

## Blackbird Looming

Who turns the hands of the clock,  
Fastidious and careful, over  
And over again and again?  
Who animates the chipmunk  
That gently lifts himself out of the earth,  
And once, twice, snaps his head to the sky  
To peer at the sun he has forgotten?  
What is it that moves in the wren  
To urge her to sing--  
What is it that calls forth the blackbirds,  
Year after year,  
To flood the skies in raven waves  
And leave the muddled face of Death  
Burnished like a sigil in our thought?

I know not why when the music begins  
My feet turn to dancing and my voice to song,  
But I do know there is something  
lively and wild and wonderful  
Coursing through each life, each body,  
And that every time I give myself over to it  
I can once again feel the sun shining upon my face.

When the raven waves arrive,  
and the song of the wren is diminished,  
I think I shall be waiting,  
Not sitting-- but dancing and singing,  
Ready to greet them with whatever song the Earth may have of me.

## Through the Valley of Mount Chimaera

If the silence breaks,  
I hope your gold crumbles upon me like dust;

Caught between the cusp,  
We tasted a brevity, not short and sweet,  
But as consuming as the flame which burns  
On testamentated trust.

And as I glimmer, a newfound thing,  
A burning blaze of aurum,  
Enshrouded in a majesty  
Like the decadence of boredom,

I twist against the agony  
That looms like Hades' quarry;  
A flame to raze a man's fell hope,  
A prince's claim to whoredom.

Toll the bells,  
Death's keeling knell  
Shall palpitate the earth.  
March in robes of sanguine red  
Through obsidian gates of Hell.

## Halcyon

Snakes slithering in the undergrowth,  
Gloomy murk and despair  
And leaves blackened by rot;

Weeds reaching clumsily through the turned earth  
—Earthworms, those little tendrils of life,  
Spindling along like fibers of the mortal system;

Orchestral buzz of flies,  
Stagnant water and algal bloom  
(Which tells of death and life,  
death and life;)

Upon the earth, like gravedirt turned,  
Onerous ants trail back and forth—  
A machine stronger than any of man's;

And among the swamp a heron stands,  
Tall as a tower, and just as mighty,  
His cloudy down as soft and blue as wisdom:

This is another way of life.

Halcyon is a place in one's mind;  
Here, the birds fly from the earth,  
and back to the earth they must go.  
Here, the weeds die, and come back,  
And die and die again.

They're coming back as strong and as lovely as ever.

***Hallelujah, Hallelujah, as God Looked Away***

Washed up from the bay:  
I am driftwood.  
I am bound and I am impermanent,  
I am beautiful and I am careless.

Salty water seeps from my head into the earth  
As I lie in the grass on the shore by the bay,  
As I lie in the fields that are faded.

My hair is woven into the ground--  
I am the roots!  
And my fingertips are stems,  
sprouting and growing  
And searching for sunlight  
In this faded field  
on the shore by the bay,

Where I believe I am surrounded  
By the company of friends  
Until I notice  
That the skies are empty and the birds are quiet  
And I lean to my side  
To whisper to the resting wolf  
that "the world has gone silent"  
But the wolf has gone silent also  
And beside him are the birds  
Who are absent from the sky  
And their throats don't hum  
And their wings don't flutter  
But their feathers still hold  
the luster of an old life's glory,

And so I sit beside them  
And I sing the songs that they can no longer sing for me.

*Hallelujah.*

## Song of Solomon

I. Names inscribed on trees,  
Scratched along fences and bridges--  
    *But we carved our names into the sky,*  
Cut out the stars and kept them like secrets in our pockets.

II. The night I shed my clothes  
You watched me.  
You wouldn't even show your face,  
And later told me to get some sleep;  
Pixels glared back at an empty stare.  
    *You couldn't show your face, so you watched instead.*

III. The way the earth livens before the rain.  
Melodies hummed softly, held between the lips.  
    Lavender.  
    Bumblebee.  
    Salt of the ocean.  
Wildflowers, freshly cut and pressed.

IV. shatter,shatter, shatter, shatter, shatter, shatter, shatter, shatter, shatter

V. ***I love my body but only in the dark.***

VI. Did I ever carry you?  
Slung over my shoulder, the wind in our hair,  
Running just for the hell of it?  
Did I ever carry you?

VII. You see, love,  
We were never creatures of permanence.  
We douse our skin in ephemeral perfume,  
    Laced with rose or violet  
Or whatever else was once new and beautiful,  
    And we make short love,  
    And then we wash ourselves of all of it  
    And begin again.

VIII. But I still hold on.

There is no desperate hope.

There is no foolish naivete.

There is only truth:

That when my lungs collapsed

And you were suffocating

I pulled you out

And I carefully pressed each of your blooms

Inside the walls of my notebook

And now each pressed flower

I wear like a seal upon my arm and my heart,

Stronger than death, the grave,

It's jealousy diminishing the very flames of Hades.

*IX. I loved my body, but only in the dark.*

*X. I left your body alone in my dark.*