

*two fingers a few inches apart*

**hallelujah.**

photographs, history.  
a narrative traced in time.  
bloodroot,  
rhizome, ephemera, blossoms,  
stain on hands.

impressions of the subconscious,  
beyond narrative, beyond noticing.  
interior shifts, of light, of dark,  
exultations in  
the draw of water, the impulse to be still and watch.

the mystery of the flower that blooms at night,  
petals that fall like snow, hang like curtains,  
that smells of sweetness, of nutmeg,  
is akin to the foam on the water, churning, transient.

hallelujah.

**piss**

so get out there:  
take a squat, take a piss on the rocks and shards of glass,  
the beer cans, the cigarette butts,  
slice your hand open on the refuse left behind,  
let the vulgarity and mortality of yourself offend you.  
get humbled, feel failure, you're a god-damn human being.  
then look up,  
good lord,  
look up at the stars.

### **borrowed books**

i have no recollection of ever asking you for these books,  
and yet here they are, confidently thrust into my hands,  
and i like them.

i like their scraps of words and images,  
i put them on my yellow chair to read in the morning,  
when the sun silts in the window,  
while the hummingbirds buzz outside,  
sipping from the trumpet-vines that grow,  
wild,  
over my backyard's chain-link fence.  
life, and beauty,  
find their way in, regardless.

### **fire then butter then ash**

wild geese call,  
laughing ducks land with a splash,  
gnats fly in their little swarming gatherings,  
the trees turn gold and red with the light,  
wildflowers drape, drip, twist with vines on the rock,  
the ivy climbs the tree,  
light responds to the movement of water,  
rippling, swelling, shrinking,  
the clouds turn to fire then butter then ash,  
the ant marches on,  
the heron swoops low,  
and i sit,  
watching,  
my book left  
un-read  
in my lap.

## spaces

painting professor  
hovers over the still-life,  
apples, teapots, mugs, silk flowers,  
with  
two fingers a few inches apart,  
says  
look, see here, do you see?  
its the space between that matters,  
not the objects themselves at all,  
but the shapes that the spaces make.

so i lay on my back and look up at the night sky,  
measuring the space between the stars and my wet eyeballs,  
the old light that has marched for many years down to this earth  
and into my pupils.  
i measure, too, the space between our bodies,  
as we huddle together for warmth, lying here in the field,  
and, again, the shifting space between the pine trees  
as we watch them sway from the needle-bed forest floor.  
i trace out a shape,  
two fingers a few inches apart,  
i gather the spaces,  
i think,  
*i've found God.*