

Eve Dreaming and Other Poems

Eve Dreaming

I see Eve dreaming
on a moonless night
caressed and held by a tree that tangles dreams and green
thoughts. A leafy smile, a rustle, a frown
and cascades of elephants and antelopes
leopards, lions, and lemurs pour from her head.

Dwarf zebras, a million anteaters pour from her sleeping head
and Eve, who lies there dreaming
turns in her sleep and frowns, and cloven hoofed antelopes,
anteaters, sloths, octopi, and possums tangle the night
and dance in her hair. She frowns
and they trot away, slipping into a garden of green.

She sighs, turns on her side, and this woman who dreams in green,
and breathes up cascades of creation from her head,
gives up porpoises, starfish and whales with small effort and a frown.
Watch. A curved green stalk grows from her heart, as she lies dreaming.
This tall solemn stalk grows triumphant in the night;
this green life grows tall making shade for elephants and antelopes.

Look. Not just elephants and antelopes,
everything that is green,
everything that this moonless night
can show us, Eve dreams. She lies there asleep, her head
crowned by a tree that cascades with life and still Eve is dreaming.
She sighs and frowns,

turns in her sleep, and with each frown
the bounty of her sleep is tossed from her crown: monkeys and antelopes
jump and canter away while she is sleeping and dreaming;
the green stalk grows from her heart, this green
life of silken leaves grows higher than her head
on this matchless moonless night.

Asleep on this particular night,
a hand pauses, and pulls and parts her flesh and Eve frowns,
while a wild animal torrent jumps from her head,
amidst a swirl of elephants and jackals and antelopes
a hand searches and probes in the deep jungle green,
while Eve lies moaning and sleeping and dreaming.

Life pours from Eve's head, but from her side is taken this night,
not her dreaming, but a rib, and a bone and a frown
while antelopes leap high and leap green.

Adam

Clay is always cranky so soon
after creation.
Separation from the riverbank's
a nightmare.

Days remembered along the
riverbed among the snails
and fishes flashing past.
Worms
carving homes prematurely in him
he sees now.

Flesh holds the memory of fingers
dug deep into him
twisting pulling shaping
rippedslappedawake
more to come I promise.

The hothands & hotbreath:
"Making it up as you go along?"
he wants to say;
still damp he knows to stay quiet.
But clay must talk
or it wouldn't be clay.

But already he chafes at the
clay covered nail that traces
his veins up his arm.

Each step away from the river
is one closer to him, he thinks;
soon there'll be nothing left of
the riversmell on him.

The mud promises to hold his space in
case he returns.

He's taking the riverbank with him
and the sweetness of clay.
Let it cling, let it cling to me he thinks.
I don't care what he says.

My Clay Man

We tell each other we like it this way:
things were too easy before—
fat apples dropped in your lap
never taste as sweet as the ones
you have to climb to get.

We say.
This way we have our homemade world.
We get to make everything ourselves.

We'd be fat we tell each other. Fat & stupid.
This way we learn. Now we're smart.
We love the sweat that hangs off our lips and nose
to be licked off after a day's work.

Burrow my nose in his chest and
smell his clay smell and breathe his clay soul.
Night time I hold his hand up to the light and
see the small silver fishes dart among the arteries,
hiding behind the knuckles shy and trembling.
In his dreams, the riverbank is never far.
Me, I'm a rib away from eternity.
From dirt.
Press my ear to his
and hear the call that
still echoes between the whorls
and curves of ear and brain.

His tears cry on my face and twist his smile out of shape.
Lick a finger and curve his lips around it
like a droopy jar wet from the potter's wheel.
Fix it with a kiss. Stretch his smile with my fingers,
my clay man. Kiss it. Fix it.
I know I'll have to do it again and again.

Tickle My Face

Tickle my face
with these green hopes,
sprung from the center
of my fine green heart.

Tickle and tease,
breathe on me with
your whistling breath
that warms and shakens
my limbs grown long.

Let me Adam walk
and Eve pirouette
with these lions and lambs
who wait with me in
the deep violet dusk.

Together we'll lie
in the pink dimming hush
and wait for the one who
gave us these names
in the light gone long.

Your Face Is a Cathedral

Your face is a cathedral
of light flowing golden
from creases at your
smile your
eyes your
chin your
jaw as more light
flows and shines
from chinks here and
there in

Your face is a cathedral
of rock chiseled
not by accident of whim,
but a slow deliberation
of intricate patterns of grace,
where nature's acid lashings
cannot alter stones
deeply embedded with kindness.

Light's
small kisses
pool
slowly
and flow softly
downward
gently
here
and here
and here
and here;
see how the light shines gold
from the smallest aperture in

Your face is a cathedral
of hidden soaring arches and
distant vaulted chambers:
side altars full of forgotten prayers;
pillars that hold and hold and hold,
whose organ muffles growls and
trembles stones, where
stairways twist into solitary darkness.

Are great moans hidden in your walls?
Do tears course slowly within?
Do the walls weep?

Your face is a cathedral
 where the lame rest,
the blind stretch their hands
and steady themselves against you,
ready to walk through your threshold.
My ears hear distant music;
the holy of holies beckon.
Let me rest more deeply in you.