

MOTIONS

Poems

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Don Eulert

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PREPARING OURSELVES

Tonight
bats after their dusk frenzy
somewhere hang upside down
satiated silent

Oak trees participate
openhearted discussion with
frogs

After dark we pen the
roaming dogs walk back
arm and arm with regret
and joy

after moonset walk back
footing the dark devout grass

Spaces between stars
filled with cricket music
prepare us

THREE FOR PLEIADES

1 . *The Reins*

In the low sun, long harls
of silk on every brittle weed lines
the east wind grown colder threads
the sun down horizontal.

of
of

at dusk the orange of my eye
gone Pleiades up the horizon its
seventh sister lost

Fire talk in strange wind at night light
lifting in the branches overhead in
the dark of the moon the fire talks
owl-hollow

Young men think they can push the spirit around

The humility come far down drum new
moon I was a young man hearing

the deep well of the fire

the wind saying lonely, the first category
of my life as I see it now from wind, those
green proposals of trees hung with wind,
the rise and lowering.

2. *Star Chart*

Wind at night, impregnating the stars again.
Under the wind, skirts of eucalyptus

tufts dip dark against the light-splintered
sky, a motion held, a motion held, and

a groan of wind strikes the whole tree,
earth-and-air parts exhort galactic wind
that stirs the Pleiades' young fires, though
no lizards yet flicker there

The propositions of green reel as close and
as far as the toss of this dark crown.

3. *Pleiades Three*

The man is chopping wood, a sharp swing
around, heels down, a new ax handle.
The split rolls out onto the green grass.

Contradictions of this California winter
freezing the blooming avocado, lifting miner's
lettuce, turning the young beets purple at the
tops.

He builds the fire from the splits goes
out on the ridge-back of boulders the
stars clean and many-colored.

The Tewa people followed the endless path
there the arced way of white they took tilts
the head so far back it's hard to breathe,

seeing beads glitter where the people pass
gathering feathers that Long Sash left in Pleiades.

DIALOGUE

Needs vary love this bird
sings several songs
afternoon gold falling day

find two avocados thinking
good: trouble: acts: conflict:
truth

wander aimlessly
(so far as I can tell)
around the boulders carry a shovel
the whip and fruit: November cold

A KELLY CAMERA

I.

Always alongside ocean, we
rolled down latitudes

we give them context, as
when the sun blinks down
under a shutter of purple you
wake at the instant

We are pictured against the sea:
the thin coating, a surface cannot
hold us

film over paper. Think of the
best feeling that could be
remembered and put that in (a
small white border), a

woman looks out, speaks all our
bodies' planes, wetness
together, broken slabs our steps

to the sea We stand in
front of broad water don't
know how far it goes

II.

Form grows from our motions images
come into you and explode

you are fond of small animals who
swim inside their experiences

The late moon does not separate
lovers. MEMO: I am calm tonight,
send me your melody and motion

see you in a place where deer walk
you pray for snow not too deep
they eat apples left hanging

in place where things grow
you walk slowly
surrounded by aroma your
open eyes

III.

Tasting like each other, after our
bodies dried we opened the

door, bird voices came in we
walked through vine fern
the air clean

In my reverence you take me
in regions of white observance
and marriage

flesh and star mind find the
world mysterious again see
you and know nothing
celebrate ignorance,

we were in search of our ancient
mouths and bones veins

moonwash a night map in day
your naked back

wind moves a patch of golden
yarrow.

IV. But love is sight, but
distance (a Mexican station
on the radio)

you are 188 kilometers away you are
beside the surf in a sleeping bag you
have eaten and are laughing

the night's passion the same
moon over raw hills to the water
the edge balances the rest that
picture

I don't know how far it goes
beyond the frame

Would I find a dance for you grow
to your profane religion:

"there isn't anything I
couldn't afford to give away"
smiling

the water full of small animals
the air sweetly
surrounds us

AFTER ANTONIONI

that slight or
indifferent rustle
threatening

when
the light was very
beautiful

we slant into a
blur of leaves
crotched branches

mostly silence surrounds
us

EAST WIND

In wind from desert the white grass
hymns for water coyote and the
bright-footed squirrel watch their
winter come from the east

the heat burns out the incense
in sage east wind before 6:00
the sun serves a brass-yellow
wine

Flowers grow strangely smaller
smaller and mostly white, a
magenta flush up the petal for
the vanity of the sun

Tiny frogs move into mud cracks
and wait for grace. Small animals
leave silver trails on the dry grass
paths for the burnt-out moon

FINDING NAILS

He followed into the mountains, stooping
to collect silver feathers from the loins of
the goddess, and grew old.

