

Without Breaking

The seasons change, and I change.
We match each other like a river matches the sky.
Sometimes I don't want to look
At my crystalline reflection.
Sometimes I stand and stare at the grass,
the way the water moves in my peripheral vision.
But even then, I am changing.
I'm keeping time with the wind and the clouds.
I'm falling in step with the leaves passing gently to the ground.
Maybe someday I will learn to find pleasure in the changing.
But for now, I brush my fist against a stone and wonder how many years it has gone without
breaking.

Weathered Weary

I space myself under the hammock of my limbs
Beaten dry from the sun
And weathered weary from the dark.
I cling to the hope of a white thing, flying above me;
A bird, a flag of truce, stones for my eyes,
Things in my throat that have no reason to climb from it.
To hitch a ride on the wind; I have to untangle myself from the sharpness of my hands, the
sticky undergrowth
Of the feeling of being bound.
Open; and dauntless.
I tread water for days and never grow full of the salt, piercing the eyes of my lungs.

Blameless

Light upon light;

Upon water.

The soft, subtle gleam of my eyes, in them.

The gleam is from the water; the picture of my eyes, from the light itself.

I wash and I wash and I am never clean;

But the light; it holds me fragrant.

The water is as old as my face.

I splash between them like a mother in a womb; the womb is the earth, her eyes, the heavy stains of a lost fragrance.

The last shelter is the place where the light and water meet;

In them, I am blameless.

Clean

Feathers
in the rafters
Coming clean
In the wind

I lift my eyes and glimpse a song;
An alighting of wings,
Caught between the pitch
Of the sun.

Down, down they sink
Into the hollow
Of a wooden heart;

My own name
is breathless to meet them.
My tongue sits wildly
in shapes of anticipation;

I speak, and
The clouds of their bodies
Have already met me.

I shiver, and remember what it is like,
To look like snow.
To feel the dust
Of the earth,
In my body.

To meet wind
The same way
As flesh.

Unending

Night;
And the stars are veiled like clouds,
The wishes of their heart reach me,
Like swimming geese,
Pulled briefly by a wave
That is not their own.

Tripled, like grass
And seashells;
Like blinking and finding another eye.
Pressing lips to stars
Is like peering through a hole of glass;
The sounds,
They're always more distant than the light;

They wait for each other,
Like the sky waits for noon.
They burn with a white
That is unending.