot bear  
Impatient steps, not for nexting things.  
Imperfect  
Imperfect Revolution  
imprints of its own children,  
In a bargain long forgotten, she passed it on as gift to a fairer clan.  
In a bowed devotion  
In a combustion that would drain the air from our lungs.  
In a mist  
In a place that rejected such cries.  
In a room that kept for us

In a tongue of sounds that oscillated with a wave that didn't enter mortal ears,  
In an ever shifting chamber.  
In and out of awareness,  
in and out of color.  
In and out, yes it maintains, yes it carries, yes it glides.  
In another I, and so too every I,  
In arms and legs, skin draped with a moistened touch.  
in blessing oil  
In blood, the lover's stream,  
In caves there are only shadows.  
In chaos comes a reduction,  
In deepest blood, colored like pressed grape skins,  
In deference to a new age.  
In every dimension until  
In every dread, in every ascension.  
In every room.  
In fable, a labor lasting eons birthed a single bead of sweat.  
In factories and meadows and concrete and streams.  
In form if not faith.  
In golden vaults that have no door.  
In granting release from binding time, there comes no bill for compensation.  
in gratitude  
In haste to follow a drawing to return to your wilderness.  
In it all the heart watches  
In its condensation,  
In its eye,  
In its palm,  
In itself, we wait until it discovers beauty.  
in kinship with  
in kinship with the lines that mark  
In ledger grains falling into a glass  
In losing awe  
in my breath. Just  
In my seed is stored a form of energy  
in on itself.  
In one minute,  
In our dream, follows.  
In our midst from which no one flees.  
In our quest to see  
In our shared ether.  
In our sleep, she is planting and harvesting one row at a time, she stores in the hold of our hearts.  
In our thirty-sixth year, the world of our keeping let us in on a little secret.  
In Passing  
In patterned language.  
In pockets and linings of garments I don against the cold.  
In praise of trees that gave them birth and still surround.  
in prayer for nothing, ran down the canyon.  
in prayer, for nothing  
In reaches hidden in the cracks of their topography.  
In search of a phrase.  
In Seclusion  
In shadow, her dip rains night.  
In sleep, the mind and the body  
In step and rise, to stand and peer  
In still rooms and shrouded hillsides and wise gardens and even a wafting barge.  
In still, the laws of motion melt.  
In stutter steps.  
In the barrel nearest home.  
In the beginning indeed. Before that veil sits something.  
In the beginning was the void, alone and undefined.  
In the beginning, God's last act of creation  
In the blandness of a dry field or a deep gloom hovering, when you thought you were out of range,  
In the bodies of two lovers.  
In the clearing near your door,  
In the cleft of this ridge, we no longer wait.  
In the communion cup,  
In the damp and the chill  
In the dark, our heart's aperture spirals inward and focus is ascendant.

In the darkest corner of the garden  
In the dawn light.  
In the days hence, or is it since, the hours take us in their arms then set us down.  
In the dirt we find our common seed, our lost shard of glass.  
In the dusk tinted joy of the sand's curve under your body,  
In the elastic film lying like a canopy skin over the  
In the empty comes  
In the end though, there always comes the irresistible one.  
In the end, it never returns lower than Eden.  
In the end, it never returns.  
In the eye, the mists of forgetting find a reservoir.  
In the flaming day.  
In the flat plane of pre-history  
In the furthest fields of sleep, however, a thing becomes only an ornament unto itself.  
In the hay, I tasted the pie you had snuck a bite of after lunch, flakes and fruit.  
In the heart of our galaxy.  
In the house of rest.  
In the hovering mist; on a day like this when his boots crunched the gravel,  
In the improvisational stutter steps  
in the leaves. No ashen shadows  
in the leaves. No ashen shadows here, it was but the  
In the light of this morn, we awake.  
In the light that twists its way in, parting the air of our hold.  
In the lingering ache  
In the marketplace of mystery  
in the melting.  
In the midst of your mind's river.  
In the names of the sky  
In the night by the door  
In the nights when soul light fades,  
In the north, the ancient ones feared  
In the north, the ancient ones feared only the clime of a loveless  
In the organic runes written by the oak grain of the decaying frame.  
In the pool of its own making.  
in the riptide  
In the same way you saw as a child on the day  
In the seventh season of our knowing  
In the stubborn walled canyons left as dross  
In the swamp of original sin, an amino acid rose  
in the to and fro reflections  
In the trough of space carved  
In the while, the miracle unrolls a scroll down the hall, unfurling a legend.  
In their courgs  
In their many years of trading with the grand barterer, perhaps they had come out ahead.  
In their never named lives, they soar.  
In their pockets and justification on their backs.  
In them we dare be bold.  
In these baskets of unbelief,  
In this concave recess.  
In this feeling, be immersed.  
In this harsh taste, he knew at once his place and fate.  
In this hope, the lost are no longer children of another's declaration.  
In this land, things still and dark  
In this latent spell  
In this memory, knowing we had never been here before,  
In time with its flow.  
In times of want and times of plenty, abundance never wavered, never stale, never trite.  
In tissue and burlap, silk and wool, lace and parchment, velvet and linen.  
In tones once lost  
In twists and darts.  
In wandering through the day.  
Incense for the moon,  
indifference and defiance  
indifference and defiance, both sides soaring, but  
Infinite 30  
Infinitesimal 31  
Inhale and exhale of water spirit  
Inhale before you speak. Stop, slow,

Inhale truth, exhale facts. The oxygen of the real  
Inhale your soul until the edge of things melts in sympathy.  
inhale, exhale.  
innate. One per  
Instead of taste reports, I get numbers paired with a rhythmic sense of place.  
Instead, he offers, "I can show you death."  
Instead, he sung the softest wail and bounced the sound in a ventriloquistic spiral.  
Instead, it sees the ghost  
Instead, it was back down into the crevasse they slid, blue allure with icy hands.  
Insubstantial sparks remember.  
Intangible  
Interlaced leaves touch its heart.  
Intersecting arcs cross hatch,  
Intersection of the day and every eternity.  
Into a subterranean prayer where echoes rise through root and stem,  
Into balls of unknowing, a chest of miracles.  
into disappearing,  
Into every land in its domain, each cleansed by its own polish cloth.  
into heaven.  
Into Him  
Into its well-kept armoire.  
Into mounds and wisps  
Into now, when we stop struggling,  
Into our house it came to settle upon our daily breaths, entering our lungs and thus our sleep.  
into spirit.  
Into that past receding, we taste the silt in our drink, first eroded in the waters,  
Into the bowl where her hunger once lived.  
Into the horizon,  
Into the lower decks  
Into the moon, into its core.  
Into the next dimension.  
Into the nothing, where we were voided, so that we could become.  
into the place  
Into the sea that  
Into the sea that one day  
Into the wilderness of undefined love  
Into their tomorrows?  
Into this crack I am born.  
Into this moment.  
Into what is clear.  
Into who you are today.  
Into your depths they would dive,  
Inverted like empty bowls, stirring the stone shed dust,  
Involved as it was in the mind of the walker.  
is a bare spool.  
is a fragile wind.  
is a gift." Then  
Is about to become a prison cell, the plea having been mistranslated.  
Is as a moment bathed in harmony  
Is as real as the sweetness  
Is beauty a caregiver  
Is birth, and if we are true to the words from afar, it is also death.  
Is brushed by the thought of rain in long slow showers.  
Is clothed in a new suit of wonder.  
is detachment.  
Is food of a different harvest.  
Is ignorance  
is in doing.  
is in order.  
Is indeed made of string.  
is it any  
Is it essence keeping time with eternity?  
Is it like light, calm longing?"  
Is it like light, calm, longing years?  
Is it like light?"  
Is it not a dream of your own longing?  
Is it only adages that keep us risking the dearest things?  
Is it so obvious, this untrue ridge where the stacked stone meets the thatch?

is it the point?  
Is it the pulse of softer phenomena?  
Is it with a hand to the ear and a lean, or is it in the field where all else has been calmed?  
Is it within  
Is living within another  
is no answer.  
Is not its nature.  
Is not of the load.  
Is not very sporting.  
Is oft forgotten in the careful measures  
Is overlooked by the lenses  
Is she parting hopes into leaving?  
Is so exact that it would skin you like a liquid razor were you to pass.  
Is that it won't go  
Is the basin of gratitude.  
Is the bloom made more lovely by my work?  
Is The First Taste Of Sky  
Is The First Taste Of Sky The Lesson Of Water?  
Is the first taste of sky the lesson of water?  
is the first taste of sky.  
Is the in  
Is the rising shoulders of the continental shelf bidding them come to shore.  
Is the shell of space, like a mold poured over the world.  
Is the upper left shading,  
Is to caress the face  
Is what gives water tenderness  
Is what it comes upon  
Is with something like dreams, but firmer, like a mossy plank  
Islands ebb and flow in a relaxed waltz of time and tide.  
It all begins with a novemento, a numbering of skin  
It almost imperceptibly turned your lip's edge and your eye's lamp.  
It awakens transformation, hesitating, softly calling our opposite promise.  
It became an  
It became our portrait, hanging as a reminder of nights out to hold.  
It became the garden to which we returned with dandelion puffs in our pockets.  
It becomes a type, signifying the static drowning out the conversation between cost and beauty.  
It beneath their nails.  
It bleeds usury.  
It breaks where a line  
It brings nothing, it holds nothing but cares.  
It brings us branches and leaves,  
It brought us to each abode, on a hill, o'er a bluff, beside a bay, along a quay.  
It builds a rounded hunch  
It came to be that life in its stubbornness, dripped demands into our cup,  
It can do naught  
It can never return.  
It can not rely on others to sing its elegies or to bear its pall.  
It cannot be, yet still it is imagined, a solamor of the everlasting.  
It carried first scents to our bed, it bade us rise lest we miss a crevice in the day,  
It comes down for a landing and waits for our compliance.  
It comes when they sleep, in-between dreams.  
It could be a quest, it may even have drank from enchanted springs.  
It could hold every last one  
It could no longer speak it.  
It does not burn  
It enters the reaches where  
It evaporates, rising, becoming a breath  
It even once became  
It fades in and out with the frequency and pulse of a heartened rhythm.  
It fell our way from a stretch of sky unclouded by our plans and our premonitions.  
It felt like we could live on the crumbs that fell to the floor at our feet.  
It first ran the golden savannah, far too fleet for capture.  
it flee from  
it flee from complacency, thrive on the wind of  
It flew from the edge of the sand of North Africa, carrying a grain, ready to drop at the first sign.  
It follows behind the line of the land.  
It forms an edge of what once was called the new world.  
It gives itself to translucence

It goes past the light. It is as far from the surface of your skin  
It grew strong  
It had a hold on us when we were most alone, just before the next advent.  
It has a hold of us in a way that we cannot mark.  
It has a sound like the purr of the moon  
It has always been so, but it has not always been written,  
It has much more to sing, it is a reflector.  
It has no dark,  
It held a table where rain was written down in a waiting afternoon.  
It held our feet now in its trough, our voices in its fragile crust.  
It holds us slightly bowed  
It holds us softly in a shy palm like a pair of fragile sparrows.  
It honed its craft in epochs leaving precious little for us to read.  
it into my  
It is a beginning, a head turning slow and pure.  
It is a slight film of dry brown moss lying still in August,  
It is all I have been given.  
It is all it can do to face its prey with uncovered head.  
It is all our hues, blended and fragmented without a care,  
It is all that a mind could hope for.  
It is all that a soul could confirm.  
It is beautiful,  
It is companion  
It is dust of your dust  
It is for these that truth rises each day, for these hidden ones  
It is here that our clothes wear away.  
It is how they have been anointed that defines them now.  
It is justice?  
It is light and dark, they sit and wait for the axe to fall.  
It is my cloak of veneration  
It is never a question of belief, never a wait for a sign.  
It is not a cleansing, it is a flood, more than a food.  
It is not even mine to accept or reject.  
It is not so much the tying as the knotting.  
It is not something to hear, this bed,  
It is only its nature, perhaps I can come to be tender with it.  
It is our in.  
It is our incense  
It is our vein of molten gold, it is our bright sheet of sacred.  
It is ours and reminds us some days.  
It is palettes run amok, eating the sky like rust on a hull,  
It is the all in all, the meadow where every heart lies down.  
It is the captured breath of a hummingbird.  
It is the chilled rim  
It is the cleanest month, the year now wise enough to know things.  
It is the cobalt iridescence that quivers in the periphery for an instant,  
It is the gasp of a step  
It is the hardest to write because there is no explanation.  
It is the radiance and bleed of the highland alpenglow,  
It is the vapor on the air.  
It is the way and it knows you as only a lover can.  
It is the winding call of passing light in the west.  
It is too crisp for abstractions.  
It is us who make the declaration  
It is what we seek when we leap  
It is your lamp come at last.  
It kept its name as the seventh month since the year's turn toward the thaw,  
It knows that if it falls  
It knows, all it has known since creation, is how to wait,  
It laps instead forgiveness, an absolution that quells the reaching.  
It lays claim to  
It lays itself on broken lines.  
It leads to lines of straighter edge.  
It lit a candle on the table when we woke, it bade us good night with a kiss.  
It matters more than mortals know.  
It may be that experience is just as prone to crumbling as impulse.  
It may have been  
It may have been every last thing that caught me,

It may have been my fourth or fifth year,  
It may not be until the skin rubs raw  
It may pierce you with a thread  
It may remain even so now, had we not remembered we had stored at the bottom of our bags,  
It mingles with mine  
It moves over the rocks  
It must tell its own story, at darkened tables, to virgin ears, to eyes that melt.  
It never is the break that brings  
It once was thought  
It only took hundreds of years  
It passed umbilically  
It plunges, quick thrust, another, the gold encrusted domes slide beneath.  
It presses from layers  
It ran behind and after a time it only knew to drift  
It relishes the cool of the soil  
It remembers less its commerce,  
It remembers, reflecting not form, not memory, but things more lovely still.  
It rescues you still.  
It rest, it never resists, it calls for covering.  
It rises like a morning vapor.  
It rises up and takes you hold, the motions promise nothing but a simple introduction,  
It runs down walls.  
It seeks a thing for the spaces.  
It seemed but a moment  
It seems like one could lose the trail in the snow, every step and rut leveled like a fogged over valley.  
It seems polite this time to leave a little something.  
It sees death strain counterfeit memories with pulsing nets.  
It settles back  
It shields its eyes  
It shifts on the line  
It simply spoke, and when was said, things lost no meaning.  
It smoothes our edge, pricks our surface.  
It soaks the floors.  
It soon was clear that most of this was for another pair on another day.  
It still serves to stop us cold, stunned again that a nape could be made to melt.  
It stills us at whatever point our hearts are passing by,  
It stood to the side, as much a watcher as a guide.  
It stood, it seemed, day over day.  
It strained to raise itself up  
It takes in the sun. It plays back in random time.  
It takes only, and all  
It takes them in its arms and they become the memory  
It takes this way, this hand to carry, we cannot bear the air between us  
It took a hole in the ground and made it an old world gathering place.  
It took things cast off, arranged them anew in rooms of life and wonder.  
It took two tremblers, it was their soft push, even now it is their chariot.  
It turned on itself and brought us to another road.  
It waits, conserving the burn, the flame a spiral  
It walks us to our station  
It walks, panting as it goes, waiting for my own movement.  
It wants you, wants you to run ahead,  
It was a hanging maturity, a far flung cast on the waters.  
It was a home that held against the storms and had a talent for tricks.  
It was a time to be equipped with slight magic.  
It was breathed in by our mothers.  
It was from the earth they sprang?  
It was our recipe, our food in the wild and around the nightly table.  
It was the stuff from which spectral images arose, first as shifting spirits.  
It was then they cried,  
It was truth that came to us in threes, breaking our sleep while mending our dreams.  
It was us behind walls, it was us in the open, it was right where they had left us.  
It was, as others give a hint,  
It was, so we now have been told  
it watches over  
It will be the last drink before the fall.  
It will come to an end.  
It will consume you as soon as you let go.  
It will not be broken.

It will run if you ask it to tell you a secret.  
It will still  
It wills itself an offering  
it would clench its grip  
it would clench its grip until it is revealed  
It would lift its hand while we slept, a sign of an expanse,  
It would not be quenched until my very last drop, and yours,  
It would take many more years for the fullness of this dialogue to settle into a balance.  
It writes it in a book of remembrance to be called on for another playing,  
It's quantum teleportation.  
Its always rising thing will view.  
Its break declines to erode its allotted atoms of rock.  
Its claws sink the same as vermin bred in warrens of hate.  
Its color keeps the sky alive,  
Its cracks and crystals  
Its dangling, swaying light, so precious in precariousness.  
Its eternal imprint on us?  
Its eye sends our way  
Its final sigh a flint and strike for our moment's glow.  
Its fragile crust veined with a slight crack of crystal, catching the sun.  
Its imprint keeps us.  
Its life an eternal death pyre  
Its never denying shift takes hold.  
Its only ambition  
Its pack carried letters sent between Eirene and Tara,  
Its sound a reminder that fear and wrong  
Its truth was far too much for us to hear, was only meant to be bestowed.  
Its vibrations drift off to sleep.  
Itself already in us.  
itself cannot calm. Be greater than  
itself. Cannot calm be greater than disgrace? Reaching  
Jagged edges soften.  
Join at the front of those who know without the cloth of proof.  
joy for restless shadows.  
joy, for restless shadows waiting, can never be your sail.  
Just a few steps off.  
Just a sweet sting, like a tugged hair  
Just above the candle  
Just as likely, this is the first of our incarnations, our first feeble fall to this world.  
Just as meaning is not found in a few great things  
Just as their strings and symmetries and verses dare not be verified.  
Just before they know that their purpose is not to roam but to break, just before they know.  
Just begun to reclaim the archway  
Just behind our imagination.  
Just beneath the skin,  
Just beneath the skin, there is a layer,  
Just beyond the storm front.  
Just enough to dip my mind's finger.  
Just enough to taste the water, not just suspend.  
Just give us a moment to catch our breath before we go on, before we bend.  
just play the part?  
Just the slightest tilt in our centers of gravity, a correction of balance.  
justified soul,  
Kaleidoscoped fragments  
Keep it for the instant  
Keep it in a pot in your room.  
Keep us locked in on the strobe, synchronized to the booms waiting for the all clear.  
Keep watch, alert,  
Keep your glance.  
Keep your hold like other leaves.  
Keeping the obvious a mystery until the day when one and the other could bear the revealing.  
Keeping them always on the lee of our presence.  
Keeping to the unused, unlit side of the road gets you along for awhile without notice.  
Keeping us, until the day when we too intend our own gravity.  
keeps in wait  
keeps in wait, watches over  
Kept as company through our greening, clearer with each rendition.  
Kept down by cracks

