

pensieve

he said i turned
away from the word

detached myself, like
melting icicles

drip
dropping

off the front gate.
what's below

his brain
a basin

for rhythms
of thaw and collect

the plenum

and Medusa wept

for there was no more

rippling flesh

to turn to stone

mud

torrential is the
native heartbeat

hard, metered
with a spiky logic to it

to the march of blue-green
clouds across the sky.

we lay, prone,
along the banks of the

i-s-s, i-p
p-i.

(somewhere, fairy tales exist
about young girls and river banks)

but we are too busy
drenched, to notice

antigone

did make sacrifice,

repeated kill me

killmekillme

and make even trade of it

there is something in the way

you experience the wind

adjusting your hair -

not yours, but yours alone

not a loop,

but a repetition

the dust covers thebes and

i am burying your brother

over and

over and

over

pastoralia

will there ever be
a farther field than
this

endless arrays of wheat
arrowheads ready
to fire at the sky, the

sun, a glancing heat or
reckoning that seven bushels
will surely do. enough to feed our

hunger for a day until
tomorrow's stomach wakes us
blank

impossible to recall
that yesterday's
husks were here

in such
golden brightness
surrounding us