Now it's nails, now I'm free of ambition or
answering letters, trying to go fast
without hurrying, stopping to find each
nail I drop, sorting the caches found
under shavings.

Just the head of a nail above powder
dust below the eaves. This is the high
desert, and "He followed into the
mountains..." saw a

six-penny bright finishing nail in the
bottom of the washer, all-night
laundromat, Ramona, 1:00 AM
hands full of wet socks and levis,
just how far should I go with this?

To see calmly with all the senses the world
on top of this one, not to look for anything,
from anybody: take Care of nails cleaned
out of old boards.

The nail of excellence, it falls behind
the old bend-board I use for veneer,
eats through like a bright worm
when I try to plane it down.

Puttying the last window, it's "all over
but the shouting!" they used to say—
"no more to make up on that score."
What have I lost? shouting, Hey-Wkk-
uhh!

The hands with pure occupation
close on the silver feather,

in silence. Then the head raised.
How far is Cold Mountain?

It comes in the mail; Post
it with four new nails:

AW N250 VIA ITT RT B969 LOK 15/4/3368
UNIX CO RMBU016
BUCHAREST 1 16 2S 1300
DONALD EULER T
STAR ROUTE 1
SANTA YSABEL
CAL-IFORNIA 92070
ARRIVE FIRST SEPTEMBER 9 pm DORFULL
LUSA
COL 1 92070 9

To buy tobacco reached into my
pocket for change, came up with
nails.

THE FIT

You move with the perfect assurance of trees
motion/air, a moment
 i am waiting for you
over and over

from somewhere on back
 i know you
 you are me as a boy
 looking out at me
 from a woman's body

naked to each other still do
not know you

Where are we now: slice of new moon
makes a shelf on the Pacific
 pulls us in

 we laugh and hold each other up
in the surge

You are rock-rose sun-cup blazing star
 pungent tea bread my face in
 your spice hair talks with the wind
 greens of orient ocean the wine
 smell of oil musk blueberries

Your eyes spy the first scarlet larkspur spring
come since we worshipped each other our
bodies in the sun sprinkled with dried
buckwheat its blossoms in our hair

unexpected bird song to my ear
 i watch the throat
 moving

FOR THOSE WHO SHARE OUR WATER

Water in this well-pool dug around rocks rises
all year around in the high desert.

Leopard-marked frogs all of a size,
more of them every day now, pump
their ejaculatory legs unblinking

In the water floats a water-shredded
scorpion sucked to skeleton by the frogs

New acorns yellow on the cap-end fall on
ochre leaves that dye the water

When the pool pumps down clots of bees,
used to sucking water from sand and flying
off, drown in the well casing.

Coyote come to water. By their tracks
bobcat, raccoon, and sometimes two deer.

This morning an elf-owl floats windspread

feathers talons and a shell for eyes, now
has buried a night cry in our water.

FOUND AT THE WELL-POOL

Sunrise when I go to start water to
heat for her bath before she's up
somebody I never knew enough
waits at the well for memory.
Uninhibited and mad we talk.

Digging in the summer to sink bony
casing into another inch of water
another body moves in the mind
shoulder a dip of head arc of hip /
*give you everything; this will bring
you to life*

The water table's up no way out
larvae wriggling September pool
under the waterfall carved out oh,
20 years ago In the mind it flows
again. Future trees blossom

& bear. The mind ruffles old words words
that might have been more true.

Living things float in the water now
shrinking away down to the draught of
the pump-foot leaving wet sand

and below that water underground in
darkness moves to the drain **From**
Pinetop Hill *for John Colby*

I look farther than the stone
flies arcing a parabola
always more downward.

I enjoy its fall it stretches
me down its swing to earth.

Stone does not fly It falls
Explodes in the river's motion
Draws laughter from my child

I push him ahead of me
To climb the ledge-stacked hill.

I arc stone after stone, Child
waiting to see them fly
reaching to point them to water.

I see farther than the stone does
not fly as into years

my son laughs. I arc stone
and stone to please him.

HARUSPEX

1. Focus the light
hold fragments in
to burn off this
new insanity I
did not know

I swear I did
not know was
there

I bow on the
edge, a child,
"I will be good
I will be good
I will be good" I
swear it turns below
the pane of light

this is a physical place I
can fall in where
I try to walk away
I bow on the
edge a child

2.

