

From here

the letters taped to the stair say: i'd jump

out a
window

which is it:

ocean

or sky

or glass

out there

we drove hours out to the beach where the broken glass is sand
where you can scoop it into your sweatshirt pockets and pretend
you've found something. we stopped for coffee after the dog
crossed the road in front of us, when we swerved and imagined
the edge of the cliff the branches
at our throats

and here

the whistle of the
window where

the rubber/ is gone is

sound through

space

for years I couldn't see out past the trunk of the redwood, just
folds in the bark, the grooves and the notches and where the insects
would burrow (the holes) and when it rained there was
water down the glass and there were roots and there was dark
where the trunk was

and the man plays music where the escalator

ends/ where

the metal teeth sub

merge: eat

ground

and ground

again we

used to walk the creek until our feet went numb, until the sun went
half down and we'd scale the sides of the earth where the roots are
ladders and ropes and nothing exists but upwards and
over. the glass, when we got there, was nothing but sand and brown
bottle bits. we scooped it into our pockets and the light went
and we drove home half
asleep we

swung the pulley between the oaks/took

turns scaling trunks/letting

feet (one two)

fall (three)

first

Us, as Two

She

what moves between these two people is the separation of the red spots from the black area she is yet unable as the female figure that holds the whole thing together as does she finally admit the color comes through her center red only hesitatingly on the other hand as far as the sex of the two people are concerned the thing in the middle is what moves between these two people she has the capacity to make the middle is just something decorative to hold the whole thing she expresses her regret in a most revealing combination of which she in contrast to red otherwise feminine rather submissive she had called them “two red things” the inner center red is emblem a ball in motion contributing to the difficulty in their relationship as far as the sex of the two people is concerned the separation of the red spots from the black area is the female figure at the center the separation from she is yet unable with regard to the top may reflect the image she has of herself as

He

cannot reconcile with a butterfly with the elements of what are nice colors rather ballet dancer with toes rather eagle with human mouth were quite the opposite able to describe the moose’s head human hands attempts to account for white space and color with canine teeth in emblems an eagle with human hands is quite commonly on the other hand where overt anger is benign human hands with half closed fists in the middle rather would be quite a creature he is lost along with his reaction to color is somatic including the white space results in creature in contrast to avoid using the parts which is evasive vague and neutral is still evidenced by response of women as color and shading concerning the green area suggesting his distrustful attitude toward the head looking sideways rather frightened by elements of the top white space he sees clearly the combination of an eagle feels overwhelmed by sacrificing orderly thinking he also in the additional response is somewhat lessened by his feelings for himself as

Us, in Ink

inside us is bone white and red
shavings beside the powder pink
of the bathroom with the peeling wall
the green tiles that almost reach either end
and inside us is the crevice where the black grows
between the wall and the floor where the water pools

in ink I see what looks like
gray matter over grayer spots
great lakes and cloud cover

inside us is white crumpled bed sheets
piled high in the center of the mattress on the floor
one fibrous mountain and us where it's difficult to reach
from the outside in and the corners are ornate painted over wood
carvings, curls intersecting and diverging over and over and in the center
the ceiling fan spins inconsequentially- in tune with the light's
ons and offs

in ink you see what looks like
a crater on the moon
dark space and star light

inside us is marrow and cellulose
roots threading round and us in crimson
flowing gowns up the ceiling through the roof tiles
and to the air inside of us and out: atmospheric breath
hung in the empty between you and me is what grows here
our knees and arms (crooked stems) through the craters of the earth
filled with the crystal blue water
and you

in ink there are two:
a single stain folded
and unfolded

See: Shadowy Figures in a Vast White Space

I

face of a crow (an eagle) one wing protruding
his face turned up/looking out at
crumbs left over from leading towards
one finger pointing up
labia
beak of baby bird
clouds rolling in over an
a vast white space
light shining through dust through
the triangular window over
the house by the sea, covered
gray and black
shadow/fog or
dust, lit

II

rabbit and rabbit (between)
gray matter
hands in prayer
forgiveness
the light underneath the rocket
launching
the cloud of smoke
air
antennae one or two or
interrupted water
fall (trickle) down
salamander paws/ man crawling
viewed from above or (below)
moth, wings

III

dust, lit

hands clasp (skin)

over bone, hand over

hand:

rabbit to

rabbit to

man, crawling

hand

over hand

(nail) pin down one

wing up/ stretched through

fiber and bone where

cloud of smoke

ash

skin

over

claw

re- fold (stretch) fold

hand over/ dust,

dust

Us, In Water

Remember when we burnt the book? that summer we
spent all day running in the sand and in the ocean, later
we'd find pieces of sea plant in our suits
and our hair

winged creature
butterfly/bat
human being

in the water, the kelp looked like us
or like brown hair on blue, in shadow
in the morning we drank tea and grape juice, walked
over the train trestle where you always said those things

lagoons and inlets on the edges. the spaces are lakes

in addition to us, there was little but you
the book was about discovery and about growing
older and we burnt it by the house next door where no one lived
put out the fire and forgot. all the pages and the dust they made
salt water streaks in our hair

see: dead cockroach spaceman two couples lying down

the trestle above the lagoon with the sea gulls
and the people at night sleeping in trees and in
carts. we'd walk across with our feet split even, waiting
for land or
air, water

here are their legs and arms heads thrown back doing a dance
see: two girls dancing pelvic bone angry pigs w/ teeth

we'd find pieces of it
in our suits and hair

in one: woman w/ woman
little girl and sheep dog
shadow man's head

house on fire

this is the man
with the funny face, tell me
it looks like

us, like

a piece of snakeskin

spaceman with helmet

we
turned red sun-pinked legs arms
on the grass until our skin cracked our eyes burnt, til
clouds covered the bright spot and

us