

Listen

It is dark,
the door is shut,
the thick dark silent door.

The coats are hanging down,
harsh wool touching bare skin.
Silky scarves hang in the air. The dark air.

The words are waiting,
crouching, thumbs in their mouths, eyes wide.
The words are waiting for the clock out in the hall to tell them when.

when the moment opens, it is

as if it could be gathered up
so much of it
carried in folds bunched and held

as if a basket could be improvised because of sudden need

a container made from folds of some wide
worn
and clean
for it is morning
peasant skirt

but I don't wear such things
and must assume therefore it's mythical
this might of mind I catch at for a moment

displaced

got by means mysterious
and not quite authorized

like a thing dropped
forgotten by the rightful owners
snatched

and will they after all
when I am caught
let me keep it
keep it
keep it

Until Daylight

In the unruly unmeaning matter of midnight
sheets awry limbs askew mind pinned the
appointed sliver of spirit slips past the edge stays
nearby hovers uncertain as a sea-borne summer
wind.

Agency

We are the wedgers. We work—
pry ourselves into the crack,
inhale toward expansion,
move the Great Two, the Opposed.

We are between,
we rub against both,
bother them, roughen and
blunge them.

Let them un-color, un-decorate us,
un-smoothe our cell-souls,
our singular songs;
alter.

[To pull the sky down very close again]

To pull the sky down very close again,
to wrap a heart in air that pure, that blue,
to wonder why the world refuses when
a burst, irrational, comes from the core of you—

The world can be a silly stubborn thing
unfriendly to the force of happiness,
and skeptical of those compelled to sing
themselves against the background of the mess

that muddies time and cuts up clarity
of mind. No matter. Pull that sky around
that heart. Invisible you'll be, and free
to break yourself against the barriers of sound

and, flying inward, back, essential, dive
at, or dive beyond: where gods still strive.