In this illusion / mind
seeing humility I needed
Is that the divination?

agh after all *this* time
to begin again this
looking for reality:
furred rats rattle in
the walls at night:
avocados

gathered in wet morning
show green slides of
rat-teeth

earth's ecstasy: I have
danced that dance in the
rain blown against the
door
by wind

3. A quartz egg hidden
under boulders I had
an / other body now it
has been moved
destructible

braced by my hands down
they are empty should they
make some gesture, touch
my penis, reach for you
love reaching from here
you said you knew of this
how could you you do not
live this way

we act out what we can
stop by touching a wall
in a cave of stones 4.

A voice mov/ing what can there
be to say with so much green?

name names, as/avocado
orange bamboo peach tangerine
ivy apricot lily tomato sweet corn
grapefruit austrian pine melon
quince shrub rose hy acinth
lemon jasmine bittersweet more
goes on/ *love* i know *again* that
fuschia flashing on the
hummingbird's throat

5.

Let the mind open it falls
back foolish nostalgia and
dread I want none of this
memory
the mind's breath toward
not that ragged line on Bergman's
death hill top
in the head/ all it can do
stops in the present 6.

Do not take your hand away
I may yet come to tell you:
 smoke beyond windows. is
a metaphor broken pieces of desire
burned even the odor goes out the
chimney we do not know know what
we have but go into the world, drive
a freeway that goes south/ west
billboards speak truths along the
way But how can we understand
this/ words oh nipples on the thrust
breasts with your hands above your
head the sigh/ yes there always is
another place yes of which we
cannot speak

7.

Go back, it is not so bad what is
found there used But there are

places in the mind I have not
used you someone else has
been there these secret things
we use repeated repeated
repeated what should we say
but sleep sleep you move your
head
and look at me still what is
clear in the cabin at Vail:
icicles long as a body

Christmas hidden white/ sun and snow
on the cedars a panel heater cracks
noisy in the night while we make
thrusting into each other a substitute
for something else 8.

A stick and a stone: bat
one stick against one
stone: it flies. Something
basic there espec. if the
stone falls into water where
the double moon fragments
frogs stop in the night
mosquitos whine 9.

dangerous about
bodies coupled
flailing arms and legs
as if/ as if/
demons possess those
captives beyond themselves
where have they gone as if
they can not come back 10.

Could I bring it all in the
beat heart of drums echo
of what lives in places we
cannot speak to / *and*
celebrating see how often
we come together in the
poem, *what* goes

no/ I have not enough of stars
warp time I wish to see time lapse
time/ ah unreachable stuff I am
too sober to play, I want
gooseberries on the bush hard
and green this is beginning over
and over the ginning year's
drunken bees know
all about it/ you are driving
beside the river through
rows of apple trees how
can that be ignored?

11.

Anything could be an/
other way another
time This frightens us
the night's dread/ not
all its own

put an eye out cut off a
sequence of numbers
let us rescue ourselves

IS IT TIBET OR SOFT COAL

the world is exploding Is there is
a chance we may get satori
from eating an LA Tommyburger

we have each a private
mythology that bursts
out

from every bud -taste, and
the enlargement of
ourselves, animal-

mind on snow packed mountains
going up and down

IT IS A SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL

I was trying my best to be a guide
for disneyland the best sort
Decided to stay there for 30 days
prowled the forest for a campsight
a slower learner
i fell into the wash behind the
robert e lee plunged to an
underground lake at the
meetingplace of the rivers re
emerged in louisiana bayous

Lost in Disneyland had tea
from the mad hatters cup took
mr toads wild ride
 (somebody kiss me) re entered
the whales belly
 (gestate me dark cave)
attacked by dinosaurs lost in the
arrogant void of inner space
 *(mon santo saved me for a better to
morrow)* to mountain palaces matter horns
are shaking inner energy I wanted to be
reborn climbed a cord bounded out
the cosmic banyan tree-place of emergence

 finally found my car
it started *(funny motor sound)* i didn't
understand the free way it was
destinationless *where finish the ride*
and the trees *drab* and that's the way
it's been ever since, no talking
animals.

