

Everything You Know Alone You Know Together

No matter  
what is or not you can  
not tell  
such secrets I can find  
at the end of all this  
deliciousness.

When I told you I was thinking about nothing, I lied

Marry me in some tomb of king or prophet,  
Say you are my clay and captured stream,  
You of tree and field and rock and fish,  
Hidden by time's bright pocket and memory's maps.

Sing me with a language you alone will tongue,  
Say you are my awful scriptures, planet dust,  
You of backboned lace and cleft wonderings,  
Driven by life's pointed heart into my undone hands.

Be me for my lonesome cry,  
Say you will take brain bone and cock,  
You who destroy worlds and backlogged crosses,  
Made to adorn our lives with unspent suns.

Electrocuted words whisper epiphanies in drums.  
I ride where I fit.  
No sands of our last desert could stop me from my drunk reward.

Tears wet the sea colour sky  
(*Ambergris Caye, Belize, July 2011*)

Exquisite longed, ocean's glass unctious  
Crystalline spumes rhythms  
Breathing zephyrous, hard tarpaulin blue peeling sky, butter sun  
Clouds stamp white pain  
Moon moon moon's husk from Caracol's heaven hung  
Minaret gulls trill morning prayers up dreaming cream sand  
This sensual froned heat, residue of creations  
How the universe first loved.

The destroyer of worlds speaks with one thousand mouths.

I am nailed not to a cross but to time.  
My holy see, I return.  
I know why Jesus wept.

## The Day is You

Sound the seasoned sun and love  
your darling day eyes up  
fountaining brightful free  
over streets of chandeliered blooms,  
a taste of peeling away sky and joys,  
those blue dreams so open you hurt  
quietly, quietly, quietly, lamb,  
your secret stone name intact.

## Of the Universe and My Insects

The universe is in my head  
Leaking out by drips  
Through bone holes without edges  
Eaten by insects  
Desperate to crawl  
To horizons  
For horizonless suns.

The insects are relentless. The insects will not rest.

They breed meticulously  
Cleaning antennae  
Of bits of dreams while

I tend the larvae.