

for Martine

Beside me, behind the shed,  
Martine waters the Tarahumara sunflowers  
they grow eleven feet tall  
stuffing the day with their yellow light  
a bumble bee diddles their stamens till  
the sun goes down

Herodotus sits on my lap  
Darius once gathered his great army  
long boats waited on the shore and inland  
Greek hoplites and Persian bowmen and targeteers  
stretched across the plain

Martine and i grow old together  
our bones become more brittle but  
we have no bones to pick  
every day a new wrinkle sets in as  
an old wrinkle is ironed out

i read aloud from the book of seconds  
whose pages fly across the sky  
every labial lifts a line from Martine's face and  
twines a fine fibre of love

at night as i fall asleep her thigh across mine is  
my dream catcher gathering the next day's images  
into a weave that I can walk on

in the dream  
my cells are droplets of delinquent rain  
slanting toward Martine  
and the slope of the universe  
i am filled with crumbling matter and living plants  
exhaling stardust  
A trillion clusters lean in a long embrace

the morning comes into being  
with Martine still beside me closer than my pillow  
and each of her kisses suspended on my ear  
is the sweet alarm clock I hear

i open an early eye  
a crow is winging for the worm  
the sun teeters on the sill in warm conviction

from the window I can see  
the large black eyes of the tarahumaras with their  
circling yellow lashes peeking  
over the roof of the shed  
where Herodotus still  
sleeps

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### The Gynecologist

It was a day of breasts  
Young breasts and old breasts  
Small breasts and large  
Hard breasts and soft breasts  
Yes  
Breasts as firm as birth and as malleable as the soul  
Love filled breasts and breasts filled with hate  
Silicone breasts and breasts au natural  
Breasts hung with the weight of years and breasts suspended in mid innocence  
Milk rich breasts and breasts rich with wisdom  
Man handled breasts and breasts untouched by male hands  
Double-barreled breasts having lived a double life  
and a sad single  
breast  
And finally  
no breasts at all  
just the cancerous ghosts of a breastless chest  
rising and falling to memories  
that were once breathless

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### Thirteen Rabbis (A tribute to Wallace Stevens)

Thirteen rabbis, in black coats and hats, flock  
The corner of Angel and Zachariah –  
The sun blasts overhead  
From Aleph to Zion  
Their letter-shaped shadows loom  
Over their torahs in  
Proclamation,  
Filling the pages with black  
Revelations.