

Raven Tells Me a Story, I Reply

It's we two on a bus to where I can't recall,
Side by side, city bus. He draws thoughts from an infinite
Well and spews them all, so I look him only in the eyes
Reflected across the aisle. His right hand in my lap,
The left in the air, acting out his narrative.

It starts with the gash across his bicep,

Circles through white rooms with doorways like throats
choked with asphalt, vomit,

Cuts across my hips, my fingers, fat pink flowers
bobbing in gutter water,

Lingers on demons who dig corners, mostly, and black
rooms without doors,

Then bursts out through thorns, into green sunlight.

He falls silent,
Still mouthing soundless
Words, pulls at the scab until it splits
Open. He bleeds into me,
Bites his lips.

I say, there was a word for we two.

(With Mouths Without Words 1)

Twilight, signifying

You pace against the cold nickel spring,
Garage door wide to the skyline.
Wet leaves cling to your fingers.

An ocean rolls across the shadows of the trees,
Lovely in a sloping line, curving as your hips.

My tongue appears,
swollen in crimson,
on a cloud.

Cross-legged on the concrete,
I think of when the flat
Curve of your palm
Caught my lips into a smile,

Trace the horizon across your jaw,
Ribs, brow, and down
Between your shoulder blades.

You hold up both hands,
Closed, empty or not,
And turn away.

I tilt my head, closemouthed,
Toward the sun.

Witch's Snare

I build you in my heart, how Fermina Daza does it,-- based
Only on your scent and your green words in my mouth,
Without the old habit of mortar and brick,
Lacking all knowledge of your blood--
Just as I would have you.

All of this is one intricate thought in red and black. It's only big magic that can
Teach the secret architecture of self. There is the ring of truth in my small
Footsteps on these paths, and up ahead, the temple I've so often come to.
If we stand close together long enough, we'll learn what keeps us still.
If I tell you my spell, it'll sound like a story.

But in this land of breath and water, I'll call a great
Flame. I will brew up something strong and hot,
Walk the black forest I made in silence,
Watch each star rise where I will it.
Some new thought will greet me.

I Come Away With This

Your mouth
Open and heavy with
Suspended motion,
Caught in the myth of objects.

Open and heavy with
This proof, yet
Caught in the myth of objects,
You lie still.

This proof, yet
These things are not fixed.
You lie still,
An axis, a bridge.

These things are not fixed.
Suspended motion,
An axis, a bridge,
Your mouth.

Before We're Properly Introduced

We will walk up Galisteo,
Uphill past low earth-toned
Homes, hip to thigh, shoulders
Damp with rain and sweat, pausing
To press our wet faces
Over the cup of clear sweet
Rum, heads all steamy with
New sun, to where this tree
You spoke of in a hush stands
With all its circling branches. I will
Only hang there, arced against the earth,
While you spring into that tangle of sleeping
Angles and rise those rungs.

As your voice recedes,
I'll fall to the ground.

On the way back down
Galisteo you'll push me
Into warm adobe, lift my baby blue
Tee, run your tongue over me
Until I've forgotten my name anyway.