

THE HOLE

Learn to watch your mind. His voice is calm,
a teacher issuing advice for a test.

Her palms slide over a vertical surface of silt.

Over his head the sky is an ocean, penetrant blue.

He stares down at her,

his face grayed out by the shade.

Still, until he nudges a weathered board with his boot
and she watches the circle of blue squint to a sliver.

Learn to watch your mind. How long?

Thank God for water and dust,

a thin shaft of light,

floating particles of ash,

skin and scales, dragonfly wings.

The mind is geometry, a swarm of patterns,

a flock of birds in calligraphic flight,

fish glinting in unison from silver to gray.

The mind is a cascade of fractals,

branches, dendrites,

a leaf embossed with the tree,

the limb is the twig,

the earth is the dust,

and it's all made iridescent by light,

sown by expecting drops of dew.

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NATURE DOCUMENTARY

Wolves gathering,

Tear the hind quarters of a doe.

She lies surrendered in the grass,

Amid the dew glazed meadow flowers,

blinking.

Wind swooshes the bud tips

A frenzy of reds, a raw pink,

against a still receding.

The fed and the meat,

each accepting.

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UNCOVERED IN JERUSALEM

My Lord isn't offended by my shoulders.

Sunshine turns pink skin to warm peach.

My Lord isn't offended by my face,

Clean, bare, staring at the sky.

My Lord is not offended by my clitoris.

Naked, kneeling open legged

I wash, then kiss, His feet.

First the left, then the right, in my mind.

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