

## Every Morning

New moons fade to longing,  
filling the air with transfusions of autumn light.

In the crevices of sleep, the world dreams  
of tossing a coin :

heads, we wake up // tails, we keep sleeping.

It is always tails, the doldrums of the covers.

*(listen)* every morning a clear white note  
breaks out over the land : it's the snap of a  
dream sundering.

In that moment, everything wakes up :

moss undulates in a breeze that  
is not there;

the mice collect twigs and hair  
to build palaces;

the deer gather to search out the  
most delicate rosebushes to plunder.

And then it ends.

Things revert to rising slowly, as from  
a daze or stupor.

Some things feel more hopeless than others :  
maybe your back aches mysteriously or you  
worry habitually about the bills.

But yet there is still that moment, every morning,  
when everything pulses at once, tributary to  
one rhythmic source.

Don't blink // don't sleep.

We must try to rise and feel it every morning,  
to remember who we are.

## The Silence of The Dead

The final cessation is  
a tomb, a stone cup, a chorus,  
flung far into a dream  
of black water and the rushing  
of exhausted exits.

This is the hymn of listening,  
a secret hid from the world.

In this cavern, cut smooth  
by centuries of bitter water,  
I find a pool of gaping shadow.

The bones of every being that came before me  
sleep submerged and wait for a sign :  
they, too, listen  
for a revelation on the other side of the silence.

I tread the stones around the edge,  
and watch the brittle hands of the dead wave  
like kelp in a secret current.

I kneel and lean my face down to the water  
to kiss the menagerie of bones  
arranged in grooves of sleep.

A slender finger bent in cold yearning  
reaches for my lips  
and their memory of warmth :  
a frigid caress.

The wait rolls on in constant flow,  
in this tomb, this holy cup,  
the chorus of the dead :

This is the hymn of listening,  
A secret hid from the world.

Now I, too, wait and reach  
for lips that come to kiss the dead,  
the waiting,  
waiting for the end of silence,

for the tomb to break open,  
 for hope to break open,  
 and breathe.

### **L'Ancien Chanson d'Hiver**

A thousand yards of linen are not long enough to record this story,  
 written on the skins of onions in yellow thread,  
 sewn by fingers of light.

I am in a place, existing in liminal spaces,  
 like a shred of yesterday lingering in a patch of morning shadow,  
 fleeing the noon eye.

I am the concrete road, splayed like a compass,  
 pointing towards your future : walk on.  
 I am open, split like the gaping mouths of lions,  
 my strength laying in the multiplicity of my pieces,  
 the hydra of my being : I live.

Come to this place, warm and humming :  
 the perfume of a hornet's nest in June,  
 the smell of honey in a tree, raw and woody.

Find me there, between the gaps of leafless trees,  
 waiting like the smell of smoke,  
 in dappled puddles on a wet path.

I wait there writing my story,  
 on the backs of beetles and the fingers of bats.  
 I am there singing this poem through the pores of a leaf,  
 the mouth of a dandelion.  
 I am there like a thought, the memory of a still pond in winter,  
 the sadness of the night passed away.

So wait : be my friend.  
 Sing this song with me in the hollow of my open hand.  
 Add to my fullness, find me in the ancient song of winter:  
*Attende-moi, aime-moi, et chante, mon cher, cher ami.*