Kept its place, now seeps  
Kept on Aphrodite's nightstand.  
Kindness  
Kindness 1  
Kindness enters here, where the fabric of life  
Kindness gently  
Kindness seeps like whey pressed down  
kissing sad lungs.  
Knelt Down  
Know peaceful sleep", it sings.  
Know that letting go of the full  
Know the essence of the other.  
Know this. It falls as compassion.  
Knowing that the wall they throw down  
Knowing the difference between costly and rare, knowing when to recall the face of chance,  
Knowing the telling of dualities,  
Knowing the void, tasting the void with a wary palate.  
Knows the capacity of a thing, how much it can hold,  
Knows the feel of things and whether or not they live,  
Labored with molten rock  
Lakes would fill where the hooves carved out bowls meant for erosion's offerings.  
lamp for the story.  
Land falls in layers.  
Landslides always forget to dam every channel.  
Language 21  
Language for us has been a gentle gathering of what remains.  
Lapping our ankles as we stood downwind from the embers of fate.  
Lapping water just below a porthole or on a stretch of sand or a tilted cup.  
lashed to the mast, lost.  
lashed to the mast.  
Last Third:  
Last, a lean where breath subsides into the beat of blood.  
Late afternoon, points of insects  
Later that life, we stood again outside the wall where vines hid the stone's intentions.  
Lay the plans down  
Lay their bodies for communion.  
Lay us down in a knowing of our own, an assurance woven into our shadows?  
Lay with me, you bearer of compassion, the note in my bones.  
Lay your head upon my rocks.  
Layer in flakes,  
Layer upon layer of darkness until the only way through  
Layered over with coatings  
Laying light on our lips  
Lean into aches closer.  
Lean into color's subtle shift,  
Lean into new seasons.  
Learn this says land.  
Leave space unwoven  
Leave the quest to find salvation.  
Leave us behind.  
Leaven me now. Rise my blood. But first rest.  
Leaves  
Leaves begin their descent with a hesitation  
Leaves spend little time conjuring up some lack of fulfillment in their appointment,  
Leaves take their fall, they do not feel forsaken by the wind that fails to stir.  
Leaving all shade behind,  
Leaving droplets of their bodies for us to absorb through our heart's pores.  
Leaving drops that rinsed away a hesitancy standing watch at your door,  
Leaving folds of cloth for their covering, we dwelt along the frays.  
Leaving into hope's parting, she is filtering needs,  
Leaving on the other side  
Leaving thanks in death's rale.  
Leaving thoughts of being loved in the very name of love.  
leaving traces  
Leaving wounds like gill slits,  
led to patience.  
Led us to this place, this waiting.  
led you to the grand trade,

led you to the grand. Trade empty basins for  
Leeched of hope, screamed dry, ghost dust now.  
Leeches down through  
Left Alone  
Left alone to  
Left as a cache for the weary, a song to rouse, a cup to quench.  
Left by the tamers  
Left by those who never knew me, yet still loved.  
left half of myself awakening, to no  
Left there by monstrous collisions.  
left, half of myself  
Lend me again the first turn when the start of a smile rose through the tide pool,  
Lending slant to the quiver of strings playing subatomic concertos.  
lens to focus.  
less a wonder?  
Less Color  
Less Color Blind  
Less encumbered, we came to walk along the way, careful to keep the glass,  
Less fulfillment, later promises, afternoon waits, unveiling hues.  
Less likely to be filled with things when they are just beginning to learn their openings.  
Less noble in stature was the race that once used these rivers for their wireless access.  
less wistful never  
lest things begin  
Lest we miss our chance to stand on their edge like we did a century ago when light was fresher.  
Let it be my wallow  
Let its fracture  
Let me lie down in this grass.  
Let us play.”, says the priest.  
Lets himself be taken for a worm, or lonelier still, a dragon.  
Letting nothing  
Levitating our loads one by one, depositing them among the underbrush down the canyon.  
liberation. Fortresses and  
liberation. Fortresses and forests contain and release each  
Lie on love’s bed.  
Lie the mysteries that care not to be resolved, but were born for our embrace.  
Lie trenches deep.  
Lies all around our isle  
Lies in an obscure corner  
Lies like a canopy skin  
Life 29  
Life came up from  
Life etches us like carved initials up high on the trunk watching over us.  
Life runs hard as soon as it is able.  
Lifted like a storm bent cedar.  
Lifting my arm, catching your elbow, inhaling with nerve endings,  
Light  
Light and dark, good and evil, they flee,  
Light and Darkness  
Light becomes our co-conspirator, a lookout and abettor of our escape.  
Light cracks open, sighing. Night stars bleed.  
Light Dark  
light for fading flames. There is  
Light gives a simple bow  
Light itself melts and returns calm.  
Light only bears faith and hope, reincarnation’s garments.  
Light returns to its bed on a wing torn by alms gatherers,  
light shafts. Into us,  
Light shining over every person sitting between us, straining against the empty space,  
Light spotted him, and before he could escape, we adopted him.  
Light star of glimmer. Gentle glow  
Light struck and thundered, a foretelling of the energy that would be our family’s fullness.  
Light then lifted off the fields, rising as if it had a soul,  
Light visits us when we tell of  
Light waiting stops now and descends.  
Light was the only thing that remained on that day filled with hard edges.  
Light, a ray to pry our lids, a bath of smooth cream.  
Like a centering bell.  
Like a cool sponge for fever dreams.

Like a dusting of seeds.  
Like a dusting of seeds.  
Like a dying humpback  
Like a fresh creek, born in the shadow of a retreating glacier.  
Like a gatekeeper who stands no more, so seldom do seekers pass his way.  
Like a hand borne carriage circling in endless devotion to holding us in its care.  
like a master  
Like a muffled lullaby from the dark window across the alley.  
Like a phantom  
Like a piece of arctic ice  
Like a prophet, dogged by a relentless, cleverly masked inspiration.  
Like a rose found dipped in someone's heart.  
Like a sentient fungus  
Like a sparrow scanning the modern world, perched on the peak of a cathedral.  
Like a third voice calling us both to forget  
Like a wanderer scouting for truth.  
Like a wary hummingbird  
Like a wounded child.  
Like an inner aura,  
like downswept frost,  
Like flickering wisp, they quiver the air of time before our eyes.  
Like invocations for our bidding.  
Like light calm,  
Like love, their defining holds both never and forever.  
Like manna gathered  
Like moments inside a soul.  
Like newborns wrapped tight in arms that have no idea,  
Like our lives, stretches thin.  
Like pulses from the blast of our heart's final explosion.  
Like rescued honey  
like smoke from a  
Like that of a chanting hum.  
Like the branch across the stream.  
Like the curious before a conjurer or the doubter before a graven image.  
Like the dawn of time crying out  
Like the dew, but with an iron kettle simmering down below, freshening passageways,  
Like the earth's crust upheaved,  
Like the eye tracking  
Like the nonchalant cougar whose silhouette paces the range.  
Like the sun on a wave.  
Like the wave's vow  
Like the waves below, we are never prepared, we dash ourselves completely.  
Like they had found the same crack and couldn't wait for us to notice.  
Like wax giving itself to heat's draw and fall, our matter and minds changing states.  
Like we were cupped in the bowl of a mortar of sand,  
Lines and names rubbed with hopeful tracings, fraying and blurring left,  
Lines do not hold focus so near the earth.  
Lines fall uneven down steps unsteady.  
Lines, broken, form themselves into falling waters.  
Listen again above and below  
Listen again and again, until we fill, until we have no more to offer.  
Listen from inside out,  
Listen to the voices of birds.  
Listen with deep gulps  
Listen. A faint recording remains where the imprint found refuge from the work,  
Listen. Something  
Listening at the edge  
Listening for a breath  
Listening to the notes beneath the theme, we are given charts for the sea below.  
Listing my step as I go from door to door.  
Lit for one more day,  
Lives ago, a waiting chamber had been carved in the mountain.  
Living  
Living regular lives,  
Loads  
Loads heavy with striving, no comfort falls today.  
Loam so deeply brown it reflected veins of emerald and amber in the millennial dawn.  
Locked onto me, left marks on me, lay into me, a whispered storm warning.

Logic Intuition  
Loneliness 6  
Long ago, in the dark, outlasted the allure of being discovered.  
Long ago, there may have been a seer who read us in crystal,  
Long before judgments and fears and the accompanying baying.  
Long before there was a tomorrow  
Long dead they are. We see them still  
Long flashes cry, "Yes, come."  
Long waiting impulse.  
Longer days were the start, they stretched so tight  
Longer waits are watched more perfectly, like a meteor's arc.  
Longing for their hearts were  
longing them home?  
Longing To Feel  
Look at this branch.  
Look between the sighs of your heart.  
Look directly into the sun,  
Look into the eyes of the vermin that roam beneath.  
Look into the small where time wonders what to do.  
Look up to the night sky and tell me what you see.  
looses its grip.  
Lost in a trance  
Lost in the thought that more will become our hope.  
Lost on our way up to see the animals on a free afternoon that didn't reveal its full freedom,  
lost.  
Love becomes shadow, our edges  
Love cannot discard us. We are only love.  
Love is only every thing that ever was.  
Love me in the back of time until I can be no more.  
Love of one against the other?  
Love pours over  
Love them and you may begin,  
Love will never pass the test. It will never conform  
Lovers own heaven's bending arch.  
Low across the lake  
low upon the sand.  
lower than Eden.  
Luminescence, fading shaded fears with caring wraps,  
Lying in its own fold of time.  
Lying on your back.  
Lying there, the words first formed on voiceless lips stumbling to translate,  
Machines were tried, we soon grew weary of their infernal efficiency.  
Made of freshly ground glass.  
Magma chambers, glacial collapse  
Magma, comets, bolts, falling in sheets, igniting hearts.  
Make the root endure until it can hold on only one day longer.  
Make yourself small enough and atoms will contain your astronomy.  
Making himself into a woven shawl.  
Male Female  
Many colors vie for primacy, few are wise enough to step aside.  
Many commands,  
Many paths to one moment.  
many thousands of  
many thousands of years, when every race of  
Many years ago  
Marbled patterns mix with every other thing.  
Mark The Rise  
Mark the words that wander  
Market forces  
Marking new seasons.  
Masons prize his stone for its willingness to lay one upon the other,  
Massaging places  
Masters of words, masters of thought and five drifters yielding to the land.  
Material from scraps tossed aside by the garment maker  
Mating and breaking in a staggering array.  
matter, their souls can't dissolve  
May enter, may find a place to sit.  
May even reach this place

may even try.  
May my pain, may my change be more?  
May veer in sync with your turn.  
Maybe not anything. Maybe  
Maybe their constant sharpening  
Maybe your mother was right.  
me and us all,  
me to slow the  
Me to the other fairer shore  
means to bow down.  
Meant that you knew not the empire.  
Meditate on lost things  
Memories prepped and stored as food for dreams when solstice night draws them down to dens.  
memory dissolved somewhere, when I first noticed  
Memory To Now  
memory, dissolved somewhere.  
men may grow and die.  
men may grow and die. Earth arrives  
Mended with diaphanous gauze spun only in the early hours.  
mercy again avoids the hook.  
Mercy rains, seeps,  
Mercy was born for such an overwhelming.  
Middle Third  
millions of small  
Mind Body  
Mindfulness asks of us, "Take heed", we pay no attention.  
Minding no other business  
Misread the map.  
Missed by hard terrestrial scales.  
Missing tiles in walls of light.  
mist from the sky.  
mist has a way of instilling  
Mist pulses like a slow motion whip crack as the lake breathes in and out.  
Mist risen brings sighs, glistening.  
Mistake it for your own.  
mistaken for caring.  
mistaken, for caring by itself can  
Moist with the lives  
Moist with the lives  
Molten dreams, their only  
molten dreams. Their only regret was that a  
Monoliths rose on the plains.  
Moon  
Moon dust eventually yields  
Moon under cover, nymphs transport our cares. Our lonely nights bring bearings new.  
Moonlight, once a spell to be divined, now is our bedsheet.  
More circuits, more data, more parallel processing.  
More concentrate of waiting things  
more easily  
More entwining is all  
more fulfilled time,  
More is not what they need, more will not be their servant.  
More layers of longing. They dazzle with their power.  
More likely a lightened chant, an invitation for their return.  
More mysteries per fathom,  
More plenty in the new, noon warmth, more secrets still to come.  
More than a field reaching to every wind,  
More than a number,  
More than placeholders.  
More than the conjuring of an imagination  
More than tiny flecks of glass.  
Morning came to us not far from the start, but near enough to our beginning  
morning with scraps of  
morning. With scraps of days to come and  
Morning's measure surpasses light speed, new yields igniting.  
Mornings slumber beyond sight lines, weaving solar garments.  
Moss and leaf, unfurl frond and blade  
Moss on a cloud feels not so farfetched

Moss stakes its claim.  
Most years of late we tap into some life lived long ago, or a similar shore,  
Mountains  
Mountains of waste and tailings collect at the back end  
Move in layers  
Moved over the surface of the waters.  
Moves like a dragonfly.  
Moves on to familiar ground.  
Moving over the wet maroon leaves.  
Much the same as the marks  
Mud gives way to sand leading across fields and cobblestones into set apart trails.  
Mud gluing your boot heel to the earth.  
Mulched with memory  
Multitudes in fact, for knowing.  
Muted heartbeats chanting promises that  
My arm takes on your bend to cause a net to span across the valley into your worry.  
My arms pain where they bend. A point  
my eye, I catch  
My eye's corner catches the black filament of his enspiraled arc,  
My eyes and the air between us.  
My fourth or fifth year,  
My hand pressed to your thigh, my wrist on your neck.  
My heart, your mind and each of the other.  
My inner slumber  
my lung does press,  
My neighbor's land  
My no self was found napping,  
My peaks shall yield to your hand.  
My rising is not smooth  
My spirit shadowed yours from the dawn that first spoke your name,  
My stab at the fullness of number brought me to the seventh gate.  
my stride, living,  
My twelve year old wonder conjured up your image lying in heartland grass.  
My world, my table, my setting.  
Myself as each hair on my head.  
Mystery 9  
Mystery remains  
Mystics walk among us,  
Nakedness 3  
Nature or nurture, this misses the question, in the land where bowing down is more becoming.  
Nature's regrets are few, they fade in and out of shadow.  
Near a rock that had pulled at her  
Near the steps they, shining, gently allow.  
Nearer our hearts,  
neglect to care.  
Neither harbored nor cast away.  
Nets pulsing with memories' counterfeit strain,  
Never able to become so small that it would notice a fragment of love.  
never again.  
Never an extra piece of us, only the all ways same as us.  
never came to pass where I knelt.  
never came to pass.  
Never finds rest in an answer.  
Never having learned the principles, I'm left to look with longing,  
never the goal.  
Never to be seen by things such as eyes,  
Never to be the thing thanked for  
Never to stir a breath or lead a word.  
New bearings bring nights lonely, our cares, our transport.  
New recompense.  
Newborn eyes see shadows and light.  
Next, a turn, an arc of elliptical shading where memory resides.  
Night rains dip her shadow in valleys,  
Night stars bleed light cracks. Open sighing.  
Night, soft, not sure, is it dreaming? No revealing.  
Night's drain, the bleed of wet shadows.  
Night's first reflecting, she was grace, once she was pure.  
Nights then; the first break

Nights thin, these fear our shadow, they notice our trail.  
nights were spent  
Nights were spent, when restless sparks,  
Nine hundred years of leeching the fog is bound to leave something cool in your alms bowl.  
Nine thousand years  
Nine times anything led us from that point on, separating demons from angels.  
No  
No bearing comes, it wanders earth.  
No brightness breaking in, dying sounds unnatural.  
No care for plumb or level.  
No daring, no offer, they rest in north slope shade.  
No deal struck ever as planned.  
No dissertation speaks the depth. Just open your hand.  
No experiment can scribe a love with lines.  
No further. Just to look over the rim  
No gain or loss, winding through the same valley to the same sea.  
No hard freezes, no relentless dark or prison, it only bores.  
no less welcome.  
No Longer  
No longer does it seek  
No Longer Homeless  
no longer reveals  
no longer; reveals we can not sing  
No Memory Of Feeling  
No Memory Of Feeling Thirst  
No More  
No More  
No One  
No one hiding thing  
No one hiding,  
No one hiding, every golden, always rising thing will view.  
No One Left Alone  
No one will view  
No one,  
No opening blooms like hidden valleys.  
No powers yet were formed to taste their own fear.  
no promise faded. Colors struck, I longed to rest  
no promise. Faded colors struck  
No protons or neutrons, for there is no plus or minus, and surely no neutral.  
No shadow, whispered into being, fades willingly, but bursts into vapor.  
No thing  
No thing  
NO THING  
No thing came when the flight began, when the echo  
No thing can hold our hearts beside.  
No thing can hold our hearts beside.  
No thing can hold our hearts,  
No thing can hold our hearts.  
No thing held its place. No thing was the all.  
No thing learned so purely that it became the void,  
No Time  
No Time Unloved  
No Wind  
No word, no being, no element, no light, no spirit  
Noise that drowns out  
None have skin so hard  
None of us are ready  
none required.  
Nonetheless, it unfolded, and does so still, even when some refuse to go on.  
Nonetheless, they managed to live  
noon and still we wander without  
Nor breathed, nor tasted, nor felt,  
Nor ever learned to wait.  
nor the laughter  
Not at all what I had in mind when I cut short the week and set out,  
not being lived.  
Not far into  
Not for such things. It only knows

Not in long ago time or greatly borne deeds or demons slain.  
Not in such a way as to be seen,  
Not in the strike,  
Not into, but alongside, with the sing song sameness of hypnotizing apathy.  
Not just the spirit who laid the stones reaching for meaning  
Not knowledge, but a faith that such a thing could even be?  
Not on the mind, but in fibrous pockets of pale, buried light.  
Not quite faith, not quite face, I navigate where I could never dwell.  
Not the marking but the being.  
Not the ones on the edge  
Not the thin film of ours,  
Not the you of a distant reality  
Not to say it does not matter.  
Not with a conjured whirlwind  
Nothing can hold our hearts  
Nothing can hold our hearts.  
Nothing can hold us.  
Nothing feared, it dreams of heaven.  
Nothing remembers lovers, lighting remembers becoming even.  
nothing that can hide from this.  
Nothing will forever.  
nothing, not even a void, nothing that can hide from this.  
nothing, not even a void.  
notice beings formed of matter, their souls can't dissolve  
notice. Beings formed of  
notice. How close  
notice. How close is the in  
NOVEMENTO  
Novemento  
Now a brother to every cell.  
Now a collection well for alms, for theft, for rotted discards.  
Now a wayside for travelers; these are all our kin.  
Now color is thrown in threads.  
Now comes a softness predating  
Now comes an unannounced visit, a messenger  
Now complete, a satiated basket cradles the deep bronze of a late September afternoon.  
Now cracks come like fragments of forever.  
Now dear lune, come take me home, for it was all that I could bear.  
now I am home.  
Now I wish to have the pale eyes  
Now its just a  
Now one bird rises up, now the whole flock.  
Now rises, it forms her hiding prayer.  
Now she is the one who enters.  
Now simply be,  
Now the earth, the sky and the water agreed on one more step. They would hope.  
Now the light of its spray weaves alchemy in our veins.  
Now the scholars fret  
Now they are but a curiosity, at most a thing to be endured.  
Now they enter.  
Now To No  
Now to the west, our turn once passionate, now is resolute, tinged with remnants of eastern muses.  
Now we have devices, mere sticks and stones.  
Now we have forgotten it all.  
Now we just raise our eyes.  
Now we know, what will we do with the knowing?  
Now we sit  
Now we take up that rise  
Now, by love, should we know, should we dream to chance?  
Now, I don't hear it so much  
Nowhere,  
Nuances of hue mingle in descent  
Numbers become names become walls  
Nursing them in the warm  
Nymphs cover under moon shade, slope north in rest.  
Ocean blood ran like  
Oceans  
OCTAL

