

She Looks Toward the Forest for a Formation and You See an Orchestra Playing

ease your way to the far side of the opal
and lie above the ants, next to the roses,,
wisdom in their creases, brightness in their pigment.

The ensuing, though not of armor,, a stone
of diamond as well as quill.

Fish emerge from black holes
so that one wonders
what is in them; or, a wolf

watches you through the window with patience on the flagstone
among roses, or the moon is so large it seems only seventy miles away
once you make it to the secret beach in broad daylight.

A woman sends her child away for having a child and
the man nearly drowns

in a lake. Why is it only the *fire*
department could save him? Why is it

the mother reveals the mother-of-pearl

only to him? It is because the daughter ran home

through darkness, heather and wild grass and thorny weeds
scratching her shins, her ankles

in order to arrive before her father

could notice. No one will ever know of the tryst

or that her name was _____, laboring to labor.

No one will ever know summer woods had a playhouse in them
with incandescent pink and turquoise furniture and palm-size stones
marking the edges of invisible walls.

It was the way she lived bounded only by the imagination
and the imaginary white stones --

but what of the root, like a gold knuckle
sticking from black earth? A numinous rise

against which her soul stepped? What of the nasty

rash, that rose? She'd love to do something rash;

but, nothing
was coming.

At night she wants to take a sharp scraper to
the red peaks, scrape the range of them off.

Scrape it off!

Burn them into ash and polish the bottoms of her feet
with sandpaper, make them smooth as a boat ramp
or the side of a slice of cheese.

A pet arrives in the doorway & says :

Talk to me .

A girl falls into the ocean, is bitten by fish
and emerges with a stone covered
in diamonds and sea urchin
quills.

(The soul requires its protectorate. Even if, as he says :

*the only energy is love ,
it's just that we can't see it .)*

Last night , a bird sang at the window.

One song, that was enough ; more and it would have left magic

and returned to the nightly. Within the same stanza,
the lamp above my head,

of its own volition, turned on.

It was a dreamless night after electrical play
in concert with nature ; a daytime singer letting loose
a line in the middle of la noche oscura; a single ovary

blossom on a wild rose bush and a sage-colored evergreen
wandered
down from the north.

Grizzlies have arrived
from the south

and polar bears have decided it is in the best interests of the clan
to spread their beautiful powerful legs,
furred and clawed, a pattern of ice floe and millions
of rivers.

That's what happens when one loses one's home .

