

These Blazes

These Blazes you Must Not Take for Fire

In the midst of flames, may you find yourself
burning, burning, with the heat sinking in
even unto your bones. May you find your
body, turning, to take in the color
that changes and moves and will not stay still,
taking in, in the flames, with all senses,
color, heat, sound, the sweet smell of woodsmoke
that is in your eyes, mouth, and on your tongue,
in your hair and your skin, enveloping,
encompassing, closing in, in the midst
of flames, may you find yourself, saying, I
am native here and to the manner born.

These Blazes

Except my Life, Except my Life, Except my Life

Nothing is important. If it is waste,
it has been, at times, completely my own,
and so mine to waste. And the great question
of being, answered only by the breath
keeping to its habit. How I love it.
When a child I was like a prisoner,
counting down the days, hoping to survive.
I wished and prayed, prayed and wished,
talking to fairies, then gods, to myself,
to whosoever might save me. None did.
I saved myself. Me, and time. Enemy
Time. Which is no respecter of persons.
And does cruel things to me. That currency
I can't get back, or hoard. nor hold on to.

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In My Youth I Suffered Much Extremity for Love

Will you walk in the air? I could tell you something. My cheeks grow hot, just as they did when I was twenty. Touch the memory. I knew him well. Twenty-four hours I drove without rest just to reach the place his scent would be. I was safe there. Wrapped in his sheets, in a wooden bed, atop a wooden stair, in a wooden house, in New England woods. Though this be madness without method, here are some things I did: I started when he said my name; I noted the passing of his car; I caught his eyes with mine, held his stare. I read the books he assigned; I fell to my knees in tears. I yielded. There is nothing like love for a man, especially when he is dead. I call a number that means nothing to no one. In my desk I keep the key to his door. He doesn't live at that place anymore.