Of a brittle blade.  
Of a brush with fire  
Of a carefully crafted walk  
Of a crack where hope might bleed through.  
Of a farmer fresh from the field.  
Of a hundred hands offering restoration and from the brittle hand of complacency.  
Of a late afternoon  
Of a lover's touch.  
Of a mount that seems  
Of a nightingale in the barn.  
Of a primal thought.  
Of a returning tide of light.  
Of a rock that reminds us of our illusions.  
Of a scattered herd  
Of a scent from our youth  
Of a single point in time  
Of a thousand regrets.  
Of a watcher and keeper who had lent us this crest for a time,  
Of all forgotten things.  
Of all the languages of all the worlds of all the ages.  
Of all the methods used to extract the prize from the ore.  
of all we were.  
Of ancient chants  
Of birth upon birth.  
of bliss, but they  
Of coming in to be folded in stories and antics leaning carefree as a stream.  
Of countless flames feeding the light that writes its name for mortal eyes.  
Of cynics, they cry  
of cynics. They cry for fireflies and their ilk.  
Of drenching down  
Of drip splattered green,  
Of each child and a sweater and a shirt and the orange sea behind and before.  
Of each other's fears and longings.  
of earth arrives  
Of empty, where lonely ones once rested,  
Of entering cathedrals.  
Of every generation.  
Of every past flood,  
Of every twisted thing, every wound and every callus,  
Of everything you desire.  
of finest joy.  
of futility in its offering, gives itself for reading.  
of futility. In its offering,  
Of gathering or mating or skins  
Of green becoming white.  
Of harsher dimensions.  
Of her preserved hours  
Of how light it can be to fall.  
Of its new host,  
Of its pulsating wings.  
Of its space has received  
Of longer nights that break to the sound of your voice offshore.  
of lost images, faintly etched.  
of lost images. Faintly etched mercy avoids the hook  
Of Mercy  
Of mist and spray.  
Of more than cold dreams.  
Of morning to the point  
of my return.  
of nature's float.  
Of nest and cracks and feather mat.  
Of neurons, crafting its own boat.  
of never being satisfied where you walk.  
of never being satisfied.  
Of nothing, save that I am of  
of offerings.  
Of old Monet, his cataracts

Of our minds forest floor.  
Of our weary walk,  
Of pruning, planting and removing,  
Of ripe loam covering them?  
Of sad air will be shed.  
Of sight with least desired angles  
Of skin where he once held fire.  
of souls at ease.  
Of storing love  
Of sun and night on the fulcrum of our own desires,  
Of supposition. Futile structures or tiers of truth?  
Of the beauty of today?  
Of the bowl left out  
Of the day gone before.  
Of the draft that sails today.  
of the ego.  
Of the fracture of the crust and dust so carefully laid down for our breaking.  
of the moment  
Of the moons flame.  
Of the moon's sacred glow.  
Of the myth of eternal return.  
Of the rock that ejects it.  
Of the sky that often  
Of the spirit waters as acceptance takes on a foul stench.  
Of the stream of the cosmos.  
Of the universe of yestertime vibrated itself into being.  
Of their first awakening.  
Of things to come.  
Of this day and every eternity.  
Of this foreign place  
Of this land stretched out to the west.  
Of this night.  
Of those gone before  
Of those gone before,  
Of those who let go of it all.  
Of those who run headlong into the wall of the untestable.  
Of those who sleep without longing.  
Of those who would hide in their mind.  
Of tomorrow as the vapors of birth are from the last fading light  
Of trains crossing the steppes of broken ones.  
Of treasure, long ago lore spoke, wandering through the barrens of time,  
Of twice borrowed light.  
Of waking hands.  
Of warmth.  
of what could be, casting bones in a sacred  
of what could be.  
Of what do I persuade? Stature,  
Of whatever rests upon it  
Of why she first came to earth.  
Of wisp's lit moon. Soft sings darkness.  
Of words, marks that begat our mind.  
Offered in unwavering sacrifice  
Oft are the sounds of lovingkindness  
Oh, these fit more easily  
Older trails gnarl their way to their appointed purpose.  
On a downpour September evening.  
On a hair, a single drop forms, a tear adhering by aural thread.  
On a long forgotten altar.  
On a maple crown.  
On a restless night, we heard the beasts,  
On a rug braided  
On a scarred wall or a broken patch of soil brought on a tray of thanksgiving,  
On and on, time plays its hand while we play the fool.  
On days when the things we thought we had loved and lost, return to sit.  
On each other's hearts.  
On hands and knees.  
On his banks where holy ones dipped.  
On its bed of basalt

On occasion still, I chance take flight and fall from the moon my friend,  
On one another's soil.  
On random days,  
On streets, in forest, in foundries, on cliffs,  
On the brink too, of ruin, as fragile as the chance of any story,  
On the edge of a leaf.  
On the edge of my eyes' extent, a dry taste was but  
on the edge of my eyes' extent.  
On the edge of their lives  
On the end of a runner.  
On the far shore.  
On the grey road.  
On the innermost wound.  
On the last day of the seventh year,  
On the lee slope of the same, work does not precede.  
On the morrow, she takes our cups and ladles out a benediction.  
On the one horn, we succumb, on the other, we can not verify.  
On the overturned bowl.  
On the rim of  
On the rising vapor.  
On the road to crossing over, when leaving the crowded lane,  
On the rune scratched stones.  
On the scars the summer chose to leave.  
On the shore of your own lost sea.  
On the sixth day we left, the taste on our lips and the heat in our veins.  
On the south canyon wall  
On the street, into sleep,  
on the table,  
On the third dawn, the light became our guide, not to alleys where dreamers had scrawled,  
On the updrafts of longing where the not and the true  
On the water, under the tree, on the mountain path.  
On the way out to things  
On the windward slope  
On the windward slope  
On their way up mountain passes that bore through to the rain shadow where the needy dwell.  
On this chilled hour.  
On updrafted fate, let saints wash away  
On your acre  
Once a star is followed,  
once again only reached  
Once faith brought us to a clearing in the straw on the ridged back of a coastal hump,  
once held us, but  
once held us, but our home now fades  
Once in a blue life they brushed this space in a melancholy way.  
Once in a mystery, a pas de deux came to me in the night.  
Once in the early morning eons  
Once it crested our window o'er the bay of angels into an attic hold,  
Once it was seen far ahead when we were sure we were leading the way.  
Once the break, I called, knowing that  
Once the magic found its soil in the cracks between our stones.  
Once we pilgrimed to sacred places.  
Once, he dreamt that he was a man.  
Once, when God was in  
Once, when God was in a more concealed place,  
One after another the fence posts rise as if reseeding themselves down the field.  
One afternoon when something  
One breath spans the  
One broke free from the cradling arm only to learn how far is the ground,  
One day a mathematician was born, another day a seer.  
One day I may just decide to sit  
One day I will ask permission to come and bathe at the source.  
One day I will remember the bones of the sons of my sons rising up to carry their people back,  
One day we kneel and it holds us.  
One day we moved three spindly trees, sad in their manufactured yard,  
One day we ventured north and learned the fable told among the greens.  
One day we wake to find our ears have learned to dip behind the noise.  
One day while in the woods with light shyly hiding behind her hair.  
One day will receive

One end at the arm of our sitting bench; then stretched to that same day in the year to follow.  
One hiding every golden glance,  
One hundred four miles per hour at Cape Disappointment, fourteen and a half inches of rain at Lee's Camp, seventy foot swells at Columbia bar.  
One is sweet, the other stench.  
One laid the foundation, the other became it.  
One last blast of fully alive.  
One more feast, we take our leave, and as it happens, all our bowls are of another table.  
One more properly suited for bodies of such stature.  
One more sigh remains, an artifact of an earlier faith,  
One more way to see  
One night she sleeps so close that through the brush, there comes a song.  
one now. Just a  
One sense remembered and returned  
One so dark, it becomes a far indigo like a bruise on the soul.  
One spark rises before light,  
One such string  
One that had been set and left under linen, waiting for the procession to pass.  
One that we had been acting as if it were so, but had yet to come to the stream to drink.  
One time we held a map in our hands, every road a way against the cold.  
One turned on its side, its belly was scavenger ripped.  
One warm evening  
One where the hunter and the prey partake of each other.  
One winter it will stay, to always have death's honey on its tongue,  
one word deeper.  
One, a mirror of my fortune when I let go of the quest.  
Only a glacial drip knows the sleep of a millennial wait for return.  
Only a light dusting of thought.  
Only a millisecond, only a vision.  
Only a sensing sound, a truer harmony with our frames and our frets.  
Only an ashen glow.  
Only come to pass  
Only feeling  
Only for turning,  
Only in its dawn  
Only in the asking were his legs able to keep him upright.  
Only in the need was there no reason to peel the fruit.  
Only nothing can hold words now.  
only one thing.  
Only our remnants pool this light.  
Only shards and scraps.  
Only the breath that sighs no sound  
Only the clime of a loveless  
Only the flame of this,  
Only the ricochet of photons  
Only the same grave as their oppressors.  
Only the surest and thinnest parings lift before his blade.  
Only two made it up this far this year, and none the year before.  
Only when the world turned a million more times  
Only wisps off the nape of your neck, the rich depth of flavor on your tongue,  
Onshore, there broke  
Onshore, there broke a wave of compassion.  
Onto each other's soil.  
Onto the leaf wall,  
Onto the pavement and into the stream where children launch their own mind's craft.  
Open sighing, night stars bleed. Light cracks.  
Opening beneath us, they rise  
Or a call to stay?  
Or a re-wired connection with other lovers long past?  
Or a small splinter pulling free.  
Or a well, dug by ancient enemies who swapped this land back and forth.  
Or as stacked as a server farm.  
Or be completely consumed.  
Or beyond stones turning in harmony with our steps  
Or death.  
Or did everything, when filtered through us, become our familiar?  
Or does it uncover loaves to tear from among its own flesh?  
Or fear's fireside, or the other side of the veil of shadow.  
Or fire dying or cries calmed.

Or from arthritic joints.  
or from, or to,  
Or heat for skin, or flame for oil, its anointing.  
Or in the trees, high and holy,  
Or in the vanishing coolness that rested in ever thinning layers on the grass.  
Or is she the artist?  
Or is the lottery of being alive what we find compelling?  
Or mark of any kind on paper or stone, or figures on a cave,  
Or maybe even known. Two things were clear. First, I had to walk, I had to immerse.  
Or maybe I had seen too much.  
Or maybe the force of its will was too much for it to hold any longer.  
Or one of you on mine,  
Or one of yours  
Or only a pillow in a hostel for the wayfaring and the weary,  
Or perhaps it is because of these senses that we know sacred infinities.  
Or pleasure or freezing or flame.  
Or sit and stare  
Or so they think, and so they say.  
Or some other gentle prying  
Or splash in such a way  
Or the moon's own umbral offering.  
Or the one whose air carries it to enduring ages of ice?  
Or things external or bestowed.  
Or thrown together fortress walls for a revolution's last stand?  
Or thunder, or water, or stone.  
Or water passing through the world.  
Or when our reflections faded from the place where others came to pass?  
Or words that came or how or why.  
Or would the curtain draw  
Or you may see strong visions or dream in caves of restless spirits  
Or you may wander until you find the year's one rain shower.  
Or your hand on the cup, connected to mine and mine to the line.  
Orca is feared, not as predator, for that is the way of the wild,  
Other  
other heaven's love gave up its ether,  
other heavens, love  
Other' silence whispered sleep.  
Other' silence whispered sleep.  
Other' silence whispered sleep.  
Other' silence,  
Other' silence,  
other walls keep out no.  
Other, a trace in the dust left by the crushing.  
other. Walls keep out no particle of nature.  
Others know to follow the earth,  
Others seek the presence of a repeated call.  
others, a cloak against the chill.  
Others' silence follows.  
Otherworldly nacre.  
Our arm's extent was subject to a centrifugal pull from ones so small,  
Our arrival dawns with slower spirals.  
Our ascension comes on those days  
Our breathing slowed after our initial rush, we peered into rooms that held our healing in reserve.  
Our choices lay again at opposite poles, but we were young and took up the trek.  
Our cosmos; a light chalk circle.  
Our day this time, takes color.  
Our delving having  
Our dying days never fleeing  
Our first were piles of things, these stacks  
Our first, eighteenth and twenty fifth brought us to the bird's bed of our beginning.  
Our hands passed a thousand times over the cords, our fingers carefully ran the lines,  
Our heads are now aloft.  
Our hearts fear others.  
Our image is tracked  
Our knees moist and brown where we atone for the soil's neglect.  
Our light's wavelength crested over, lensed by love's prism.  
Our line of sight, warping the world with the same bend that our gravities,  
Our listening was never completely sincere when the chorus chimed in.

Our load becomes life, we become both bearer and one borne.  
Our morning companion crawls under the covers, both stirring and settling.  
Our new guardian  
Our nines were of another numbering, one whose cipher was its own reflection.  
Our note waves through  
our overwhelming?  
Our reach, its arc ghostly, barren.  
Our running jars us inside,  
Our senses. Warm, almost liquid.  
Our ship wailing, pinched and warped in the groaning floes.  
Our skin, our hearts  
Our sound becomes our sounding,  
Our tempo timed by a chime that kept its distance as it marked our way.  
Our turn does not turn back, it pulls us into each other, as a seed's grasp of ground.  
Our waters falling into themselves, form broken lines.  
Our work has been for bread and bed when times demand and deem this be our load.  
Our yearning keeps us thirsty.  
Ours was the pay of providence, a dividend of gratitude, a long term yield of common vestments.  
Out of the invisible snow,  
Outlast any longing and  
outlast any longing and the empty trek will  
Outlines emerge in the nebulae like an overlaid transparent stencil.  
Over another time's hills, stone ring corrals leaking spirits who joined to form strident gales.  
Over me  
over prayer candles, collects in bone sockets.  
over prayer candles.  
Over the char's fiery digestion.  
Over the highest ridge.  
Over the intersection  
Over you  
Packages tied with ribbon and rope to be kept for a more deserving time.

Pain 22  
Pain opens a  
Pain provides a  
pain to seed, then  
Pain, even annihilation.  
Painted in all manner of climb and fall.  
Pale streams hope for softer wind.  
Paper shreds from love's dream journal cast upon the waters.  
Paralleling your almost every move  
Parched in mouth and mind, making my body a thin leaf.  
parched spirit cries,  
parched spirit cries, disappointment breathes  
particle of nature.  
Particles of delight bombard the sky,  
Pas  
PAS DE DEUX  
Pas De Deux  
passage where faith ferments. Of  
passage. Where faith  
Passion is said to seek that place most carefully guarded.  
Patch of Night  
Patches of beauty,  
paths hiding among fears.  
paths, hiding among fear's setting sun.  
Patience", they say,  
Patient waiting sets like mortar.  
Pay slips crafted

Peace 16  
Peace ran like dream sap from trees tapped on the coldest day.  
Pebbles fall in line, the world trickles, wets the bowl, quiet waits awhile.  
Peered into our place, dwelt for a moment, then stepped away.  
Perhaps enlightenment is post-modern physics.  
Perhaps it is only the smoldering incense of our own loss.  
Perhaps its liquid mingled somewhere with the tears of a god.  
Perhaps not, but when youth and certainty collide, there's not much left to say.  
Perhaps the universe  
Perhaps this what the wise ones mean

periods of  
Perishing  
Permitting an impulse unplanned, with a spontaneous coloring,  
person, to hurt,  
Persuade me, was the tree's challenge,  
Photosynthesized its way from a living cell  
Physics of Forgetting  
Picks and sledges raise  
Pierce us completely?  
Pierced with sun, our illumine calls clear.  
Pitched at the place where every note fell softly like down upon my neck.  
Placeholder for every last love.  
places where loneliness  
Plant it under every tree, every foot.  
Planting the ground where they walked  
Plants feed on the colors of their ancestors.  
Plaster the walls of  
plaster. The walls of ritual lean toward the  
Plastered stone passages took us back to the days before wealth and frivolity.  
Platted by pacing the edge.  
Played in a triyuna of chords on the strings of light.  
Played out in the thrust and list  
Plowed by Helios' chariot.  
Plowing canyons of collected days.  
Potions from a vial unburied in the scorched earth.  
Pour out the standing water.  
Prepped by some mystically calibrated pulse, a strobe at the spectrum's far edges.  
Presiding over a bluff to the west of the plot in our heads,  
Presiding over the wave-farers below come to offer their breaking curl,  
Press hard, becoming  
Pressed with warmth by a hand gloved in grace.  
Pressing up against our border.  
PRIMAL  
Prisms to split and shatter every wavelength of longing.  
Probing until a single nerve  
promise of nothing hidden. Eternity was born  
promise of nothing.  
Prompts a reaching back. The offer accepted, your arm raises on air.  
Prophetic without measure, vision's his fate.  
Prostrate as if in our own cell.  
Psyche's wounds do not gape  
Pull them completely  
Pulled by the memory of a cheek.  
Pulled close lest it drag the ground.  
Pulling them back to root,  
Pulsing from incense bowls burning pain.  
Purer than a crystal of frozen tears.  
Puzzles of perception,  
Quantum quivers and cosmic rays.  
Quicker than my mind can understand,  
Quickly on lower winds,  
Quiet tastes like an open window  
Quietly can green water always reflect drift.  
Quiets the song of the black  
Quite the delicate balance that stepped around and then settled beside.  
Rails follow the patterns of men  
Rain it from your roof into the gutter.  
Rain scatters  
Rain wets them still.  
Rains steadfast, our fear dampened with  
Raise a palm, level with the horizon.  
ran down the canyon.  
Randomness that could  
rapture for the least of  
rapture. For the least of us, is the sacred cache of  
Rather than being spoken, it came to rest in the marinade of starlight.  
Reaches low to stop the smallest heart.  
Reaction time was a

Readiness of land is a fleeting companion  
Readiness was never what we prepared for in the stretch of arising,  
Reading faces, marking the rise.  
reason. The thing to be sought  
Receding and projecting  
Receding to a less arduous route.  
Red sought us out in brick and stucco, etched in a sanguine wash of perspiration.  
Redwoods stand with  
Reflected in the window,  
Reflecting a form of my image  
Reflection is a coded language, but not one for decryption.  
Refracting in ever quickening waves  
regret. Was that a  
Rehearsing its entrance until it becomes its own parody.  
Reincarnation would be a most satisfying and flavorful explanation for the catches,  
Reincarnation's hope and faith, bears only light.  
relationship.  
Relationships 11  
Release them from this leaden chain.  
Released from blessing and curse.  
Releasing all heavy sounds as it rose, left at the last with only water.  
Releasing its held breath.  
Remain sparing,  
Remaining on your cheek when hope's wave withdrew,  
remains under the spell cast deep into the current  
Remains, under the spell  
Remember first hearing the peal that shook the bones?  
remember light.  
Remember sparks' insubstantial color,  
Remember taking her in?  
Remembering long droughts,  
Remembering our steps  
Remembering past flames,  
Remembering that hoarding  
Remembering to breathe,  
Remembering to breathe,  
Remembering to breathe,  
Remembering to breathe.  
Remembers nothing more.  
Remind us again of the wind that blows up the slope,  
reminding that light  
reminding that light starved caverns  
Reminding. Down, deep rooted time.  
remnants of love laid never  
remnants of love laid never ending light. I knelt, painting  
Remorse  
Remove the covering stones one by one.  
Removing stones only to lay them again, turned on their side.  
Removing your fear soaked garments  
Rendering their raw hewn images.  
Rescues you from the bridge  
Rescues you from the canyon  
reserved for joy.  
reserved for the day when  
Reserved on the map we held, for the words that translate as "magic happens here"?  
Reserving all they have learned so that our later selves could feel wise before their time.  
Residual Leavings  
Respiration  
Rest Is Still  
Rest,  
rested, slowly fading, found at home.  
rested, slowly fading.  
Resting in its palm.  
Resting in that common space  
Retrieved from wings  
Return To Hold  
Returning 25  
Returning falls from departure, which has its own rules.

