As the Field Is Revealed

— after Ellen Goldsmith's "Before the Curtain"

The great gap stretching from soul to sight shall be lit; the thing itself, though at present encased like body and blind head inside muscle, inside bone, shall be sudden seen

unless revelation smear the wet ink, one large hand swipe the page, douse the light, and deep night take all.

Stagecraft in Red (Tarot)

Heavy scales hang with a truncated sword. A young girl plays her part: seated, enthroned, stuck on a card.

Her vestment is vertical. Her coif is tight. Her crown is stiff.

She is subject to us, a spring bud of justice, a rose not yet thick of thorn.

She claws her own tender knee.

Circles abound:
firm circles, surrounding the scene.
They lack the third dimension. They lack the fourth.

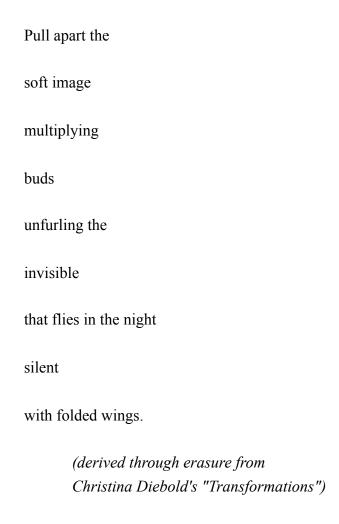
A bloated ghost fumes under her soft foot.

Small Poem after Reading Blake's "Milton"

How to rise from the couch, emerge from the terrible comfortable void, the void that is the womb from which, perhaps, some next thing will come?

If the chiding vision hides, how?

To See Crimson Roses



Out of Nyx

Deathless gods draw near, wrapped in Sleep.

Death, the other, heart of iron, pitiless as bronze, once seized, holds fast.

And there, all in their order, are the sources and the ends.

Night and day greet one another and the house holds them both and waits until the time.

All-seeing light, the glowing Sun comes down and roams peacefully

and the sea's broad back is kindly even to the gods.

(derived through erasure from Hesiod's *Theogony*, lines 736-766)