

*Seek to Bind the Soul at Death*

The issue began as whisper, as  
cooling came. Skin hardened to  
a crust and cries rusted above the  
mote of ruddy lips, parted just so.

It was of a parochial primness  
that to those lips I lifted not my fingers  
but the stem of hers, since what  
binding is foreign skin?

The dreamer's hand only can  
draw triangle round the departee,  
—with hand as with feather  
the angel is curtailed.

To that of anything, can I press myself,  
shift the crux of my weight  
from my grey lips to hers.

## *Arachnid Creep*

Tender husk, appearing concerned with little  
save clasping itself,  
encroached gently, as if to  
discover pots of paint in its housle  
insides.

Black eyes are dots, mold at onset, and  
the scrabble of jaw and scurry of  
feet leave clear  
and unworried  
the future of a manless world.

*Anoint*

This late night is here.  
The hand on a scrap of paper.  
The boys watch games,  
dogs the boys.

Spent a phrase tonight—  
“Time to be a king.”

If my presence feel dull to  
you, Lake, excuse me,

but let your Sword unsheath  
into the black the least of light.

*Demands of the Witness*

Make due your portions, wit  
for eager eyes  
are in the bush— dirt pressed  
to the rails of your passing.

Give thanks too, wit,  
for your half the table; belly-wide,  
legs-spread, a feast of crumbs draw  
lay laughter

riving the tranquil breast  
of this mean night,  
leaving it in shreds —  
as bed and blanket, unmade.

Take some cheer in it, wit: some.  
Their cheers are yours  
though yours is not great.

## *Jack in the Pulpit*

Twist, tri-fold tendril, then spread herbaceous  
through the bog.

Your hand deft,  
whorl-ways of dirt and land.

Twist.

Spadix thrust, stud spade into an  
air that husks and haws– flood  
water dries the sky but the ground!

My,  
the ground, Jack– it is river run

When man's land is stone and sand blend  
water as man walks, your tights in  
spathe wash wetly,  
in want of gentle time.

But *ROAR*  
roars, that valley line

An aqueous snake become full grown,  
a boar in belly,  
boards and brunch –hungry still–

the weight takes you at base and  
rives you fair, Preacher  
cupped in your creation.