Returning them, for a delicate kiss that becomes the dawn.  
Returning to the place where  
Returning with prodigal steps.  
returns, to rise  
Revealing no dreaming, it is sure, not soft. Night spirals slower with dawn's arrival.  
Reveals itself as not for pain  
Reversed in a concave recess,  
Revolution  
Ride the light of quivering strings, wish upon the quarks in the sky.  
Rides the earth tide, sure demarcations of loss.  
Riding the mantle.  
Riding their descent  
Ripening  
Rippled valleys formed,  
Rise And Fall  
Rise up, rise out, the catcher cries, when souls are rent in two,  
Risen up just for this.  
Rises the mist of the brown  
Rises to meet you  
Rising from the forest floor.  
Rising in the expanse of wind and dust that tried to keep them from our recognition.  
Rising to meet the air of those on the edge.  
ritual. Lean toward the  
River deposit's the silt of a thousand storms.  
Rivers  
Rivulets tracing ancient contours.  
Roadside markers are the death of every quest.  
Rock becomes heat becomes fluid becomes steam becomes nothing  
Rock becomes water, water enters rock.  
Rocks became our first guardians.  
Rose to taste it  
Rose up and my ordinary hand could hold all of you from then on.  
Rub the leaf between your fingers as you pass by,  
Rub them in your hands.  
Run all the way up my spine  
Run along a lichen bridge  
run far down where  
Running clean down its back.  
Runoff from the storm  
Runs along the ridge  
Rusted spades break and turn the earth  
Sacrament of scraps and crumbs  
Sacraments of paper and crumbs arranged on a plate  
Sadness 7  
sadness. A breath brings  
sadness. A breath brings light for fading flames. There is  
Safe in the cleft  
Safety's drift to wander shorelines.  
Salmon  
same air, when come  
same moment as  
Sanctus fire, kept in a lamp under a ledge.  
Sand began to slide.  
Sat near each other, heard the sound, afraid to touch lest we ignite,  
Save the one from  
Save within, where it waits at the door for your return  
Scanned them for some sign that someday your world would catch up to your imagination.  
Scanning night after night for some sign.  
Scarred from a flame  
Scatter it from your door into the street.  
Scattering hues, calling so free.  
Scorn them and their beauty  
Scratching out signs that were only guideposts of what might be or lamps against the fear.  
Scripture  
Scripture read by the water's bounce.  
Sea canyons are lines of a different kind  
Sealed with blood wax melted by the heat of their fervor.  
Seared with a scar

Seas will rise to wash away the stains kept away from the rain.

Season's fall arrives, hiding,

Seasons fall forever.

Second Day

Secret missives longing to be intercepted and read by mortal eyes.

See them blur along their edges.

See them in their night clothes,

See them send forth an emissary searching for permission to extend the lease,

Seed sown in the

Seeds and withered shoots

Seeds carried and cared for

Seek it and you will find or maybe it will flee.

Seeking 24

Seeking always returns to its native land, returns to early scents.

Seldom do they announce their intent, for if we knew where the outcome would land.

Self 4

Self came before and it was a long time coming.

Sends the light across from a morning when she asks the beautiful question.

Sense the turns before the falls, slowly becoming the

sense. The turns before the

Sensing, but speaking not

Setting aside

setting sun.

Settling like incense vapors.

Seven colors, seven layers of soil, seven days of warm.

Seventh Day

Shades of organic pulse

Shadow or ash, they don't

Shadow the lover's until the time when

shadow, the lover's

Shakes it out with a hearty snap, then hangs it on the wind.

Shakes you free.

Shall I want you gone?

Shall we return to love? If not, where else?

Shaping the world brings a thought, quaintly futile, ideals often underestimate.

Shards scraping ash clad flesh,

Share longing."

Shatters with a sound

Shatters.

She asked if we cared to alter our steps to the coming direction, cared to yield.

She came limping into port once,

She carried three of her children to our door, leaving only her trust.

She comes to waken light itself.

She curves with her hand, caressing the empty layers.

She exhaled mist, soaking heavens, dripping stars,

She has seen the streaks and dust across the plain most clearly.

She held a thing or two for its restoration.

She held so dear.

She is a hue that rests on every scene played out when our curtain rose in the night.

She is a spinner of moss, a weaver of the straw we thought had turned to ash.

She is an absorbent lover, willing us fall early and often.

She is complicit in her own loss."

She keeps on year upon year, each season grants a narrowing of the gap.

She kept it at the ready in her pocket as a guardian of fragile possibilities.

She knows this is more than a ghost, is divination of another kind.

She lays her hands upon my back.

She left pots and baskets, knowing our hunger would remind us how to cook.

She may at one time or for moments now

She may have seen visions, she may have carried only the wisdom of not knowing better.

She may know flight herself.

She sat on the plain at dusk

She shed dew for balmed scars, soothed her earth to rest,

She shines down on his bare shoulders

She Steers Herself

She Steers Herself Into Him

She thinks it sounds like the weeping of one who has been found.

She turns the wheel of trust into where

She turns the wheel of trust into where he charts a course far from

She was our lady, hiding long after her time  
She who watches has been the sprint unlatching the gate to gardens and groves,  
She woke us with a gentle hand when it looked as if we would sleep the day away.  
She would not return until the next moon.  
Shed the fleeing particles, grew in formlessness  
Shedding at their feet.  
Shedding like down, despair drifts and melts.  
Shelter for doubt, a seer  
Shelters us from much of the bluster, releases us to a listening,  
Shine for an instant, take your place within me,  
ship's candle, up  
Shorelines wander to drift safety's  
Shout nonsense and laugh at the dance.  
Show form itself as beauty?  
Show me a place where things abound  
shrouded currents swell, their arc gives  
shrouded currents swell, their arc gives others a cloak against the chill  
Sighing night, stars bleed. Light cracks open.  
Sighs sound from this place, where the two are  
sighs. Sound from this place,  
sight no longer is the primary  
Sight To Rest  
sight. No longer is the primary reason the thing to be sought.  
Silence as the cat's jaw clamps down  
Silence The Memory  
Silken grains descending through our waters, deposited for needs still awaiting discovery.  
Silken scarves  
Silt already settled in layers to be forgotten while Gaia works her loom.  
Silt lines tell the high point  
Silt now awakened, summoned to a new, particular murk.  
Silt of forgetting, layer upon layer  
Silt washes year over year.  
Since then, what we plan scarcely matters. Falling comes to replace the climb.  
Sing strong, vibrate in and out from down in your gut.  
Singes my lungs.  
Sings the dawn, "Is it like light?"  
Sings the scattering morning, "I am shining dawn."  
Sings the scattering, shining dawn,  
Sink my feet down and lift up my eyes.  
sips my edges.  
Sips of love tilted gently, swabs pressed to parching lips.  
Sit and prepare to enter the passage to the day's interior.  
Sit and prepare to go out into the air of our reverence.  
Sit instead, lie down on your back.  
Sit on that rock  
Sit on your porch and make your journeys there.  
Sitting at the foot of the stairs  
Sitting in still attention.  
Sitting in this moment.  
Sitting nowhere,  
Sitting still,  
Sixth Day  
Skies, azure, return earth's light illuminations, our brother star.  
skin and flesh, filling up  
skin and flesh, filling up empty cauldrons. I pour  
Skins more likely to wither before they are passed to intended hands.  
Sky floating lazy, softly bounds.  
slacken and fall.  
Slag heaps rise, forming a fortress wall against the mystery.  
Slates to sketch these broken chalk plans.  
Sleep 14  
Sleep, and the flight that follows  
Sleeping normal sleep.  
Sleeping only when spirits entered  
Slice open a grain.  
Slight Purpose  
Slipping under our door, willing their large boned selves into sheets of tissue?  
Slowed to scarcely a pace

Slowly they harden,  
Slumber comes with night promises, and as it happens, all our dreams are of another sleep.  
Small reflections of shared birth, a moment's place for wistful condensation.  
Small, slow, watchful backsteps,  
Smell is a talisman for memory.  
Smoke to the side.  
Snake  
Snuck up behind  
Snuck up behind me  
So clear is the shadow  
So cold they had to stoke themselves.  
So dark, so cool, such shine.  
So every edge can recede  
So everything  
So far that the tail became the leading wave  
So far to go".  
So flood again dear watershed, prick the skin of petrified memory.  
So his eternal wheel has ever been both damnation and salvation.  
So how can death be cruel, when death is all that's left to know.  
So I will remember how your finger tastes when wiping tears unaware.  
So instead we lay in trust, sure in the knowing that cradled us in a bed of presence,  
So it is, now stronger than  
So it takes a moment for our eyes  
So light now returns and never  
So long and low that its sooted flanks  
So much mass would be cast  
So much needs moved, our world at times is but a pile of sand  
So much that he will love enough to strike our flesh with gentle venom.  
So now to digging, one shovel, then again, one hoe carving, one hand tugging.  
So pale is their sound  
So rich it nursed the children of St. Margaret of Antioch in their barren years.  
So say cosmologists, those rearward seers who play with fire.  
So sayeth the six magi from the east.  
so slightly dips  
So sweat while you can.  
So that a draft in passing  
So that we may know  
So the limb, its mantle the ice,  
So then among the mossy glaze  
So then is known  
So they turned to the page and let their hand be the vessel of transfusion.  
So those still in the shadows,  
So those who ate, could taste the song as flavor on their lips.  
so trite, it could be  
so trite. It could be the world was  
So waiting for the explosion.  
So what do they do? They build layer upon layer  
So white it covers every other thing.  
So with a leaning tug, I bring you in, across all the dust between us.  
So would say these salmon were they a scientific sort.  
So, to the point, I stand on this rock, deep in this canyon and tap into you.  
Soft Hard  
softer things washed ashore. Eliminate  
Softly bouncing in your arms erases today, leaves an opening in the sky,  
soil needs them, to  
SOLAMOR  
Solar weaving lines sight, beyond slumber.  
solitary longing merely  
solitary longing merely a prelude to this?  
Some creatures know not what it means to close  
Some light escaped, seeking  
Some lives fly  
Some lives fly, while others swim,  
Some look for none-ness  
Some look for none-ness, alighting on a shallow path  
Some resist and some may fall  
Some say we fell when eating forbidden fruit.  
Some souls, when the waves subside, settle easily into the indentation left on every head,

Some things cry out  
Some things in the dark.  
Some trees strain,  
Somehow, across twisting eons,  
Sometimes sight is but a wisp.  
Somewhere in the troubled air above, kindred vapors mingle.  
Songs of little ones, over and over in a cellar echoing the magic of youth.  
Soon the heat tires  
Soon we left our nods and bows by the side of the road and let the words enter in whole.  
Soon we were back to our hands and a few elegant extensions.  
Soon, cold storms will return  
Sooner or later, one glance turns inside,  
sorrow, will we be one?  
sorrow. Will we be one lamp for the story?  
Sound to Sand  
Sounds in our head, unlike the wind  
Sown years ago in this land of fir.  
Space warps where planets sit, like a cupped palm holding something precious.  
Spanning the canyon where so many have let go.  
Spans dark canyons. Across deep color,  
Sparks now camp for the night  
Speak of heaven in tones once lost.  
Speak of heaven,  
Speaking again and again what we, stumbling, try in vain to say.  
speaks to my bones.  
Spells to be conjured up at the turn of a head or an eye cast in a new direction.  
Spend your whole life in ocean depths and tell me you don't marvel,  
Spilling a bit into yours, or yours into mine as the shades of the streams became as one.  
Spinning our heads and slinging our bodies across the dawn air.  
Spinning their bodies around us to draw an inclination into an embrace.  
Spirit and flesh, porous needs, absorbing offerings.  
Spirits ebb and flow beneath our feet, then as it happens, all our God is of another hue of light.  
Spirits rose from the soil.  
Spirits, arise"  
spiritual  
Splitting atoms in the heart of  
Splitting the fronds into tendrilled rays  
Spores learned cunning, first a shy efflorescence, then sorcery of a kind  
Spraying along the line of our stretch as we reached for the morning star.  
Spread yourself now on mats in the sun.  
Spring rain scatters  
Spun in wild gyrating spikes and swirls, feeding the setting furnace.  
St. Briavel's would open for rest when our hunt trailed to fraying leads.  
Stacked in rows of three, the split dough geometry is perfectly misaligned.  
stand for every spectrum.  
Stand on a rock  
Standing at corners, breeching entryways,  
Standing thus, taking in the precarious bridge to follow, listening for the air to still.  
Star brother, our illuminations light earth's return.  
Stars  
Stars bleed light, cracks open, sighing night.  
stars burned without remorse.  
Stars Can't Form  
Stars Can't Form In Seclusion  
Stars go beyond death when they nova into eternity.  
Stars on the water, like fireflies who will not be held,  
stars, clouds of gas, hung burning masses. Darkness knew  
stars. Clouds of gas hung  
Started blowing fresher and cooler  
startled by joy.  
Startled from its trance in time,  
Startled in the stagnant air  
starved caverns,  
Stay clear and true  
Step back now. Stop trying to balance it in your hand.  
Step in fire now  
Step in it now. Think of the cold.  
Step now stubbornly,

Step so strong  
steps become a bit  
steps become a bit less wistful, never  
Steps longer, no hard way. Our dreams  
steps over a  
steps to color a mystery? Stand for every spectrum  
steps to color, a mystery  
Still bring rest,  
still generous.  
Still held hands and bowed to my arrival.  
Still I can't go on.  
Still may bring a chill  
Still night, I came to the  
Still night, I came to the time, it revealed no  
Still on a leaf,  
Still So Calm  
Still strong enough to shoulder them, compassionate enough to take your hand as an escort,  
Still they come, now they have the curse  
Still they fall.  
Still they shift into now.  
still tip my cart.  
Still waters drift,  
Still waters quietly  
Still waters quietly reflect drift,  
Stillness sounds like a hair standing on end  
Stir beneath the debris  
Stir its ash into the river where they wash.  
Stirred a swirl in the evening  
Stirs and reincarnates.  
Stone walls rise, as of now weightless, unmatched, unmortared, trading cause for effect.  
Stones chipped by carts carrying one man's leeks to another man's soup, worn until today,  
Stop one second.  
Stopped to touch a love  
Stopping them slowly  
Stops, kneels, picks it up  
Stored from every hand  
Storms  
Storms were once brought carefully into the holiest of holies.  
Storms will rise with arrow's rain into our breasts once more.  
Stranger still, tales of an ocean floor above us all, of canyons and mounts  
Streams never  
streams, falls, flows, pools,  
Stretch as you will.  
Stretch of pavement, in a season when darker things  
Stretched out across the sky,  
Stretching an affirmation, a call like open spaces welcoming the bound.  
Stretching the stitch, leaving a pinhole where the fabric sighs before returning.  
Stretching themselves  
Strewn far and wide  
Strewn wide  
Strikes the hull of the red  
Structure descends from the mountains.  
Structures of nested things aren't long for this time.  
Struggling arms regret nothing.  
Studied for signs,  
Stunned before the aspen  
Submerging sight until light has no more hold.  
Subsumed was not yet in this world.  
Subtle doubt will glance,  
Such are gifts when doors and windows are carelessly left open for extended times.  
Such as the morn when before registry, a scent sneaks by the guardians.  
Such fortune is strewn by birth as she walks among us.  
Such fragile creatures  
Such nursemaids have trailed  
Such was this clay we dug in the night, slopped in heaps and mounds of dark mud.  
Suffice it to say that it is more wondrous,  
summit bring to heart your dread  
summit. Bring to heart your dread, fear and trembling take note

Sun and moon come watching and waiting  
sun must cross the  
Sun streaked flares and mangoes melting into the sea.  
Supplicants in shadow,  
Sure in our stride even as we doubt the way.  
sure strands across the path.  
sure strands across the path. A thin layer of what stood for  
Surely not anything we can name today, light and dark or  
Surrounds me,  
Sustain me in the wilderness with sand ground grain.  
Sustained our thirst in arid times but they were a pale form, a substitute.  
Swallow one more thing to say,  
Sweet alive aroma, the crack of grain is my infusion.  
swing far and wide.  
Take a smoldering coal home with you.  
Take care how you fashion sacred space.  
Take my hand, hold it in keeping with the bells.  
Take my hand, walk one step, one place, one home.  
Take their cue from the moment  
Take their draw.  
Take your proof in the angle of the sun on your skin.  
Take your prophecy in the orbit of distant spheres.  
Taking her to a cleansing bed, hearing her story.  
Taking me back again to the broad flat vision before the mountain fell.  
Taking shape as we crossed before, along the western side to the rear, into the northern sky.  
Taking with it a cleansing.  
Taking with it lime  
Tales of creatures who transform themselves when they enter water.  
Tangible  
Tao 5  
Tapped on the side of the afternoon.  
Tapping over the wire a code that came without deciphering.  
Taste not for judging bitterness  
Tastes the pure of the white  
Tears caught on the brink of time in rusted  
tears collect in bowls  
tears, called him back along his heart's  
teasing with words  
Tectonic bark plates  
Tell me you don't warn your children about those who break the surface.  
Telling of a time that would come to pass no matter what we chose.  
Tells stories of creatures  
Tend to become cache beds for green.  
tender, brisk air  
tenderly preserved  
Tenderness dips and falls through her loosened dreams,  
Than all so far revealed.  
Than all the accumulation that weighs where it sits and alters our steps.  
Than an August day had any right to be.  
Than in all the combinations of all the words  
Than the one on the net.  
Than the rise itself.  
Thankfulness forms a manifesto  
Thanksgiving 27  
That angels make when they ferry hope to this dirt.  
That at times covered us and at times we broke like bread.  
That belies how they come to us.  
That braids you to its garland.  
That brought it here.  
That brought those dear to us into our arms while scarcely containing the well,  
that burns the signposts.  
that burns. The signposts mark the words that wander  
That can never be taken.  
That catches our self  
That colors your blood.  
That comes to touch  
That could line you up to your call.

