

I.

the virgin seed,
plump and brown, falls
near a spring, flush with hydrogen.

she is pregnant,
she is pure.

Hush, hush:

from nothing, Something.

hush the quiet night.
hush the deep artesian green.

the seed,
rooted in rocks impenetrable,

broken, but open now,

in the silent night,
in the still and holy night,
the water bears the seed to light

hush the seed

she sprouts, she grows
the kenning knows
the end unfolds
the air above the ground below

the spring, she flows

II.

nothing, then something
darkness, then light
crawling through scary things
that go bump in the night

something, then more
letters, then words
reaching inside me to strengthen the core

Tip. And Mitten.
And run Spot run.
Two plus two plus four is One.

more of it, less again
try to be good again

less again, blessed again
treading the flow
asking and knocking and wanting to know

something, then more
and then more again
writing and fighting and knowing i ken

III.

my name was Comfort
before I was born; before
I was
conceived. Pleasant
and peaceful,
and calm.

At first you smile,
at the thought of that: *pre-*
conception.

What of that?
What is that? (the beginning before beginning began)

Can something be nothing?
and nowhere?
and
never?

"Yes," she cries;
and "yes," you know, and yes,
the celestial undertow.

yes, my name is Comfort,

IV.

Dawn again,

Her scent awakens before,
Rose and sandalwood rising with her chest, exhaling.

She *is* the dawn, broken fingerlings of light,
Stretching across the yawn of darkness.

The night's wild horses, now thunder rumbling, distant.
Faintly, she senses the new landscape of the day.

What is missing, is missed and lamented.
What is birthed or created or was not before, is assessed.

She chooses who is, at this break of day
She chooses where is, what is, and when and why is.

The dust, unsettled by the wake of day, rearranges itself
Beneath her long sun-mettled gaze.

She is the dawn, and she is gone, and she is the dawn again

She is the song that sings again
She is the life that lives again
She is the gift that gives again
She is the soul that finds it ken

She is the dawn, and she is gone, and she is the dawn again

V.

They found her body in the garden,
index finger extended westward, blue
larkspur bulbs scattered,

not thrown, (delphinium had been her favourite,
so delicate, so scented). and now, she,
with her head resting atop their lost petals,

a mute oracle, she glared at the aster yellows,
the thrips, at the mighty webs draping the garden, underneath,
the invisible world, unveiled, unmasked, unearthed.