LATE SPRING, SINECURE

Last year the boys ran
out of the plum thicket
oozing fruit juice from
bulging pockets

This year barren
thickness of leaves the
sudden cattle come
driven by the smell of sap
unreleased to plums

they beat their horns on
branches charge
through the thicket giving
it voice of rattle
snapping green trunks

The cablehaunched bull
throws his head his cowl
like a furious monk
snuffs leaves he shreds
paws earth flumes of
fruitless soil

MEMORY BODY

1.
the rise of ocean the woman
walks out in cold foam tall her
arms rise

she goes to her toes
the rush circles her
crystalline

her outstretched arms

the ocean's desire
deep throated washes
over me

2. there at the 2:00 AM railroad
crossing
timing my going-home
drive to feel it go by

thundering lots of times
after leaving the girl
drumming those
children to be

the sonorous earth
gong of lights half-way
Kansas City to Denver

a rumble an
undertow rush

MOTIONS OF PASSAGE

*I want you go go around this fire
in the direction water goes when
it turns to go out*

* * *

Great horned owl on the corner post over
the big rocks, he went for the darkness,
pulling off down into it.
Coyote song over the hum of the Coleman, and
Peter amazed at his shadow.

Four kinds of wood for the fire: - An old
sumac gnarl, should burn at the center all
night; -pieces of 2 x 4 from framing the new
room;
-split oak;
-the burly chamise roots.

For firestick, the shovel handle
broken off digging around rocks.

* * *

White sage in the fire, wave
the whiteness into you.

This bundle of sweet fennel. Rub fennel into
your hands, smell it, should you feel sick or
if what you see when you're prayin' should
pull you down too far. Stand up straight, rub
fennel on your face, slap your chest twice
alternately with sweet fennel in each hand,
noticing how strong and clean fennel is,
twice with each hand, stomach and genitals.
The dreamer of death's timeless eye

asked about possible incarnations. Ho!

"Only into the past,
in a line I meditated."

Meteor showers, says Peter, are
exploded planets, 40 million years,
and their tails of debris go by.

"Returning again and again,
to the point of origin."

Huhh!

* * *

Smoke breath up into a space, with
smoke pray from fire into galactic fire
word smoke prayer mind smoke fire born
breath smoke for the ways of beauty.

To the four directions of all families;
to the rise of air; to the center
underneath. Wave smoke into
myself last. seven directions

* * *

Asked for a look at the center:
saw folds of skin as at the penis
underneath, as the lines at
vulva's head, two bird's heads
symmetrical. curves of a fetus.

"Arrange the folds of flesh
in new patterns."

* * *

Driven to your knees in weakness:
Pay attention to moss blossoms.
Pray from love, what we've got
among all beings. Wish for our
gracefull way among them.

* * *

Got myself all cleaned up for this, was washing outside and thinking how she
liked to come out and wash my hair out of care, and thinking "why not go for it
and so to say I really tried this time of instead of having to think I could have

made it work, but chose not to, back there," righteous in making choices. Poured the whole bucket on my head to rinse, and the sand in the bottom. .

* * *

At midnight, we feel it, the second of
four edges of the year grinds itself
over the third.
The fireplace at the center burns green,
but our eyes have changed with it. The
stone recognized remains a stone.

* * *

Ho WKK! uhh

I'll take you out at 2 am
barefoot under the stars,
a layer of cool dust on
the desert hardpack,

squat and spring up Ho
/WKK! uhh as flop-armed
as we would gain an
instant's more rush of air in
the ears, hopping in place
and leaping up the
stretched ankle tendons Ho
WKK!, uhh!
plunging up to the sliver,
new moon, seeing a comet
headed to the ocean shelf.

You do it like this:

WKK!

Ho

Uhh!

* * *

I want you to go around this fire
in the direction water goes
when it turns to go out

MYTH

I was looking for
the Bible

finally found it
beside Beowulf
where else should
it be

I am looking for Acts
that is beside genesis
in a way

*They rushed
with one accord
into the theatre*

Some said one thing: some
another.

What shall we do?
What the body says

What I heard What
the night rose to
do **NIGHT OF
THE SOLSTICE**

The west sky gone three hours down
light, Venus gone for the season.
The dark

east, a waiting. The darkness draws even left
and right, the sky balances on the crown

of the oldest oak tree. A night-hawk
skrees the breath lifts it over, at
one moment

all the frogs go silent trees
buried in seeds return to
their innocence,

the power we have been waiting for
rising.

. . . .