That could only be  
That dares us fly.  
That day you first saw ache holding beauty.  
That drains the bile from every sore  
That draw the line with circled hand.  
That each now holds a fragment of some past moment,  
That emanates from the collective of souls  
That felt like fire,  
That felt like God.  
That flames may lap your edge  
That flew too high, too far.  
That follow the wave wash  
That for hundreds of years  
That forms where wishes come to rest.  
That had been tapped by the explorers of old and far.  
That had kept to itself  
That hangs between us as a curtain shield from the land where many a doubt dwells,  
That hid in the low grass where a few bits of missing underbrush marked the path's veer.  
That holds a bit more acceptance.  
That holds time in a ball of glass  
That I can not feel.  
That I must cross back, find you, and somehow dive back into this maze.  
That I would turn every cheek before I lay down.  
That if we revered the road  
That is all, while it is not. That is now, while never.  
That is given.  
That is neither sought nor granted,  
That is your life from before  
That keeps the pact  
that lacks cover.  
That lay between the time before we touched and the time of always touching.  
That led behind such things,  
That lifts and toys  
That linger behind the thunder.  
That lovers may recognize.  
That made it known.  
That never lifts from your skin.  
That night, no one was  
that night. No one was alone, but was  
That now may be.  
That plumb the rock way too deep.  
That refused to fade, refused to yield to the careful constructs.  
that sip the air and sigh the water.  
That snag our sleeves on afternoons when all thought has run down our sides,  
That taste of feeling one morning.  
That the earth may no longer  
That the sky held colors unseen.  
That they quivered with color and flame.  
That this was the start of compassion's return to the garden,  
That throws the spray.  
That totals are more than the sum.  
That traced its roots  
That very thing  
That wall of other  
That was itself once trash on this shore.  
That we sit beside.  
that which is 'not'  
that which is not their birthright. Beneath these  
That would be kept from this by simple waiting, day upon day stretching on in vain,  
That would create beauty eons before it could be tasted.  
That you are, and therefore are the only arbiter.  
That you decided.  
That you may never again  
The "I am" has no becoming. No thought of when.  
The acceptance came on a bench in a simple park among a glen of willows,  
The acre dropped quickly on three sides, a trail begging to be cut where the line lifted a forearm,  
The afternoon stings in my throat.  
The ailing cries do not translate well.

The air between us will take on our longings.  
The air, now having been completely consumed, dies too.  
The angle of the light  
The arc of space-time. One degree  
The arch where mist  
The archetype no longer bound  
The arroyo flashes with a  
The art of navigation was born  
The artists and poets of theoretical physics  
The banal smiles,  
The beggar who heard the prince's sigh would later claim  
The beggars of the forest are a different breed.  
the beginning  
The bird flew our way, riding the thousand drafts as we walked life across the sea.  
The blade of being we all hold.  
The body paints its own community, it transmits the world to the soul in a sensual continuity.  
The brace of faraway breathing.  
The break, like shell cracks before the first swallow of air,  
The breath departs,  
The breath enters,  
The breath of lost things gives you a color.  
The burled out trunk is their shore.  
The canopy, borne more by lightning scars than wooden flesh,  
The capture, when one has crept so carefully, is always unexpected.  
The children of civilization brought a promise to the doorstep  
The churn subsides, fossilized thoughts  
The clean acidic noonday, slight brine in a summer morn, sweetened dawns and musty dusks.  
The closer we sunk our teeth into this land, the more we emptied,  
The closest layer,  
The cloth, the bed.  
The cloud held its place  
The cold, the hard,  
The color of our deep, of ourselves.  
The color of the possible stories paints the sky,  
The combinatorics of cytosine, guanine, adenine and thymine.  
The coming weightlessness  
The consummation of form.  
The cosmic eddy serves as source  
The cosmos or some other mind.  
The counter movement resistance sheds life, makes what they dream possible.  
The course of blood  
The crack listens to its own gravity,  
The crawl becomes  
The cup, the bowl,  
The curved end points to the bounded, they taste each other,  
The cut and heft of a thing endures in space, gives us a comfort of a sort even after we set it down.  
the dark carried patterns,  
the dark, carried patterns, imprints of its own children,  
The darkness in the northern sky was reading for the role of the messenger of the universe.  
The dawn at times must think it did something rather well.  
The dawn brings contentment.  
the dawn without hope of all we were.  
The dawn writes its own  
the dawn, without hope.  
The day before you came, I walked the path,  
The day brings its own watch to my bedside in the morning.  
The day of the dead bear was matted and caked  
The day we first took breath.  
The day's wages.  
The dens of deepest hibernation are often but a small notch in the earth,  
The descendents of the darkest evil,  
The desert dust was once the rock that now takes it as a gift.  
The diamond becomes a star,  
The difference now  
The distance between the in  
The distances have yet to take our sounding, have yet to rein us in.  
The distances we have crossed, oceans in a grand vaulting, a continent, one wheel at a time.  
The drama keeps

The dream that came to early risers  
The dreams are all  
The dry gritted well  
The dune shifts before howling wind  
The dust of woe would fall like mist  
The dust the children know is theirs alone, but merely waits to sip their blood.  
The ear hears  
The earth has dug and turned and barrowed us, and always it lends us its flesh.  
the earth's cover.  
The earth's crust heaved with your image imbedded in its cracks.  
The earth's thin breath skin snatches remnants, in death they burn.  
The edge comes slowly thus.  
the edge of the dusk or  
The edge of the dusk or the dawn writes its own  
The ego is careful when selecting  
The elements are basic, care and attention transform work into offering.  
The elusive science of love remains filled with empty pages.  
The embrace that waits in mystery's hold is longer and deeper than could ever be known.  
The empty space in the atoms of our hearts.  
The enchantment of damage writes them as its own destination.  
The encrusted ones  
The end of a pendulum, arcing an ellipse inscribing today's table, this chair, our bed.  
The enormity of things that hide behind and between  
The evening sky  
The eye first startles, darting its way,  
The eye froze where the scent arose.  
the far of their extent.  
The farthest line seduces,  
The final few microns of atmosphere  
The fire rescues you  
The first birth of a new mapping.  
The first drift is prone to breaking.  
The first exhale is quick. The second inhale is long, then held.  
The first grasp of a giver's hand.  
The first inhale is watched closely, looking for any lost thing.  
The first letter told of an admiration not ready to emerge, content within its spun nest.  
The first primordial amino elixirs rose from black waters,  
The first rooms held many firsts for keeping, a cargo hold with rusted locks.  
The first rush of air,  
the first rush of air, the shock of being dry,  
The first siege came in hunting days  
The first sign of sentience begs not definition.  
The first songs to kiss embryonic ears are  
The first spirit, the one who had tasted from all of earth's banquets,  
The first time we shared the day of your birth, a secret was revealed, though parts are secret still.  
The flailing and thrashing looks familiar as we stand on the edge of the cape.  
The flak of friendly fire may catch you in the side as you turn to offer a hand.  
The fleeting foam,  
The flow remains  
The flow that captures us all  
the forlorn may bring  
The fourth and fifth gates, who would sit as companions in a linear world,  
The full slaked thanks  
The garden doesn't try very hard to be found, better to fall into.  
The garden shrugs, bodies collect in pools and under shelter and along streams.  
The geo-archeo saints called their clans to a clearing to eat  
the getting done.  
The gift of condensing.  
The gloved hand clenches so much tighter than the bare.  
The goddess of loneliness, her name did not survive when things were burned in darker ages,  
The ground was far too poor for this.  
The gut spiral  
The half life of love has so far resisted  
The hard and narrow way  
The hawk's rhythm pulses as if riding the rising blasts of an ancient bellows.  
the heavy loads.  
The here, the this, the why that turned down our bed.  
The higher cloud cover's mark

The hole that sits beneath the heart.  
the hour is yours.  
The ice, until then it was just hardened mortar, became aquamarine stained glass.  
The icy pull  
The image in the sky's mirror reflected on our life, outlines a greater border.  
The infill of years sees other bays and forest dining and always a walk.  
The inner ear is the place of balance for the body, but also for many other things.  
The ivy mind is simply being.  
The jerk of pain snaps the gaze inward, where lies a new grace.  
The key to which lies in a single line  
The kingdom of heaven is like a man  
The knotted scars.  
The land however,  
the last bird come?  
The last is every, true scribing marks of love.  
The last kiss is every kiss, none more or less perfect than another.  
The last line of adhesion, crystalline in the dawnfrost,  
The last lonely thing cried when it left.  
The last memory is every memory, if the spirit's press is long and strong enough,  
The last moment  
The last shall be,  
The last sleep is every sleep, our return to empty, wandering in the open, where we remember,  
The last spirit had spent his days as torment's companion.  
The last stanza is every stanza, though not with the numbering of culmination or fulfillment.  
The last strip of man before our expansion paused to catch its breath.  
The Lesson Of Water  
the lesson of water.  
The life support of seeking  
The light of the melding staggers the dreamers.  
The light we see is pale. Content  
The light, being infinite, takes no time to melt us, carefully welding the edge of our souls.  
The light, making itself small like an ethereal contortionist,  
The lights in the sky lay their balm on my wounds.  
The line was still our overwhelming,  
the line was still.  
The line where the air of to do mixes with the  
The lines of our lives play out like a verse in a scripture too sacred for holy script.  
the lines that mark  
the load of duty.  
the load of duty? Any chance of warmth in the dawn  
The long, low despair of a Sitka spruce reaches o'er the fog, into sea,  
The longing over watches, delayed.  
The love in our bones will be enough for the sky.  
The Lure Of Certainty  
The Lure Of Certainty Discontents  
The lure of certainty waits in the communion cup,  
The lure of certainty waits,  
The machinations of the mind, of words, of worlds?  
The many paths to one moment  
The melody counts out our steps, dispensing its favors with nonchalant compassion.  
The melt of a cloud into a patient afternoon,  
The membrane between this world  
The mere occupation of space  
The mesh across the opening of careful hearts  
The meta-physician may be attending a birth  
The metro steps were my entrance to the labyrinth that would keep me captive from then on.  
The mind invents colors not found.  
The mind no longer rules, it rests.  
The mist's aspirations.  
The mixture can't hold its own brightness.  
The moment you believe in a time that was before our touch, and time after.  
The monsoons came, and with them, cleansing.  
The moon arcs an arm over the ridge.  
The moon cannot be bothered with such things.  
The moon feels like the final white petal of fall.  
The moon rests its head in the lap that forms  
The moon's craters are incense bowls  
The moonlight of things

The moonlight.  
The more we shed, the easier the sacred silk gathers as a robe all around.  
The more we tasted wonder, a whetting for our souls' coming banquet.  
The mornings stretch in an elastic linger, taut until their shiver snaps,  
The mountain speaks, exposing shale.  
The mud grasps at their feet,  
The mustard fields fly off to the west and we feel the need to hurry,  
The myth of images tells of a land of mirrors.  
The names of birds  
The new moon brings  
The newborn knows this best.  
The next when plantings waited rain  
The night began its slow pull on the drawstring of rest around the sky.  
The night bird cries, a herald to summon  
The night bird cries.  
The night reserves our seats. If we can drink our fear, even claim it,  
The night's perfume as its blanket.  
The no thing will caress you gently. You will come to know  
The noble races of claw and tooth have eyes and ears that know our songs.  
The noise of alone strikes hard.  
The no-self listening.  
The note pauses, landing on their ears, turning them as one,  
The oft mended curtain of this hidden low valley parts open  
The older man awoke from the same dream, but now the wild brushstrokes of life's abstractions,  
The one found between the heart bone  
The one just below.  
The one near the golden tree whose branch aspires the sky.  
The one to wait upon.  
The one we came here for,  
The one where I knew the end before I dared to venture.  
The one where strings no longer play.  
The one where there is a beauty  
The one who climbs does not seek entry to the interior of the mountain,  
The one who takes care to sing  
The one whose light  
The ones who become invincible,  
The ones who refrained from the pilgrimage.  
the only direction?  
The only ocean that could contain every wanderer.  
The only ship that could hold what arose.  
The only thing brave enough to stand so as to be seen.  
The other arrived on a night where sights and sounds rarely seen in this benign valley,  
The other as spirit, as beauty, as order, as unknown.  
The other, certain, I could no way hold all of mine, let alone yours.  
The pause between  
The pestle resting against the rim, its shadow tracing a sundial path,  
The pinpricks of a million moments  
The pool of thanksgiving is fed cool and clear by consecrated springs.  
The powerful won the day,  
The prey of myth, of less encumbered god- men striding the earth.  
The primal one breaks my bones over its table.  
The prince stood near the gate at the close of the age of bronze,  
the problem, or  
The purse holding unbroken treasure,  
The pursuit is surely on.  
The quests that once  
The quietness that passed between us still keeps us sure.  
The rain had mostly shed, it was not the soaking kind. You brushed aside one damp strand.  
The reasoning is sound but it seems to chase its own tail.  
The relativity of the fall and the float completes the places  
The rest before the storm.  
The result of one  
the result of one more entwining? Is all  
The rider once dreamt a horse but that is all.  
The Rising of the Yang  
The Rising of the Yin  
The river became ocean and we found depth, dried and we found drift, rained and we found flight.  
The river reminds

The road had wandered into.  
The road holds still, in settled dust.  
The road is known on the map as "one", but that which is first shall be last.  
The road itself is neither one  
The rock, the earth, the mountain  
The rocks, my bed, retain something.  
The rocks, so cold  
The roots of peace  
The same delicately bloomed clover that has followed us from our hill house,  
The same gestation one for one in a burning womb.  
The same is the presence of the skin of our  
The same today is said to us  
The sand, a drift and slide, foam dissolving into a pumice trace.  
The scabs of moss make it worthy.  
The scalding heat  
The scent of man was lost  
The scent of smoke and ash and singed edges surrounding.  
The scent will carry back to creation.  
The sea boils where  
The sea first came to us on a rim where we went to wash our dreams.  
The sea that was born  
The search for words leads to drowning.  
The searing shrapnel tearing, then cauterizing as it passes every organ.  
The second release at the end of that summer carried doubt on its fringes,  
The second spirit, who had seen his face in every facet of learning,  
The secrets held close and dear  
The sense of space unhinged from time.  
The Setting of the Yang  
The Setting of the Yin  
The Shin of the Buddha escaped  
The Shin of the Buddha escaped, so it is now stronger than  
the shock of being dry.  
The shoreline came up to the threshold of our own lives, tide lines of our leavings.  
The shudder you feel is a loosening of the rime of inattention.  
the side, matching  
The skin of a thought has its own  
The sky above is left to follow, it trails off in the distance.  
The sky with your form drafted in the clouds.  
The sly call of signs and wonders,  
The song has no straight lines.  
The sound of a waterfall finds a way to breach the ridge,  
The sounds were somehow strange, but all else was right and in place.  
The space within, the space between  
The space-time warping of modern travel had left a dazed screen,  
The sparrow woke alone at dawn.  
The speed of our own fall shatters us, quaking the leaves.  
The speed of the fall shatters the crystal rain, dying at terminal velocity.  
The spirit's silk  
The splash would break  
The spray reminds  
The springs of Eden  
The spruce is a careful host, careful to keep the wind at bay  
The stars will open our flimsy pages, we will be read.  
The stars, they shoot, the fire, it does burn and breathe.  
The station platform where those who wait see their song  
The steps back to the hut  
the steps.  
The stitch in my side comes when I first notice  
The stone from within.  
The stone knows curiosity.  
The stone that the soil will become.  
The stone's dreams  
The stones in the roadway, the market aroma, the light's acrobatics.  
The storm's flight, the retreat of the oar, the bliss of floating, I on your current, you in my well.  
The stream looks the same  
The strength of my embrace  
The sub-beat of our heart  
The sun embers the leaves

The sun extends neural tendrils  
The sun returns, as in those days, to many who have not the will.  
The sun was being pulled in the same arc at the same speed, with the same halo,  
The sun's dive into its solstice well is nearly complete.  
The sweet painful tongues lap my fringe, purging time.  
The tangled nets  
The thick iron door hinges and gives itself to the blade.  
The things we carry, stones and bales, hearts and troubles,  
The third gate on the east, and its double, the sixth on the west gave us passage,  
The third spirit, he who had sensed the movement of God,  
The thoughts of trees are not like those of creatures with rhythmic blood, and minds to wonder what lies beyond germination, and feet to take them.  
The thoughts of yesterday  
The time it takes to write one word,  
The tips of leaves show the first red on green.  
The tongue wraps around  
The trail ends up at the river, now in sight, a wild gray hair on the canyon's chin.  
The trail goes down, where I want to be, after too long high and alone.  
The trail of bear widens where it breaches a faint wall.  
The trail wormed its way as if on geologic time, a pause for gravity's rest.  
The trail's hiding was removed one spade at a time in the soft at the end of the day.  
The tranquil sounds never ache.  
The tree's weight was no longer balanced  
The tribe that can be persuaded.  
The troth was pledged on an evening when we donned the forms and functions,  
The unease of our motion was not the smooth swirl the sand and flakes expected.  
The universal mind has tentacles of light silhouetting the break.  
The universe rise and set.  
The valley fades from  
The vapors, its nostrils a font.  
The veins themselves will stain like wine on a veil.  
The void is so empty it can birth all matter.  
The vows we all spoke in our hearts  
The walk has always been the pace that came without much of a thought or weight.  
The walk was not ready for the coming snap,  
The walls of desire  
The warmth of the south wind.  
The water approaches,  
The water passes by.  
The water remains,  
The water yields with compassion.  
the wave of wind  
The way of the spirit leapt off the parchment we carried, a map of unseen worlds.  
The way up the holy mountain, steps marking time  
The weight is far too much, his soul is wedded to the ground.  
The weight of generations,  
The weight that lades me  
The whisper, you have made it possible for me to continue.  
the wild country faster than  
the wild country, faster than any storm. It was here it  
The Willapa three feet higher at twenty six point four, the Nestucca by two feet, the Chehalis by six inches,  
The wind of spirit blows soft but constant.  
The wind shifts, it blows their fate,  
The wind that blows  
The wind that fails to lift them in carry to a better landing,  
The wise one leaves the gold buried.  
the wit of doubt,  
The wonder then becomes enough.  
The word takes the dust as communion,  
The work brings me  
The work is pure.  
the work. It pours  
The world to their sight.  
the world was  
The world watching water  
The years have refolded it more than its creases can hold.  
The younger man once had a dream, a stretch of stream can be both your constant and your fleeting.  
Their agitation has fed upon itself.  
Their arcs lean so slightly, beneath notice, toward gravity's love.

their birth.  
their birth. Their wet womb days remember  
their birthright beneath these  
Their bodies and spirits remained unchanged by the telling.  
Their bones are now the dust that chokes their children's cries,  
Their canvas though is metamorphic  
Their captains raising hopes  
Their cast has a  
Their changing us.  
Their cries were of fire, pushed molten from the womb.  
Their declining understanding  
Their descendants carry an inheritance clasped tightly  
Their dust floats over like exhales  
Their future uncovering in a continual peel, releasing the aroma of silent joy.  
Their heads rest on pillows of stone  
Their innate salvation  
Their inventions became bizarre  
Their million fires never had  
their million fires. Never had stars burned without remorse,  
Their mind drifts  
Their minds stop in place, curiosity shims a gap underfoot.  
Their monastery walls crumbled  
Their own breath to its song.  
Their recall is every pulsing shade of light, how each bit of radiance tastes as it synthesizes.  
Their seeds a single  
Their shifting morphology.  
Their soar became a reckoning.  
Their spirits arise for all nothing.  
Their theories call like hyenas in the night.  
Their time below  
Their time is not ours, a day their breath, an inhale from dawn across the sky, an exhale through darkened canyons, sun traced respiration.  
their undersides  
Their vapors hang them over  
Their wake lapping our hair.  
Their web of connections  
their wet womb days remember  
Themselves already in us.  
Then a pivot, a point where the toe feels the line to above.  
Then again, and again, through our evolution, through our doubts and exaltations,  
Then again, over and over.  
Then an answer rose out of the grass into the night to pluck a string that was tied,  
Then an instant, awake, come gently.  
Then an instant, gently as in our dream, follows.  
Then as the comfort of attraction between their fragments inhaled.  
Then calm light follows  
Then comes the bush at the top of the hill.  
Then dips one wing.  
Then dropped to its knees.  
Then every act is worship.  
Then everything that had fed us up 'til then was spread, only now the aromas were our own.  
Then here, the dust was flecks of skin, dried out too long from touch.  
Then I fall into being. Being long. Being far. Being here.  
Then lays itself pure in the soil's palm.  
Then Linnaeus.  
Then our longing house makes its point without a single beam rising.  
Then our time would stop its descent and a pinpoint instant would catch our sight.  
Then out to meet the sun.  
Then re-tuning, it leapt on to the next year, neither higher nor lower on our scale,  
Then righting itself as I come near.  
Then sends us out unprepared, our spirits shooting lava jets  
Then she retreated back into whatever darkened hole contained her.  
then sound can sneak  
Then startled by ego's own weight.  
then the body.  
Then the slow painful crawl begins.  
Then the window.  
Then there come faint trails of you adrift just past my ear.  
Then this thought was our crisp clarity, distilled by ten thousand nights.

