

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

Pull apart the

soft image

multiplying

buds

unfurling the

invisible

that flies in the night

silent

with folded wings.

*(derived through erasure from
Christina Diebold's "Transformations")*

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)