

In a bygone age

In a bygone age
Of some past epoch
And lost to aeons
Of time before time
Before. This here this
Recompense trial runs
Forward into stretching knot,
Every horizon within,
All previous forms revealed.
If somewhere in the middle
You find the beginning you
Will have read these lines.

An urgency unpresent

Watched Dan Balmer channeling
Ambivalent warrior's way
Monday night at Jimmy Mak's.

He plays with more incision
Now, there is a recklessness.
An urgency unpresent
In a past unfolding in
Spaciousness. Refined again,
Angles and curves - farsighted.

What was a lurid orbit
Spirals into one way trip,
Ahead to the beginning
Back into the final end,
Circling a straighter path
Into and out of the source.

Time mills down all forms, sometimes
Planes along beautiful lines,
Whets the edge, cuts through itself.

Birth of a patriarch

Not in '56, but later
He was born, sixty odd
Years of going west within.

Families and families, youth
From youth - all pay homage
To the cowboy, the rangeland
Scholar of icy rims
And old old-time.

He lives for generations
In this one season.
Light is returning steady,
And this spring rises
Throughout his autumn.

With hands like hammers
He plays delicate
Songs from tradition.

He is there across
The deepest canyon,
Riding the benches
- Looking for strays.

The road from Rome

In silver sunrise
Capped with iron mist
Rusted bracken sprouts
Earthen scruff from bronze,

Golden pears hang on
Molten pool of dawn.
I see yet and still
Remember nothing
Of the road from Rome.

Where is the legend
As you dream of it?
This hell's own respite
A curse of stillborn heavens.

An era does not end

An era does not end,
An era never begins,
They are not contained.

Find the source
Of the border,
Dark evocation -
Talk of many things.

Birth, death,
Cannibalism, and
The very high price
Of absolution.