Then to break bonds of wretchedness.  
Then waiting to be swept away.  
Then waits again  
Then walk slowly past, like two lost in thought lovers.  
Then we are children of more precious arts.  
Then we got a little crazy  
Then we move to holy air.  
Then we saw it through freshly washed streets in a city where passion became the only commerce.  
Then what becomes  
Then what of those who continue to weep in the darkness?  
Then what to make of the freshly cut who dare to claim,  
Then worked its way up, clinging on each hair as our breath passed to and fro.  
Then you could learn to love the fade.  
Then you say, "God must listen". For the same sound that woke me echoed on your pillow.  
Then, as in our dream, follows.  
Then, if permeation calls, there waits an even darker slumber  
Then, there by the edge of the bed in the hollow of the night, comes a calling from far afield.  
Theory layered upon theory yields a fragile view.  
There are fewer novice navigators who dare to skirt the edge of the world.  
There are fools errands, and then there are things so bizarre,  
There are many organs of truth  
There are more mysteries in a pinch of breath  
There are no small worlds, only one, it is touched.  
There are slight  
There are unnatural loves, and then there are things so beyond,  
There came a recurring echo, resonating the vial of air in our ear.  
There comes a branch  
There comes a weariness,  
there comes no rescue.  
There comes no sadness to their door,  
There falls a murky rain.  
There has been none since before we rose on legs or grasped with hands.  
There is a blue whose strike is so innocent,  
There is a clarity in their alignment, but that is their weakest dimension.  
There is a corner of the world  
There is a firm beauty in the similitude upon the balance,  
There is a form of grace  
There is a heaven where angels match the expectations of men  
There is a layer  
There is a loveliness in a descent to the common ground.  
There is a place where words fall  
There is a shade of daylight  
There is a Taoist somewhere, I'm sure of it, who doesn't walk  
There is a touch of grass that trusts every hour.  
There is an I that has not changed  
There is just enough air  
There is just enough air as you walk by  
There is more forgiveness in a dawn than at any altar,  
There is no bathe or glow this night.  
There is no devil in the mix.  
There is no edge  
There is no glass small enough, no element from our collection,  
There is no motive, there is no reason to take it as anything.  
There is no smell or touch or sound or sight or taste around this campfire.  
There is no spirit except the scent  
There is no straight in this land, except when the fog lifts and the ocean's edge.  
There is no through,  
There is no warmth in the pockets  
There is no weight  
There is no worship except the vibration  
There is now and doubtless always has been a theory of it all.  
There is only an ardor for the flame of the one true call.  
there the hope of  
There was a notice, a first posting on the message board of the beyond.  
There was a particular dip, then bend in the trail, as I recall, then the climb.  
There was division among the gods  
There was one particular day, in the time when days were being traded for nights,  
There were no mistranslations, things that were, remained.

here, come no rescue. There, the hope of  
There's a scent of  
Therefore of course, it softly marks  
Therein veins of other gold are tapped  
These are the days we store away when we come again to our shelter place.  
These came and went; we felt a stir every now and then.  
These clouds move  
These clouds,  
These days, such things fly apart,  
These grains were our bread. The glisten of breath on skin was our wine.  
These I have known, I scoped them with my eye in the desert.  
These lurching, hunched backs  
These plants too parted, triads of leaves, petals, stamens and no doubt electrons,  
These priests who posit, then confirm  
These priests who wait, who fall away.  
These rooms and walls were far too much a part of our definitions.  
These seekers cast off  
These slight pieces have entered us, have broken us down,  
These things I know, what I don't know is that I'm miles early, good intentions with bad timing.  
These trees dearly wish their deformed bodies  
These we know, and an instant,  
These were our weakness, we were captive.  
These winding spirit trails and every fold and hem of space,  
These young people  
They all had been alert, for trickster's next amusement,  
They all know their own names.  
They are a wave to ride, a storm  
They are accepted as true, lest we fully behold their face.  
They are caught unaware by the rocks, the waves never knowing what hit them.  
They are content to be adrift and then alit on this touch of earth.  
They are entwined, are encoded,  
They are in wild groves,  
They are inhaled, these comings.  
They are more than markers.  
They are my suffering confidants. Ready to stand in my shadows.  
They are of the sea,  
They are out there,  
They are recorded every one  
They are the moon's outer shawl.  
They are the ones  
They are the ones who scour the stones in this age.  
They are the power of surety, sorely misdome.  
They are the wake left behind  
They are time itself.  
They bore us with their lack of anything sublime.  
They both first breathed air in the same room at the same hour of the day, almost two years apart.  
They break me apart without my knowing.  
They break on the shore where carcasses lie.  
They calcified there for years.  
They call to one another  
They call, "Carry us, carry us down to the river."  
They came carrying rules  
They can affect each other's spin.  
They can do naught but show us  
They can instantaneously  
They can learn of different distant places in one's heart if they first learn to read.  
They can never be masked as they crawl between the sheets at night.  
They can say things to each other.  
They cannot prove, they cannot define  
They carom off  
They coil beneath the pillow prepared for our rest.  
They could only hold the question  
They crane their heart to a point in the sky.  
They cry in the night, they blind in the sun, they turn always away.  
They curl and crawl.  
They cut and stitch the flesh  
They cut me most gently,  
They danced in a spiral of flame, an entwined look

They dream of death, they dream the fall, to horizontal realms of dark and worms.  
They dream of seed  
They drift, as will I.  
They elongate and turn and layer in the diaphragms of monks.  
They enter a bit wary.  
They erred by offering its story to us first, in words that made no sense.  
They fall like lines of a poem where meter melts and drips,  
They fall now  
They fall, remembering to breathe.  
They fall, remembering.  
They felt a familiar pang of those before, who dared not and shrank before their edge.  
They find a catch in their throat as they catch their steps,  
They flee before the marks that come without being seen.  
They flew from the sun by the trillions, passing through  
They give no thought to what we call them.  
They give themselves up.  
They gnarl their way to heaven,  
They have a drifting name for it.  
They held on in the old ways.  
They intone their hope  
They knew that once they lost their touch  
They knew that the range of their immersion was infinite, to box it in seemed unholy.  
They knew that the sun was their home  
They know from whence.  
They know how far  
They know now over times.  
They know such love so strong it cannot hold  
They know what end.  
They know when, and they love their changing us.  
They know, from beginning to end  
They lay gifts upon each other's  
They layer themselves like  
They leave marks on the aura hovering where I was.  
They lift the word.  
They live less than an ache, their mass  
They made a pact, these two, at the break of the ocean bar.  
They may float for awhile  
They minister to one another, they keep themselves with shared anointing.  
They must be unwrapped, these teachings.  
They never were long for this earth.  
They offer no daring, no longer reflect photon's dying glow.  
They pass each other on the road.  
They plant themselves in bits of time.  
They remain bound to the thought of their self.  
They rise and crest and rise again in the cries of babes.  
They rise in northern gulfs, a vast array of ready drawn archers.  
They rolled their contraptions up and down like squirrels seeking their winter cache.  
They saw the marks on their father's walls as the day's blind expansion.  
They seek so that they may minister,  
They send it to rocking  
They shift in view.  
They shift into now when we stop.  
They shift into now.  
They shift into now.  
They shift into now.  
They shine like the crystal tears of the least of these.  
They simply ask the wrong questions.  
They sit there, right where I can see them.  
They sleep in the bend of my arm as I walk up and over their rises.  
They speak with a voice that only in brief, few moments, doesn't shock me.  
They spoke of a night without  
They spoke of a night without longing, for their hearts were  
They sprouted above  
They stepped the homes, their families, their rule.  
They stopped, they tuned  
They stretch as long as we let them.  
They stretch like a thread of our own becoming.  
They Strike, But Catch

They Strike, But Catch No Wind  
They sway like an enormous frond, far from the ground  
They talk of things  
They till the ground outside the door.  
They told you that you would fade out  
They trail our notice, they shadow our fear, these thin nights.  
They wait as if their drop  
They wait with fever, wait long, wait hard.  
They wait, the light that the night will become,  
They watched their skin  
They weave the before and behind.  
They were nobler though, in their reluctance to number everything, such as the things they felt.  
They will be richer than the lodes of heaven.  
They will cast off numbers and certainty like broken chains.  
They will glide you up  
They will go away if you ignore them.  
They will never be surpassed by unimaginative machinations  
They will run to the river to dip, to wash, to float.  
They will sing to you  
They wind softer, for hope streams pale.  
They would pass unnoticed  
They write it once again.  
They wrote themselves.  
They, like an empty heart, are seekers  
Thighs soaked in rising streams as they sought more of the same.  
thin layers of  
Thing  
Thing In Sight  
Things I felt had seemed sufficient and indeed were enough to grant entry.  
Things that are never imagined in the philosophies of the deep.  
things that will not  
Things to do then write themselves on the palms, kept until the washing,  
Think not that I care for the dark.  
Think of that day. But maybe not.  
Think of what questions will come like sleet with sharpening sting.  
Think with your flesh and feel bright light  
Thinking I could steady myself against your freshness.  
Thinking that if I watched long enough and true enough,  
Thinking they have let go, they wander in sand.  
Thinking we could outlast a god.  
Thinking, "I must not run", it ran.  
Thinner with every branch.  
Third Day  
Thirst  
thirst is everything,  
This air is for chilling, a bracing upon my ribcage.  
This answer note has melted every question along the way.  
This began with the void  
This bird now stands  
This bit of desert dust first lodged in our shoe, nagging us pay it notice.  
This canopy knows otherwise, collecting eau de vie for an hour in wait.  
This crack drips an oil  
This curve has been our center and our carry from silhouetted lakeshore to tented beds.  
This drop of blue glass I hold  
This Dust of Us  
this empty trek will  
This here, which held no promise.  
This holy plot, this tempered land  
This is all they can assure us,  
This is all. They nod 'til we  
This is more than heaven can hold.  
This is real", says the hand  
This is the balm  
This is the beam,  
This is the myth of physics' lore, explaining the attraction of bodies.  
This is the pattern.  
This is where I find you startled.  
This is where we feel the dark, where we awake with a start.

This language did not describe, did not relate, retell or relay.  
This light caught us early, taught us that we could listen to light, could hear the phonetics of photons.  
This may be what is real.  
This mystery.  
This one heavy, another light.  
This one says no  
this one says, "No fear." The one who says that  
This place is a collection plate for  
this schism, it calls  
this schism, it calls deep beneath the bark  
This scope could magnify the truth of a thing, spirit light refracting through its non-Euclidean prisms.  
This star of yours  
This time my walk  
This understanding of yourself in another had been yours from the womb.  
this very thing.  
This was no biome shift. It was a crack in the face of eternity, like the moment you first hear autumn.  
This was our primer, to learn that it would be the same with us. We were to be, or not at all.  
This whimpering becomes our sword  
This year or next.  
This, the bioethics of evolutionary mercy,  
Those lines act as if  
Those things of least assuming size, usually off the side of the road,  
Those who bend low to help them up  
Those who cared not for time.  
Those who chance allows  
Those who have no need, to either give or to receive,  
Those who have spilled themselves.  
those who lay  
those who lay low upon the sand.  
Those who let their eyes feel thirsty air, those who have seen things.  
Those who ply the air, drop in on worlds.  
Those with eyes to see  
Though curious  
Though falling remains my companion,  
Though flames may consume with spectacle,  
Though it burns only your eyes.  
Though knowing justice, they know not how.  
Though not I, and you, though not you.  
Though not the love held in a heart.  
Though now a chameleon,  
Though we prefer to dip downstream where the flow suits our pace.  
Thought it stretched itself  
thought strange things, saw exposed fraud. I watched  
Thought was empty and clear.  
thought. Strange things saw  
Thoughts are then tossed  
Thoughts bury peace and warmth.  
Thoughts fall, fall again, then gone.  
Thoughts put to bed years ago  
Threads of energy  
Threads that dart,  
Through falls and dips, tenderness settles. She sees hope, where darkness cried once.  
Through gorges and grottos and into a crevice in this city where cracks hold the smoke,  
Through its cracks  
Through our pupil's wary lens  
Through pores and dissipates.  
Through tent fabric meshing mystery or a seductively cracked balcony door.  
Through the circled fields of the sun.  
Through the fir debris where lines in rare presentations parted for three mountains.  
Through the floor, through the concrete, down to the earth's bosom.  
Through the infection of being afraid of the dressings of birth.  
Through these waters  
Through things, into and out of time.  
Through transition's bogs, each step connecting, each road a deft reminder,  
Throw it all off.  
Throwing lines and arcs at the sun.  
Throwing off all they had created  
Throwing tiny flashes, maybe once a day, that made us blink and then to wonder.

Thunder so hard it can't echo.  
Thus light set itself up for ambush, traveling narrow gaps in cloud cracks.  
Thus we feed and water pain.  
tide cresting,  
tide marks the soul.  
Tie its tail to its neck.  
Tied to the tempter  
Til lost, down a thin alley to a five franc garden of erupting passion.  
Til now, it has never been consumed  
Til tomorrow lays ajar  
Time 15  
time becomes self aware.  
time becomes self, aware this place is a collection plate, for  
time I noticed.  
Time may bring enough dawns  
Time rooted deep down. Reminding  
Time turns and lays out their one imagination, pulls a swirling mass of every moments place.  
Time waits like a butterfly,  
Time when the day has meaning  
Time, it revealed no  
Tissue of the night. That is what they call it  
to a forgotten soil where visions and archetypes mingle.  
to a forgotten soil.  
To a sand where the lapping still held arcs from the first Phoenician oars,  
To a sister star consuming itself.  
To a slice of golden refuge just over-hill. I think they're still confused.  
To adjust to their vibrato.  
To all that passes this world  
To and fro in the melting dawn.  
To anything more  
To bare our feet and feel the rocks and leaves take their course.  
To be brought to the basin where they both wash and drink.  
To be called an invasive species?  
To be held against a bosom and calmed with breath's cadence.  
to be idle?  
To be mine, the  
to be more than just one thing.  
to be more than just one thing. Is a fragile wind  
To be placed beneath the lens of every beautiful thing.  
To be poured through the hourglass of black to white.  
To be resolved, to be easy.  
To be still, bring rest.  
To be still, bring rest.  
To be still, bring rest.  
To be still, bring rest.  
To be the one, the true.  
To breathe,  
To breathe, "Nothing can hold.", our hearts beside.  
To breathe, to watch, to carry us to the undercarriage  
To build with straight lines?  
To cast itself  
To catch those things  
To chance at something sets one up for linear progressions.  
to completion.  
To dance on that stone arm as it crumbles, and flats and boats and roads and trucks go the way of dust.  
To dip completely in the wet love of the thankful waters.  
To do and do more becomes trite in the light of noon.  
To drink of its changing.  
To drop a feeling.  
To drop in a purse for a day downwind when all else was spent.  
To each go as far as the other, to refuse the lure, to not be the first to die.  
to fall apart.  
To find a thing, even one thing,  
To finish was  
To float in that warm space beneath chance and above the inevitable.  
To fold the corners into line.  
To freeze and freeze again.  
To fully live, they stretch the fabric of each morning

To give oneself in beauty and dignity has a common scent,  
To give themselves up.  
To grow without desire  
To grow, she kept watch over them in the cold.  
To honor or  
To Hypnos and his latter self, dear Somnus, and to Morpheus, the child of dreams.  
To infancy. It lay in bed  
To keep her from walking in  
To keep them from reaching me before it had its chance, before it alone arrived at my door.  
To keep themselves for branches,  
To keep us from the cold.  
To key their fall,  
To know a thing  
To lay these notes at our feet and pay them sweet attention.  
To leave imprint on our heart folds, a raised emboss left to be read by a caress.  
To let go the rope and rise the current that led to warmer seas?  
to let go. This  
To let the apart find a passage beneath the rocks, to become the aqueduct of the waters of the same.  
To litter our floor with a bed of flakes.  
To live, stretch the fabric  
To lock me in her gaze  
To look into the heavens and where another lens opened to a first captured kiss.  
To melt into a desert dune.  
To more demanding things.  
to my nature  
to my own truth.  
to pendulate shadows into disappearing,  
to pendulate shadows,  
To plant trinkets to distract her  
To plant, to share,  
To prepare and accept  
To reflect, wary to enter.  
To refraction, splitting it asunder.  
To requite every switch and swag.  
To reside beneath our skin in waiting, not like the mid-day, content with only everything.  
To rest at the foot of our bed.  
to rest, glistens.  
To roots, as far as you dare to go.  
To say firm and true, "you are worthy".  
To see how far was the horizon.  
To set aside their vigilance, to let light fall where it may.  
To shake you out of your death dive.  
To shine beneath the crescent moon  
To sit and call silence to our side, to feed and water it for another year's harvest.  
To sleep I mark with a blood brush.  
To snap, then free fall  
To spring as though shot with fire  
To stimulate, each their own  
To stop the spin of the world.  
To such as you came naturally.  
To take a place among the plants that gave no thought to hope,  
To take the time as offered.  
to tears, they come calling.  
to tend, to wait.  
To the absence of sadness in its drape.  
To the air of descent.  
To the back noise parting before each leaf's shudder.  
To the call, to the ebb,  
To the crack in your mind that gives entry.  
To the downward draw of the sea.  
To the east, a careful parting reminds us of rises that took us into their confidence,  
To the end of the branch where the vibration's last gasp,  
To the first sign of fire light.  
to the heart's bed.  
To the land of light, where color sweats from the pores of those compelled to truth.  
To the land where the pelican rests in the cove of a mountaineer and faith is fully ripe.  
To the least of the children.  
To the left sits another rock.

