

trace

writing poems as petitions
lightened by this lonely lantern

waiting for a koan
in faith the riddle being revealed will awaken
the will to solve it

we collect objects in this vessel
transmute them into holy relics
encoded with meaning only we can divine

passing through space fastening memory to place
we pretend our voices will be afforded permanency
our songs do not belong to us
neither the stories that come after

when we are gone our lives become as scripture
every secret indelible in the signature of the work

moonpointing

in a

right big toe broken
left collarbone broken
head not unbroken

in a

fall from a very tall
tree

in the pauses between

whispered prayers
the whiplash of years

between my eyebrows
a once hidden place revealed by
time

alone in a room too still to bear
knowing (how to get) better
not listening well enough

possible defense

what if we tore through brambles dancing,
blood dripping, healed wild upon river stone?

what if i refused to be born a second time;
Dionysus retrograde?

what if i woke up thinking of you,
and you saw me passing through this world on fire in your dreams?

i am not there.
i am surfing the dawn.

sometimes, i tiptoe quietly to where the light becomes day.
other times, i march to the horizon, sword in hand.

this morning, you are my shield.