*The green light is falling
To the mountaintops
Up there comes red,
The earth is breathing
Comes yellow The earth is
born in our sight This is our
garment of beauty In front of
me beauty above me goes
beauty Below me lies beauty
Behind me is beauty
The first month begins
The wild iris purple
inside its green garment*

. . . .

Now we are dead,

now we are feathered in beauty. First the
bird on the top branch sings, and

then the next. We wait under the
trees, smoke of cedar white in our
lungs, the eye on the east grows
a shade that fits the white
horizon, we watch the sun
coming, we pray for ourselves
and all who need it, four ways
from the center.

We hold the last breath; we
throw it away, empty rise
up from cold knees into
sun on the forehead:

*this Breath returns in light!
A hundred birdsongs! The grass sings
under the sugar-bush, the wind! The*

*earth has returned, and everywhere
the sky!*

PROFILE

The wind moves through the earth-locked
pines slowly, slowly

for the wood-mind wind moves
its desert to its
mountains

wind voice
playing a green harp the
limbs nod slowly

the clouds whirl a
nebula and
disappear
indrawn oh of the forest

the slow wind moves in
the pines
minding the wind

roots knuckle under earth
around boulders

I walk the way down slowly
(*keeping still* is the mountain)

the silent deer alarmed springs
out of my tightened chest

SAY IT BEFORE

Holding you a sweet wind blows
around my bones

you weigh less than water and
flow under me

You notice my hands are scarred

Your wrists are thin as the
"where-are-you" quail's cry

on the calf of your leg the
mark of a ripe berry

Gone mad inside a green globe
we rise up from grass

Say it before the moon rises
the season slides off its tail
in its mouth

The year arches her back
and forward we turn tongues
pressed to palates out of the
clearing

You could have had it all back there
as said before, and here
 out of the clearing, a
joyful O! from the mouth of god
formed in these trees

SECOND THURSDAY, NOVEMBER

On Thursday the sun set already
off the north slope
Woodson Peak moved

"over the breast" and
coyotes tonight! listen

those November frogs
from all afternoon
now the coyotes

when
we get the fire going a
birdsong comes in

listen it's no accident
when the bird comes in

SOMEONE SAID

In the 1890s all the
prairie people on
these homestead
little quartersections
had better go to
Denver St Louis or
back where they
came from

Grasshopper contemplated
rubbed its antennae spit
over its shoulder

For the girls with bronze hair
curtains of evening opened on
visages of the masqueraders
who could pay for them

Abandoned stone houses raise
wooden arms over their eyes
cross themselves with milkweed
and sunflowers these cackling
antiquarians **SQUID**

my fingers grow long
long and thin and
pliant squid arms the
writhing they do
playing in their element

earth
penetrable too

THE DREAMS REMIND US

I.

The dreams remind us that we are alone on the track of an animal we can describe only when we look back at the paths left between stars and see them dot-to-dot filled in, the tracteries of our mind scratched in lines of light stalked across the black soil of the galaxy: a great bear, a lion, even creatures that we follow under water fish-like to our beginnings, that artless question.

The old man has lugged his telescope up the mountain to the clearing, looking for company to exhibit the converging of Saturn with its Cardinal's hat tilted the four moons of Jupiter a pendulum of light about 4 O'clock off his face Venus blushing at their upper left.

The old woman here, up from the desert for her two weeks of beating the heat stares through her jiggling 20X binoculars and will not look at his backward mirror, but they join in hunter's glee to point that not all of us will see this again in the year 2023, while Saturn visibly runs out of the telescope's eye during my turn. I leave the man trying to get it back go sit where the Milky Way holds constant it seems in the slot between pine trees while stars and planets slide faster faster off the side of this glass hill.

II.

The dreams remind us that we are alone and often motionless We wait in the way a great nerve cell might be said to hunt, an ameobic net that turns itself into whatever it touches. When this happens you might say at a moment you were a

cricket- song an amorphous fear a
dragonfly a crack of light in a wall or a
long journey.

I give you now a place out of sight from anyone
high up among house-sized granite boulders.
Down the drop-off below, details are lost and
the wind breaks slow-motion through trees like
breaking of water on wide-away cliffs (the
shore goes on, I know, around the point there's
a beach party going on since noon)

But here nobody else can see how motionless
a red-tailed hawk has traced a double helix
You vault from the rock to his Scree! a clean
sherd of airborne flint a talon of sound that
returns curving at its sharpest into silence in
the throat of a hovering bird.