To the light.  
To the loft that death never sees.  
To the lungs careful warmth.  
To the metamorphosis of moment into memory.  
To the not quite random wander of its turns.  
to the out we are.  
to the out? We are the only direction.  
To the point where eternity pivots.  
To the point where the only options  
To the present tense.  
To the proof sought in temporal laboratories.  
To the pull that comes to us all.  
To the riders in the current, it is like catching an eddy where two rocks part,  
to the right bowl.  
To the season that bleeds  
to the skin of  
To the slight grit the life bark leaves on your skin.  
To the strike of a static charge.  
To the touch and feel  
To the very last.  
To the warmth seeping through parched cracks around the edges of simmering smiles.  
To the watchers on the side, time becomes folds and creases, as they try to take its measure.  
To the weight of light pressing tiny cups.  
To the west, I follow the sun. The arc of home leads me there.  
To their skin, their roots, their crown, rising up in offering.  
To this other orb where change, though never dear, has all but run its course.  
To tiny bits  
To tire on the way to Rome  
To turn it over and fold it as a gather  
To use to peer up into these galaxies, or search for smaller still.  
To used souls, night brought forgetting.  
To wake attention.  
To watch me  
to water fields.  
To witness this retreat,  
To wrest a heart from its moorings.  
to write or say  
today brings even less  
Today brings even less shelter for doubt, a seer  
Today falls comfort, no striving with heavy loads.  
Tomorrow leaves orange threads in rent garments.  
tomorrow? No hint  
Tomorrows always shine without setting, now balance common days.  
Too far within to be the watcher on a storm blown  
Too late the theft was caught  
too late, I think.  
Too shaken to grip the pen.  
Took light and movement from other dimensions.  
Took the void into its bosom, stroked and held  
toss, it may fall  
Tottering on its own surety, safe in its delineation.  
Touch and whispers and rocking at bedside began a new inheritance.  
Touch each other, tell each other words that curl themselves  
Toward a fairer return on the coil carefully planted in the terraced plot.  
Toward the apple tree  
Towering elegies rise from the dead, for the dead,  
Traces the line that eventually touches us all, and runs into you and out of me.  
Tracing and sculpting torsos and limbs and profiles where we projecting, dared to stand.  
Tracing remnants of trails  
Tracked along blood lines.  
Trails we carved with our own hands held our walk up on the hill.  
Transfigured, point to line to plane  
Transformation awakens it, igniting yields new speed, light surpasses measure.  
Translucent granite cast and backlit by otherworldly desire.  
Transplanting holds a mirror to our restlessness or maybe just our hope.  
Travelers suffering thoughts they can no longer bear.  
Trees  
Trees and rocks and

trembling and I may chance to touch  
Trenching a hillside, overturning a plateau, further deepening a below ground room.  
Trepidation  
TRIYUNA  
Trust comes closer  
Trust is the first casualty  
Trust was spoken in the dim halls where we walked in those days.  
Truth 8  
Truth cools, wakens,  
Try to remember what you have always known.  
try. Trust love, as  
Trying hard to convince myself that I could make out the wholeness of civilization,  
Trying to simply understand  
Turn my head and  
Turn the tables on this thing that knows itself.  
Turn us from that which is not.  
Turning to occupy the air vacated in the space of breath.  
Turning, they move back to those things we fear to discover.  
Twirls in ecstatic prayer.  
Twisted and writhed he came into the yard, crawling with fear.  
Two drops together the size of a tear that would never find its way down a cheek.  
Two imposters stand outside the wall  
Two spider strands do not even know  
Tying knots and beads on the ropes linking us, ropes we held as we crossed daily between each other.  
Unable to fly, they wither.  
Unaware that where an opposite gate was now expected, with this one there was nothing.  
Uncertainty to be held at eye level and inspected for defect,  
Uncommon in the unknowing, the mystery of fallen stars.  
under - conscious.  
Under an awning, a child looked up and remembered our faces.  
Under the cover of dew dark,  
Under the dew that forms  
Under the hours, near the rocks  
Under the kneelers.  
under the snow.  
Under The Spell  
Under The Spell Of Mercy  
Under the stream running off the eave of a cloud wall.  
undiscovered bowls  
undiscovered bowls with faith's measure,  
Unguarded drops soar us out and down 'til the spray catches us,  
Unite your every, ever changing cell  
Unless one waits, unless one remembers each morn.  
Unlike so much that picks your locks,  
Unloved  
Unnatural sounds dying in breaking brightness.  
Unsteady steps down uneven fall lines,  
Until a shudder  
Until all surrounding things are ash,  
Until all things discard their loads to hold its smallest grain.  
Until every cauterized love is a phantom.  
Until it had worked our soil a bit more. The car searched thru back hill roads with no real plan.  
until it is revealed,  
Until its capture was certain and its prize was set free.  
Until its light  
Until my shadow side  
Until only the genius of wounding seeps out their skin.  
Until that day, we shall remain unbeckoned,  
Until the hem of heaven itself is scorched,  
Until the instant  
Until the sand came and washed them away.  
Until the space and I  
until the time when the  
Until the tremors settle to  
Until they had been dipped in the river where blessed being first bathed.  
Until they wear them like pale silk.  
Until tone  
Until we breathe air, then the beat

Until we go no higher on this plane. A spot where humans dare with glass,  
until we learn the steps.  
until we learn.  
Until you are burned clean through.  
Until you can no longer stand.  
Unwinds its way  
unwinds until  
Unworthiness  
Up stone clay tracks to dine in a notch in the hill with she who knew things from long ago.  
Up the trunk of the fir  
up with something?  
upon the sand.  
Upon your wall.  
Us all of their ever presence.  
us to hold it?  
us, is the sacred cache of  
use the mind on  
Vaccinating against our fate  
variations and tremors,  
variations and tremors, periods of  
Vibrate, entwining night and day.  
View empty minds  
Void of being a void until the atoms of our song gave it dimension.  
Void, a depth that feeling flesh could not stretch to this horizon,  
void, for some small portion of  
Wailing coming from the unready beds pulls your mind into wondering.  
Wait for the water to enter.  
Wait until light recedes into a small circle in the dark  
Wait while the water collects in cracked bowls.  
Waiting burns dawn, it consumes, never igniting vapor into bursts,  
waiting can never be your sail.  
Waiting for a  
Waiting for a bit of gravity to force my hand, a shine off the water,  
Waiting for hands to dip.  
Waiting for the buckets and barrows to open their holds,  
Waiting for the light to turn.  
Waiting to come  
Waiting to rise on this day or  
Waiting to stop the steps,  
Waiting without longing, without a desire for any noble thing.  
Waits for a calling eons afar,  
Waits, then darts,  
Waking where careful waters lap, for as it happens, all our lodging is of another innkeeper.  
Walk for awhile before you fly.  
Walk when the stars fall, sing when the supernovae explode.  
Walked in dust,  
Walking a line, the addictive space so near but never passing.  
Walking around to the back side of the masses' clamoring din,  
Walking back from the shed  
Walking beneath a coal and ash clouded sky,  
Walking has stayed a true comrade, across cities of men, up scrambled hill,  
Walking in sorrow, sitting at joy, and as it happens, all our ascent is of other begetting.  
Walking on, lifting up, we see the first redwood, we know our reach, we near to touch its bark.  
Walking streets, looking for shadow lines we may once have left as a clue for our future selves.  
Walking the ridge, smelling our fires, hearing their names,  
Walls  
Walls Don't Keep  
Wander if you must.  
Wandered by in a trance, caught wind of our soul's wisp and sat to commune.  
Wandering in  
Want for its own children to fear?  
Wanting too hard for any sign  
Warm air collects from the vent behind  
Warm me in the fields of solace, with broken embers.  
Warmth and peace bury thoughts.  
Warped by moist morns.  
Warped isobar grids, the sky's topology.  
Warping the world in jagged latitude.

was different, where  
Was himself within that point; within, however, not yet possible.  
Was it a collective rush of misplaced days and streets?  
Was it ever to be, or did we just forget? Was it sent just as a bridge to better things?  
Was it when we slipped and fell and took no notice of the fall?  
was not a perfect  
was not a perfect ellipse or axial tilt.  
Was she once grace, was she reflecting first nights?  
Was spinning them on its axis, forcing them to the center.  
Was the only window left for us  
Was the water bitter like the cynic's slide or sweeter like the numbness of ignoring?  
Was to dig the ground and plant seeds.  
Washed with a tender hand each day.  
Washes the love of the yellow  
Washing forward and back until skin fell away, until it was all.  
Washing us with newfound hues.  
Watch a child, watch  
Watch below when traversing the trees.  
Watch the whole, yes,  
Watch them dissolve, they leave no trace.  
Watched for any movement.  
Watchfulness sends us on missions outfitted in safety.  
Water  
Water  
Water falls, long, lean, low on the rocks.  
Water finds grace the only thing  
Water passing through gills swimming upcurrent yields a richer oxygen,  
Water tastes the sweat of our birth.  
Water that once was your own call.  
Water that softens with each pass  
Water Time  
Watering the land with labor.  
Waters regret,"  
Wave Crash Climbing Rocks  
Waved over moorings, startled by the water's taste, water they had watched over so carefully.  
Waves break just out of earshot  
Waves have roused us from wild raging bluffs where the air came from another age,  
Waves would blur the frame.  
Way beyond notice, there are slight  
way to create.  
way. Beyond notice,  
Ways that dug into  
We absorb it,  
We all contain stars and they will soon enough contain us.  
We all preach to each other.  
We all reject so much inheritance, but you and I have not refused this unnumbered spectrum of senses.  
We approached our time with a wariness born not of fear, but a bit of doubt.  
We are all parted on the side.  
We are born for the transcendent, either beyond or between our senses.  
We are closely held  
We are in and of the river, water that reflects every truth that ever leaned into it.  
We are inured to a paler beauty.  
We are not taken back to the past awakening, but we who were then,  
We are of its hands, time has become our own reflective glances.  
We are shadows of others, the next will be shadows of us.  
We are so dearly paused  
We are the countrymen of sorrows.  
We are the only memory of the dream time.  
We are the placeholders.  
We are the same, drifting on this world,  
We ate and drank the sustaining light of our crossing, the nourish of our repose.  
We awoke once before on a morning like this when the blue stretched its paws,  
We became children of this hope, buoyed, backlit and bathed in its longing.  
We began on a twisted path that took us to length, then rafted a broadening river.  
We bode our time as each was entwined with millions of life's crossings.  
We build ever larger computing devices, octal cathedrals.  
We buy the days, they take nothing to carry, or store, or move, they are more perfectly alive in us,  
We call our own selves.

We came clear when love took us into its confidence.  
We came there wrapped loosely in garments draped in earlier days.  
We came to a land where seeking answers was not primary, surety was the recessive trait.  
We came upon the ninth gate a few moments apart, with steps too light to scuff a sound.  
We can not sing  
We can't even dare wish for.  
We can't make out the names on their prowls.  
We cannot caress it when passion rims out, or lean against it when legs flail inward.  
We carry out  
We climb the wall  
We close our eyes and wince and pass through our comet's tail.  
We come to home and the speck of sand dissolves, our following answers every cry.  
We compel them to line up true like so many things do to us.  
We cross a plank that spans one magic to another, steps still wobbly from the pavement of dreams,  
We crossed and arrived at this time, when the note played and held itself the whole day.  
We dare, we pray, we toss aside.  
We dare, we ritual, we toss aside.  
We do not block  
We don't go, the light at our feet is enough to keep us.  
We drift as if this was our own, borrowed breath in every echo.  
We drink the after birth, it is our elixir.  
We dwell at the fulcrum of magnitudes, stretching as far as they fall.  
We fall into the next or it falls on us, and so we learn to notice varieties in the pitch of gravity.  
We feel this language now, swirling 'round in love's cup.  
We fold our form and function into each other, each as much a gift, as much a blessing.  
We found home in a hidden patch lost between the city core and sprawled out reaches.  
We gave up, not the first or the last time, just one bend too soon. Then one more turn to leave,  
We grab the ledge.  
We had already arrived in the darker hours.  
We had no gradient in our measure, nothing that would stand in compare.  
We had our own name and number and the flood was our definition.  
We had our place, there was no need to open anything else.  
We hardly notice the sway as we float in a current that has carried many a heart in its swirl.  
We harvest from land never planted, for as it happens, all our memory is of another chance.  
We have become runners, we who walk so easily  
We have been divined like a well in the desert.  
We have exceeded every pact and promise made when we pled for our reunion.  
We have gifts held for us.  
We have held mud from the start, a digger and a dreamer.  
We hid for awhile in the veins of a cache that we had laid up with a wary hand.  
We hold a thought of days down, a meander of faiths that come and go.  
We hold out for a hope that its place in us will complete some unspoken oration,  
We inclined to be more honest with words that passed above us,  
We joined their chorus with a labor like a recurring dream.  
We knew them weightless for years, until we dared to take them in  
We know from logic that limits have multiple personalities.  
We know ours  
We know ours, we know when,  
We know ours, we know yes.  
We know reflection, we know within,  
We know we're heard donning new wraps, at times not even letting ourselves know what we're doing.  
We lay as one in the nights knowing the stars were ours.  
We leave on the hillside.  
We leave our trace.  
We lifted the cloth and sat, bringing a hunger that rested a hand on our sides,  
We lived the days in awe of what had become.  
We look to the sky when we no longer can keep our eyes downcast.  
We made no choice, there was no leap, no turn of a wheel, no drop.  
We may have bought the bookstore or prayed the hours in an un-ruined abbey.  
We might not have recognized what our faces were showing or sending.  
We never look for guard rails. To fail gloriously strikes no fear.  
We no longer wield what is pure  
We once heard it as a resting place, stacked stone walls perching in wait for muffled Siren calls.  
We opened our hands and a small flutter seemed to take flight with a bit of reluctance.  
We opted, this time for entry, for completion, as if such things were our choosing.  
We pass it through,  
We place our hearts  
We reach ever upward.

We recall no daytime or night, only mornings and evenings elongated into each other.  
We refuse to desire.  
We rent this youth, we taste and smell with borrowed senses.  
We rose like foam on the sea when doubting waves crashed.  
We rue what was missed but we can never hope to know  
We sat at its feet on occasion, heard the word's chime become tin, arose and left.  
We save our letting go  
We see only tattered sails.  
We see the marks etched  
We seek a quiet room, one that will be our muse, will take our payment with integral gratitude.  
We seek no meaning  
We seek no meaning, only gather on the way.  
We shake them loose in our backyard on the mound kept for someday.  
We shall embed  
We shall root  
We shall take up the watch  
We shatter things.  
We should know, we should love by now.  
We softly whispered,  
We stand in deference to the foreboding, to the recline of the day.  
We started along the thinking that the wise were to be found around us.  
We stepped around the corner and immediately recognized  
We stepped in a way we thought was a mirror.  
We still are babes when it comes to knowing its mysteries, still the nervous apprentice.  
We still would have sights stored up in scattered caches, some marked plain, others to stumble on.  
We stir up  
We stop seeking a reason why the world is so stunning.  
We suspected as much, when we stood in a grove, or tilted our heads back at midnight.  
We swap and barter toil for joy, when life allows us breaks to bring our offerings.  
We think our bones are cast by gods  
We think, we strain, we sweat, we build. A pile of rocks, a room full of need, each is moved,  
We thought not to scan the horizon, but kept our eyes fixed on this line.  
We toss ourselves  
We toss ourselves each day  
We turn away at our expense  
We turned just beyond chance and the light itself was misting.  
We use this lull to build our network, wires stretching across the sky, extending our shield.  
We wait in line, wondering if we are worthy.  
We walk, and our passing takes on each crevice left for us along the way.  
We walked and rode, tunneling in and out of the rocks of other kingdoms.  
We were at the end of our plan and so bowed and stepped back to a more reasonable world.  
We were her orphans, held to her as a dressing  
We were placed in a space no larger than the sum of our needs.  
We were told that truth had grown like moss on their backs,  
We who live in air and water  
We wondered of a day when this stir would flow from roil to pool,  
We would be overcome,  
We would beg for belief if heaven came down.  
We would startle in our doze and may reason our way off the course,  
We would still pass on ourselves, our mortared cracks testify, some foundations are for preserving.  
We would weep to the point of melting if it were revealed.  
We wrap each moment in cloth and all manner of things.  
We wrap with whatever we can get our hands and hearts on.  
We yield and taste that dew, no savor ever prepared for this.  
We yield to the sylphs of the shore, to all that washes over us in every trace of time.  
We, every love, have nothing less than the all.  
We're best left with  
We've never been much for advice, the wind behind satisfies our direction.  
Weariness settles in joints and tendons, no longer needed.  
Wearing us into a powder whose aroma we carry in our pockets.  
Webbing its way through root and loam, cracking crust after autumn rains.  
Wedged not in empty space  
Wedging into the no space between you and God.  
well. At times though,  
Were all that remained in the crystal vial of our desires.  
Were buried deep beneath this riverbank  
Were carried to this place  
Were caused by such an ancient thing.

Were we really withering and parched in the down-sweeps of those golden hills?  
Wet with melting stones, brought rest to earth.  
Whale  
What brought it to toss aside the only thing that could ever be.  
What can we teach them of the end of the universe that lies just beneath their hearts?  
What comes, fills a  
What conversations will you share across a table in some cold, distant city?  
What depths and darkness leaves when we stand?  
What did we expect? They have only two states of being.  
What do clouds require? Surely not partaking or understanding.  
What do you love?  
What does the wind carry? Surely not guidance or offering.  
What else are we to do but wail?  
What else is there to save those who return to love?  
What family is more holy than these, misfits every one.  
What is salvation, what is truth in the face of a single touch?  
What is the counterpoint of elemental things?  
What is the purpose of things so slight?  
what is this light?  
What love is to arithmetic; the universe is to us.  
What manner of cosmic dust is this that finds its way  
What manner of cosmic dust is this that finds its way into our inner reaches?  
What new strange quanta would emerge?  
What other dances remain there? The sun and moon will reveal.  
What other paths will cross? I can barely see my own mark.  
What return takes you?  
What ship will sail us there? Are there places of undiscovered color?  
What sustains them, what kills them.  
What then feels us against its skin?  
What then of the all? How does it process?  
What they are, their purpose,  
What things could the universe be?  
What turns us inward, willing ourselves small to inhabit fissures?  
What Was Left  
What we are willing to give in exchange for one, astounds us still.  
What we bring.  
What we hoped in those days sitting on a dune or across a table,  
What we once were  
What we see and hear  
What were we in ninety six when the first numbers were assigned?  
What will be this day's principia?  
What will they find that becomes our own zeroes and ones?  
What wondering dreams loosened her?  
What would be, if instead, hands opened, palm lines leading out?  
What would it feel like, to be, outside the frame of everything,  
Whatever sent her out, her hunt is not for meat or hide.  
When a burned out fir gasped and fell.  
When a found one comes the way.  
When a new species  
When a shred of gray was first seen on high.  
When a truth turns on its heel  
When air remembers it once stirred,  
When air remembers it once stirred, it enters the reaches where  
When all had sat and dipped to eat, coyote began his song.  
When all have flown.  
When all my thoughts have been laid down.  
When all the dirt is brushed aside, when all that is not true has fallen away,  
When all the knowing has been taken away.  
When an aimless stream hits hard stone,  
When an image breaks in  
When arms and legs and bodies, themselves become the move,  
When arms of light swung across the fulcrum of equinox to the balance pan leaning toward hope,  
When at last I'm released.  
When beauty melts into Earth  
When beauty passes.  
When color returns from some retreat.  
When compassion itself was the prodigal, the one long kept away from tears.  
When compassion was reserved for practical matters,

