

flesh

despite time and punishment

I reside diffuse

within you

like a hunter wanderer seeking new land

new prey a balance

diet of flesh and greens

attune to the ways of hunting

keen to a scent permeating

distant yet familiar

scent of the poet I abandoned

rove to that cruel place to indulge

in that antagonizing sensibility called experience

once there monsoons

came unrelenting

and all that happened I sought to pause

as if

pause

were possible

but return revealed much unrecognizable

until autumns tender breeze

carried word prescribing

a solution

and so I am

fortunate that geology is less fastidious

fortunate that flesh retains form bones alone fail to entreat

for in flesh there is adhesion
forces like those which bind rock
they act upon and bind that which rattles

within me biding flesh again
around bone
to make

flesh
and
bone

to make something of
the experience
the labor

the promise

it's no surprise I made use of my chisels last week
to reveal the steel beneath the door
to strip the beige raw
to resuscitate

all that suffocates
all that yearns
all that is worth

protecting

the anonymous violence of loss

history's winds sway erratic
the pendulum of barbarism
as a billion soldiers billion feet
cobble the stones in and out of eden

fallen
submerged sinking

that last go around was long ago
but not
long enough

print on the dotted line
name _____
age _____
sex _____
religion _____

everybody in
all aboard

conductors didn't stop
to gauge freight time life
de railed in the ravine of progress

flowing out of sight then
nowhere
lingering the dust
begging the night

infinity
aloft in unintended flight

delirium bent by darkness
hollowed bones belong not

to birds
for birds
first flight
is *precious*.

so what have we left
to trade
to bed the coming days

no anonymous memorials
no news papers
no photo graphs

ovens burned bridges
bones
blankets

hushhh

sounds not mine nor yours
but sounds
creatures
apparitions

shadows cast longer
blades of blue mourning dew over there
and over

there
near

neustadt
sachenhausen
warsaw and I wonder

should we call to them
by name those
embers who
smiled
once

in the night
towards
 dawn
when our room became
 just
light enough to find our faces
tinted
blue
you see
up close
what light I
shield
tries to
illuminate
unlike
any
light
before
illuminated
 a way
towards
 you
breathe
warmly
reaching
your soft talons grasp around
 my roots
 my origins
drawn from the haze we.are.
so far
from the forest
so deep
in the woods
as I
 sigh
 with.
and as I
 sigh
 without.

nocturne for an elusive muse

there's an ethic
a cold philosophy

an intimate fight
a parallel pursuit

late dinners
digressions diversions

drafts on the vine
circling back though tracks

entombed in ice
she whispers I'm *here* in dreams

but. don't count on her
save your spirits

she cannot discern words signals
senses she too suffers syndromes

the middle child
the cold philosophy

the ethic of a revolution
a recurrent theme

enduring silence

stubborn spirits
merciless swimmers

relentless conspirators
accomplices in flight

we all fly in due time

you told me once. like rimbaud told you. that
the invention of the unknown demands new forms.

but what is one to do when they are flesh.
and their other
is bone.
how is one
to survive.
how is one
to live.
in what way
does one live.
in what form
does life transpire.

can it
even
survive.

and if so.
for how long.

if I am flesh
and you are bone
does that not mean
we should need each other. forever.

until flesh and bone transcend their own
and move together beyond the place we've both

almost
been.

that place we both

still
endure.

*

so we do invent.
we have invented.
a way.
to chart shores that don't lead to each other.
to allow wind and waves to slam our chests because
we need to be slammed.
ever so often. to know
how close we've come.
to know what's most simple.
most binary. most connecting.
us. to the earth.
if only. to the earth.
and not.
to each other.
even if it is not the heel that touches.
even if it is not our legs that sense
the force
that pulls us down.
if we were suspended
in the sea
in an instant
we would not need feet to feel.
we would not need legs to float.
we would only need air.
the same air for you and for me.
so why not leave behind the traces of necessity.
leave behind all that was required. all they say is required.
and invent. new requirements.
I require art.
tea.
wind.
writing.
fruit.
yoga.
and you. what do you require.

*

what do you require.

what do you require that will do more than just. fill. the void.

what do you require that will rather. overflow. the void.

that will empty all resistance.

that will allow your passion

your words

your love

to flow like the sea itself.

across all continents.

across the horizon.

across the infinite horizon.

across the triumph of truth.

beyond the daemons we face.

and the daemons we wrestle.

and the daemons we can face to wrestle together.

beyond the reasons and ratios and equations that prove nothing.

except. that I feel your pulse. and my pulse.

beat. as one.

in every water.

at every depth.

through every storm.

through every sorrow. through every calm.

through every discovery. through every triumph.

through every unknown

I write.

I write to invent.

because the cold dagger you wield traverses my heart.

and only writing

will wrest it from my chest.

so tell me. muse

sing to me if you dare not then just.

whisper to me before time and life and fate

twist and again

turn us blindly out to sea tell me.

what do you require. so that we. may invent the unknown. together.