THE FINITE OPERA

ends with an exclamation point

the simplest of notes
left on yellow paper /
LOVE YOU!

it says

near the right margin, top
of the page

THE FLIGHT

Sticking feathers I found into
the eyes and cracks of the
oak-bark

 red-tailed kite
that soared like its spirit up
Hatfield Creek

 scrub jay
a raucous cry sheened blue, and

great horned owl you'd
think this was a turkey-
feather

Pushed
it in a knotswirl
night mice-eater.

If I could only get the towhee's
song in there!

 The tree thrills
in the wind ribbed for flight
what is a man waiting for?

THE LINES

sunrise on clouds over water

a hundred orange floats with
lines to lobster pots hung
last night

on lines near motionless waiting

the lobsters
look all around
themselves

THE MINE

I.

Lock the gate at the road, come down to the shack. A week, nobody's come in.
The miner's fresh-dozed roadway clean and dust-brushed. Silence under trees.

On the mountainside with a shovel and rock-pick. Nobody knows we're here,
nobody cares what we do. The perfect garnet waits in darkness under granite.
Under the ledge I've slid three inches, wet pocket-clay. Scoop it out into a ball to
heft down, wash out. . . only quartz chips

in slow uncanny floods underground, sleepless nights; raw invasions familiar
demons found in a mine, painful secrets flow down the radials of my dreams.

II. .

Chopping chaparral, what's it good for? sweating. At the roots a gypsy moth in
February, fat and lightsurprised, trying to flap ax-scattered dirt off its colored
wings, Ho! Old alchemist of hermit mind, there are other lives I too have lived,
and might live!

III.

Rock by rock to the sunset. The sun slides down Woodson Peak to a pocket.

*In a tent under the shadows by moon in the Sangre de Cristos
mountains, she moved to me light from a ruby hummingbird's
throat, light*

Climbing the last reddened boulders, I step into an Ipai grinding-hole I've never
seen before, a secret eye for the sun forgot under the oak trees.

*The rain's broom swept everyone else; we huddle under a broken
umbrella under a bullet-pocked balcony in Poland, wetdark hair falls over
your eyes.*

Skreech of the day-hid nighthawk, and frog's song somewhere; coyote out from
who-knows~where den

THE PLEASURES OF WORK BY HAND AND THE QUESTION OF TECHNOLOGY

The breeze my arm makes!
A black steel saw cutting the
last board smooth fit to the
door riser

The smell of cedar tight
curl of the hand plane the
smell of cedar.

The breeze my arm makes!
a work song. The hands,
once you trust them join
the loveliness of things

the smell of cedar.
Wfft-Rapp! Wfft-rapp!
The breeze my arm makes!

I wish for all ages a black
steel saw like this the
smell of fresh cedar

THE STAFF, THE ELM, THE SHELTERING WALL

Day
the eyelashes grow into the eyeball, I
fall asleep

The pile of prunings
from the dying elms are
splotched red blood

on the distorted black wood
I expect to find a man's arm
among the other limbs
White and limp I hang there

a spider at bottom of the mind
shakes and clambers upward

THE UMBRELLA

We walk past muscular statues
think of our hands as wounds
waiting to be drawn up

prowl the limits of the garden and
apprentice ourselves to a spot.

Our first conversation we name
names of trees to each other, until
we find one we both know

Acacia! Then we are satisfied to
hold each other until our bodies
run a single sapience thus
limbed.

We spend ourselves for a green fire, burn
the world of its heros.

The distances of our lives draw
down to a pool without location,

spring that feeds sycamore
chestnut willow ash oak pine
pinion for incense elder flowers of
the linden. Cottonwood flowing

silk lifts in the wind embraces
the game of time and evolution.

THE VISIT

I had a friend in Maine, we got to his cabin after driving
two hours through scenery in a warm Mercedes-Benz.
We got in front of the fire and got kind of crazy. I had to
go outside and the door shut behind me. Two feet of
level snow, ten below in a full sun, pine forest as far as
you could see tree arms clenched towards trunks in
cold. "What do I know?" My breath crystals.

OUTSIDE IN

outside by day we go
trans/planting melons

supposing their round
bellies under the moon
now by night a firepit

stars ablaze with the
moon not up yet

what we all want I
saw in your eyes

this morning's slow love
the birds just singing

what we all want
*go where ye love
and are well loved*

in the sky a big bang flare just
now arrives to us

just now dancing
around our small fire