

**Tincture\*s**

[1]

Think  
about  
the bag you pack  
for a long journey.

Let  
a fallen leaf  
whisper to you  
the story of  
Essential  
before  
you put in  
any grandiose  
fountains.

\*

[2]

The house of my dreams

has no door,

simply steps

that lead

one to another

to a window

with no pane.

\*

Dance tip  
toe tap  
lift

tip touch  
toe dance  
tap

set lift  
slip tap  
stop

draw  
in web, root, line

leaf sprout  
at stop  
speed smear  
shadow light

muscle fray  
white sense  
on nerve

TAP spine  
stop rest  
black time . . .

bird sigh

Lean back  
+ prop a point of wing

Then to sing  
in sundown's silence

What you see  
from you darkest cage  
of ink.

whether walking or falling faintly  
onto chiseled rock

became books

the stars were read  
and settled in story

where to tap

Remember your legs  
the swivels of knees  
what bread needs

and rise

Every position  
t e e t e r s f o r  
a tottling  
of bells.

The goal not to listen

but

Dance

that  
tap  
toes  
touch  
not  
row  
column  
ex  
plow  
through  
stops  
sweat  
long  
sigh  
back  
sing  
strong  
wind  
comes.

[4]

My brother the Volcano

whispered to the mangrove leaf

this remnant of steam :

“ even you and I  
are like

we root in water  
and hold together

spring of light. ”

The children did not listen to the discussion  
but roamed the coast grazing  
for sea polyps to pop.

[5]

Condemning

(three crows caw)

is a penny

in an arcade.

As-soon-as

in-it-goes

ravishing enemies appear

lit up

like your face

ready

to

keel.