When did it occur to the heavens to incline their spheres for our providence?  
When did it occur to the heavens to incline their spheres for our providence?  
When did kingdoms enter your world?  
When did the air tell us to wake to perfection, to rise and roam,  
When did the earth receive us into her bosom, and we succumbed,  
When did we become so complacent, that things that once brought terror,  
When down, the words  
When dropped pebbles met water  
When dropped, the stone  
When empty, lanterns take on  
When empty, lanterns take on a glow, reminding me there is no  
When entering our room, felt our dance, heard our song,  
When even a dab of cloth on the lips reminds my hand of tomorrow,  
When even death's cry is taken,  
When every hand is sanitized  
When feet no longer take us out beyond the edge of our own belief.  
When fire is our companion, it rears itself in high places.  
When focusing through a new dimension, the period of adjustment is not timed.  
When formless mist reaches the narrowest crack,  
When glaciers retreated  
When gods first sought to bring this sleep to earthly form,  
When grays melt to orange and rocks remember the seed stuck in the crack,  
When hard cold comes  
When hard, we jar and break our bones.  
When has a hole held more mystery  
When he found he could refrain  
When he returned, he bothered not to wash  
When he who said, "A point is that which has no part."  
When hope passes by.  
When I carried her she carried me to places I'd only heard in story.  
When I dare speak the new, fixed on a fear that you'll be left on your own road.  
When I first caught the double, then the square, I knew mere calculation would leave me forlorn.  
When I first learned to walk,  
when I first noticed  
When I look above.  
When I pause after a breath.  
When I sat on a hay bale out west, beside a square of irrigated false green amid the dust.  
When I stoop to drink  
When I tire of the doing, tire of the constant breathing.  
When I turned,  
When I walk far enough  
When in fact it does not anything, it cares for nothing.  
When in rushed the wind.  
When it arches up from behind a ridge of trepidation,  
When it returns in the night as the pacing, stalking one,  
When it takes your look long and your sight drives so deeply into the blue that it whispers your name.  
When last night's toss  
when last night's toss, falling into slumber,  
When light broke the fern,  
When light completes its rounds.  
when love slipped from lungs and so must be re-learned.  
when love slipped from lungs,  
When love's palm, on  
When memories holding hand left her.  
When more and never cease their claims, after all this time, still.  
When muscles pulse, sweat soothes and breath and bone carry each away,  
When night stretches the bands that gird the dawn.  
When nothing rushes in to fill the silence.  
when on the ground.  
When once before we stood in earshot of their pleas, but dropped them as companions.  
When origins arise  
When painted on rock, shadows skip a layer  
When pairs beget pairs, each quadrant holds still.  
When repeated,  
when restless sparks  
When scratched in stone,  
When seen from above, atmosphere looks so  
When sky and life and color and light

When soft, we tire of the road.  
When something wants you so strong,  
when spirit moves.  
When stars, dripping heaven's soaking mist, exhaled.  
When stars' singing leave gold and blue  
When streams and patterns were our companions.  
When such a light arrives.  
When such an orbit tires of wander and comes around again  
When sweet air breaks our fast.  
When tears water grace,  
When the air tastes like mountain water.  
When the autumn fruit is finishing.  
When the black hole of fate crests the line of our horizon.  
When the children of Zeus ran across this land  
When the days were full, it came to rest on our brow, just above our line of sight.  
When the fifth love arrived, we were scarcely nothing  
When the flow inside of me rose on the barely measured tidal pull of Venus.  
When the light comes down  
When the light had done its part, we agreed and followed back across the sea,  
When the moon set the wolf to heel.  
When the ocean will part and become the cradle of every drop.  
When the palm of god rested for a moment on our crown when we came forth.  
When the plow jolts left or right  
When the quantum spelunkers reach the last cavern  
When the rate of transit is matched to our own pace,  
When the shaken leaves splash brows with anointing.  
When the sun folds its legs under the edge of the arc  
When the way of all flesh becomes the way,  
When the white torment finally died  
When the world becomes too much, it pulls on the hem of heaven,  
When there is no limit, there remains a present moment.  
When they caught our feet as something dearer caught in our throats.  
When they lay exposed  
When they renounced contentment and settled into waiting.  
When they say the world is too beautiful.  
When time no longer fights alongside, an ally on vision's front line.  
When tired of the wait, they leave.  
When to turn and let pass for entry, when to kneel to be used as a step,  
When trails are walked for a while, they assert their fresh cuts,  
When transition snaps us out of our inertia, we stretch to take a hand across the deep.  
When up, do they  
When viewed from the side, the fence post's song plays out.  
When we breathe nothing,  
When we can endure no longer the last strain of space,  
When we can see,  
When we catch one on the edge of our sight, we turn to wonder at its color,  
When we come upon this storm, it becomes us.  
When we leave this vale  
When we look out  
When we remove our shoes at the end of the day, every imprint remains.  
When we stop struggling,  
When we stop struggling,  
When we stop struggling,  
When we stop struggling,  
When we stop struggling,  
When we stop to breathe,  
When we take again the steps that print around this now, another arc in a celestial circle.  
When we took hold of what was meant to be we did not resign,  
When were we told by the early mist, that the scent of clarity,  
When were we told by the tides rise, that the place to wait without cover,  
when will it be?  
When years were dug, a full half mile of back switches, hill cuts and resting benches.  
When you are done,  
When you are not everywhere,  
When you are so young and fragile and life is still such a tall thing.  
When you are weary.  
When you come to lie down.  
When you feel it hang on

When you feel the weight of air,  
When you flew, your arms did not care  
When you returned  
When you tell me something stirred.  
When your eye catches them  
When your innermost ear took shape?  
When your steps pass beneath the keystone bearing one of these hidden portals,  
Where a following white light  
Where a land was planted and romanced the work of every hand that tilled it.  
Where a thing like love will rise up  
Where acceptance settled once like a spore hidden in a drift of interstellar dust.  
Where ache rends this earthen cloth.  
Where agreements made in the sea are redeemed in the sand.  
Where air and water and mineral  
Where an ashen hand draws back unknowable things.  
Where are we? When we awoke, was the probe  
Where birds no longer fly.  
Where branches are fewer  
Where buyer, by seller redeems.  
Where do you love?  
Where every cell took its own form.  
Where every color of light and stone refracts  
Where every morning braces us with an astringent reminder to be watchful.  
Where every petal of gravity  
Where every shard of glass bleeds  
Where fur flesh curls, lowered breath by breath, vital signs fading.  
Where gathered elements  
Where grace lays siege against the trees' darkest hours.  
Where grasses wait.  
Where guilt does not dwell.  
Where hands unravel prayer rugs into soft flakes.  
Where hidden thread, air woven, loosely hangs,  
where I am now.  
where I knelt.  
Where ice is no longer cold  
Where is down from here, what particles compose this world?  
Where is nature's astringency?  
Where is that void now, does it cower behind shadows?  
Where is that void now? Could it bear our touch? Could its vastness contain us?  
Where is the blue land or the gray, where neither dust nor rust prevails?  
where it belongs.  
Where it was written,  
Where its angle, just above nothing, was the decryption permitting passage.  
Where levels of being come and fade.  
Where life stays still  
where light belonged.  
where light belonged. Fate completely consumed  
Where light is so weary  
Where lost ships are seen  
Where lovely ones once rested,  
Where matter is removed piece by piece until all that remains  
Where memories layer in a lattice of your beat and mine.  
Where moss still finds shade in summer.  
Where nature ceases to be  
Where numberless cilia stirred.  
Where one surface takes the form of another.  
Where our journey once reached out like a patient crack following,  
Where pain is never so subtle  
Where palm fits nape in dawn's first mark.  
Where patriarchs dared not go, their shoes reflecting their downcast eyes.  
Where piece fits place in moonlit vale.  
where remnants of  
Where skin dissolves  
Where solar gales make land.  
Where soot and grime  
Where sounds are rare.  
Where spiring visions call to children yet formed,  
Where the glare slips slightly out of frame.

Where the height and depth and breadth  
Where the morning light  
Where the old ones stand watch and make sure the toll is much too steep,  
Where the only options are  
Where the tectonics of birth became a reading, a fragile fossil,  
Where the two are  
Where their energy was both the source and object of adoration.  
Where things retire when scarcely noticed.  
Where those who turn their faces come.  
Where thought does not precede.  
where visions and archetypes mingle  
Where we gazed in our infancy.  
Where we lived?  
Where we store regret.  
Where we try to sneak up  
Where you knew you were no longer among the scrub oak and golden grasses.  
where you walk.  
Where you want to be,  
Where, unlike animate bodies, death comes not in a sever, but lingers in and out.  
Whether joy or pain  
Whether on backs or dragged or cradled or hanging from drooped shoulders,  
Which day was it when we awoke, startled by the line being drawn in the sand of our memory?  
Which holds the color of life.  
Which is your truth?  
While finding a surer longing that we will always be near a soothing water.  
While in unswept corners, our flame becomes our balm.  
While itself is held in store for an hour of an evening yet to come.  
While modern priests of nature can't remember the words of the hymn.  
While on a winter walk in a snow fallen garden,  
While other games played out across the room, etching our film.  
While other lives who were attuned to a more natural food and drink, sang on.  
While others swim,  
While the color of the light betrays what lies in store and the scent of disbelief seeps through the roof.  
While traveling along with linear movement, infants dropped in on us as if from airships.  
While we slept, it rose to our mouth, we woke with its grit beneath our tongue.  
While you pluck its tender thorn.  
Whispered dream, follows.  
Whispered sleep  
Whispering cold truth  
White becoming a sear  
White dust of us.  
Who among us first thought  
Who among us has not dared to  
Who are we to wait, for just as swiftly, we tear them open.  
Who bends and leans into your breath.  
Who came to us with a promise of forever?  
Who can remember such tossing?  
Who can't bear to let that happen.  
Who follows your every move?  
Who have not strength nor will to raise it up as a sword,  
Who is more fortunate, the raindrop whose fall collects mid-stream,  
Who is the handmaid and who is the lady?  
Who knows what they found,  
Who may even weep beneath its cloak as it comes to rest,  
Who melt and twist your mind until you resemble the sand.  
Who once spread for the missionaries and now were folded into our lore.  
Who scatter coins like instruments  
Who sings a softer seeking?  
Who sings panic? Who sings warning?  
Who then will feel the sting of sleet?  
Who tries to hide in the trees.  
Who waits downstairs for the night to come and take us.  
Who was the evening's escort on that night when you rose from the ground?  
Who will attest to my otherness? Who will certify my schism?  
Who will be my almsman? Who will take me unto it all?  
Who will be their witness?  
Who will not yield to winter's draw?  
who will? If I

Who would dare to being these things before us?  
who would dwell on  
who would dwell on the far of their extent?  
Who, if I were blind, would carry me?  
Whose light is this that seeks our night, its final sigh our moment's glow?  
Whose unhurried light is this that comes seeking our night?  
Why did time call on me in that room with silken walls?  
Why do we withhold ourselves  
Why does he spread such lies, why does he confound our hearts?  
Why else to rise upon the heights  
Why would she agree to cloud again the water when sedimentary strata hold her fate?  
Wild highlands took flight,  
Wildly up the hillside, we ask  
Will brush this dust  
Will dawn as heavens  
Will feed your blood, turning it ever more red.  
Will glare the sun back at you  
Will I come nearer no?  
Will I come nearer?  
Will I come nearer?  
Will it then light calm?  
Will it then share  
Will it then share it?  
Will it then share it?" ,  
Will it then share?" , it sings.  
Will not be of this cold  
Will receive each of our drops.  
Will rush to fill the gasping quarryman's cold, starving lungs.  
will still come up.  
Will such particles lead us to light?  
Will the memory of bitters die?  
Will think of a mountain they once knew  
Will view empty minds.  
Will we always look at the universe through physics colored glasses?  
Will we reconcile our spirit to our decay?  
Will we yield to the void or let the no thing take us home?  
Will wear them down to nothing.  
wind channels. The  
Windows hold false promise  
Winds would stir the scene,  
Winter yawns, lulling us into believing it does not love us,  
With a last breath  
With a randomness  
With a serum drawn  
with a sigh.  
With a whispered voice  
With an almost begging pant  
With beauty as their devotion, there is no place for leaves of disappointment.  
with brokenness never again.  
with brokenness.  
With dampened fear, our steadfast rains.  
With darkness' end, she doesn't chance to dream.  
With dreams of carpeting regal paths or less hidden hillsides.  
With each, we wondered, with each, we knew them not.  
With ever diminishing strength.  
With every beat and glide.  
with faith's measure,  
With fate filled dawn, before faith was his.  
With golden strands  
With harder things, their skin would sing.  
With her aging though, it did not diminish as so much else becomes lost with our maturing.  
with intent. I  
With its beautiful stare.  
With its mind  
With jaded hands. It may be so,  
With me in the garden,  
With mouths slightly open  
with multiple

With my half, I shield light from your shadow.  
with natural  
With only their bodies  
with only true.  
With our steps  
With pulsating pollen.  
With regular scrubbing in the rocks and waves until the fabric was bare,  
With seeds of their burning.  
With shadings we had never thought to keep for our own with door shut fast.  
With shallow, shadowed embraces, he etches heaven's wax with darkened scales.  
With some silent, strange, sorrowful, imagined adversary.  
With the coming of steps, cuts become scabs become scars  
With the opaque hand  
With the recital of its liturgy.  
With the scent of yearning.  
With the steady calm of a child who has yet to dwell on things,  
With their allotments.  
With them to that place.  
With this asking, the garden opens as if to its own children.  
With this lesson  
With wind from every corner,  
With your consent, the no thing will love you unto death.  
With your eyes,  
With your half, you hold the colors of embrace.  
Withering in the light of the very moment, go in peace.  
Without a frame to hold, we cry.  
without a gasp,  
Without a stoic's clean resolve  
Without a veil, without a lie.  
Without any weight of water, yet it does not fly away.  
without effort,  
Without expectations, holding understanding,  
Without pause, they built levels of heaven and hell  
Without personality,  
Without plan or order,  
Without protection. It is held  
Without them we are faintly writ.  
Without these hues,  
without these hues. In and out of color,  
Without thought of straight.  
Without unbounded reaches, when every shore writes a chart line,  
Without your breaking you would not  
Without your freedom the void will constrict your breath.  
Women's voices rise from a canyon into a bookstore where giving first opened its pages.  
wonder about  
Wondering how to ask,  
Wondering what calm became. Waves became calm.  
Wondering where it had  
Wood  
Words become barnacles impairing the hydro dynamics  
Words clear, penetrating forms color us.  
Words like longing had ever formed.  
Words once spoken,  
Words run out and the thought must swim  
Words scratch in throats and sand, and as it happens, all our telling is of another lore.  
Words that form what's to come, our plans dripping down, melting into the pool of illusion.  
Words that have been tried and found wanting, yet stay their course, their hand to the plow.  
Words that have been waiting, taken out from time to time, turned over and placed in patterns.  
World of above and below. A separate economy dwells  
Worn down by all those who walked on them, common miracles.  
worn in the river stone, reserved for the day when  
worn in the river. Stone  
Worn raw like icy river stones.  
Worshipping iron and fire.  
Worth, wisdom unique to my kind?  
would be our guide.  
Would be swept away.  
Would be too much for us to hold.

Would be within our grasp, even as we lay soft in strange arms?  
Would have taken great pains to prepare and thus missed the spontaneous healing pains,  
Would hold the other and feel its call, would open an eye to scan the line,  
Would lose their sealing kiss  
Would not be found in some long forgotten vibrant journey?  
Would not only explain but also foretell  
Would shake its grains  
would soon drop it.  
Would subside,  
Would sustain us.  
Would take us off  
Would that a point in dimension could be occupied by two the same.  
Would that dark and desperation came calling as a shy suitor,  
Would that eyes would pause from their dreams  
Would that fists clenched against the pain  
Would that it shred deep frozen screams as it tears limbs asunder,  
Would that the awe of slacken jaws  
Would that winter roar and sink icicled fangs into our flesh,  
Would the stones  
Would the sun  
Would the water remember  
Would they remember the radiance  
Would they tell it?  
Would this blade be dear to us?  
Would trout and ouzel  
Would we feel what it feels?  
Would we see frame and shadow  
Would we think it another awe to silently steal their breath?  
Would you know? Would you still wait for an answer?  
Would you take it as a load or as a breeze?  
Would your leaves weep  
Wounds 23  
Wrap your arms around  
Wrapped in a soft spiral, crossed in a lost pattern.  
Wrapped itself  
Wraps caring with fear's shaded, fading luminescence.  
Write random streaks, keep us close to the tender night.  
writing tables  
YANG RISE  
YANG SET  
Years ago.  
Years feel descent, our carry.  
Years first hues, they will carry them home.  
Years later, when life had laid us each a bit lower, this time for real, we met in another spirit house.  
years when every race  
Yesterday a traveler demanded he rise and keep the gate.  
Yesterday, today and tomorrow.  
Yesterday's panting runners.  
Yet always the crest,  
Yet caught off guard by the dawn.  
Yet dying was not strange, that night I spoke, I lived, I died.  
Yet even in their own realm, the further you go within or beyond,  
Yet still it comes, to bolted doors that hate its every face.  
Yet still they burned against the dark.  
Yet still too small to be noticed by common means.  
Yet the dark does remain, as much  
Yet they will never be attained by infinitely decreasing steps.  
Yet with trust and a sense of following, a miracle may still be found if we bend low enough.  
Yin becomes Yang  
Yin curves around Yang like space-time around a collapsed star.  
YIN RISE  
YIN SET  
YIN YANG  
You and I lifted the lens to an eye at the same hesitant moment.  
You are all my kin.  
You are every last one of these.  
You are my beginning, my billions, layered in a canyon.  
You are steps,

You are the being of my drift, my riptide.  
You are the light of the world. All it takes is your embrace.  
You are the stonecutter,  
You can be everything here.  
You cannot even try.  
You first noticed that ache could hold beauty.  
You have taken me as your companion,  
You held her tightly to your breast  
You know it was not in the womb  
You listen for the lessons  
You may find the tempter, or a starkness that cannot be faced,  
You may learn that the ocean tides  
You may see shining specks of light  
You paused under the eave of the first gate to take stock of your heart.  
You saw as a child,  
You scanned the clouds, four days prior they had passed me over, hoping for notice.  
You see, we sought no less than the very truth of an embrace.  
You shall dare not join, waiting onshore to carry me home.  
You take them and dip them in your beautiful fire.  
You too, begin a wait, in another valley with its own sheer walls and pounding noise.  
You walked into me and I into you, with an ease that sounded like the sky,  
You went to the gate etched with two, believing that in a pair,  
You were a rocket then, so primed,  
You were given  
You who are empty and full with the same,  
You who wake each day  
You who walk this path with softened steps  
You will do for yourself and worry for the doing.  
You will look everywhere for the kingdom of heaven  
You will not remember  
You will see their sorrow,  
You would not have the strength to love.  
You, who called me once, long before  
Young Old  
Your arm in mine, your leg warped beneath me.  
Your arm pressed the door, it gave way as if gravity had turned on its side.  
Your countenance will fall and trust will fly.  
Your feet in the flow.  
Your hands form a cup that holds close another cup that warms well your daydreams.  
Your heart in flames, your blood a deluge, your mind a phantom.  
Your light first laid eyes on mine in a house made for worship.  
Your shade carries me to the night.  
Your star,  
Your voice rose carefully up my stairwell, pausing at each landing to catch the sound of its own steps.  
Your voice was like a branch that had been wedged into my gate to bypass the lock.  
Yours with my blood.