

Poetry :: \$12.00

Mary Rising Higgins is masterly in the meticulous design of her work, both in phrasing and in line music.

The insights invited by its continually surprising conversions are exhilarating. Her poetry digs into the often unrecognized sources of our actions, the births and rebirths natural to our being human. As she addresses matters of how we succeed or fail to communicate with one another, her language is exact and demanding, rich in association. She transforms both the classic and the commonplace. Hers is a needed poetry.

**Phyllis Hoge Thompson**

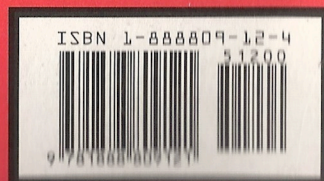
One night on the desert is not like another, one life in the desert is not like an other's. I've followed Mary Rising Higgins' work in small journals for well over a decade now as she has hewn from the granite fact of this, humbly and with a poet's patience, a first book that matters. At turns still-point and edgy, confirming and provocative, the texts in *red table(S* are always sourced in the rock-drill New Mexico *real*, yet, at their best, they touch the marvellous.

**Lee Bartlett**

In Mary Rising Higgins' poetry "every sound is a color against the dark," where a rewarding multiplicity of "unsigned variants" offers the reader an experience at once dislocating yet generous enough to include "a drive toward happiness where we refuse to slow down." Her writing illuminates a territory "inflamed, beside itself," one she negotiates with an evolving combination of intensity and kaleidoscopic nuance.

**Karen MacCormack**

**La Alameda Press**  
New Mexico



# *red table(S*

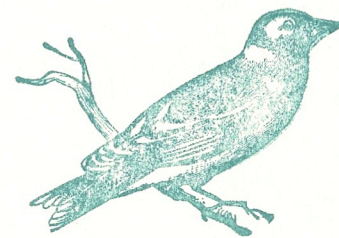
**Mary Rising Higgins**

*poems*



# ***red table(S***

**Mary Rising Higgins**



**La Alameda Press  
Albuquerque**



Grateful acknowledgement is made  
to the editors of the following publications  
in which these poems first appeared:

Sky Parlor \* *disturbed guillotine*  
Carnuel Exit \* *Queen Anne's Lace*  
Virga; Fresh Water Grid \* *Scottsdale Center for the Arts*  
A Way (to; Lost Anapest; Accidental Integers \* *Hambone*  
Red Table \* *Central Park*  
Acclimation \* *Denver Quarterly*  
And You \* *Rio Grande Writers Quarterly*  
Braking the Neutron \* *American Voices*  
Foraging Gesture \* *Blue Mesa Review*  
In Cohering; To Gather Us \* *O.ARS*  
Yes, She; Marginalia \* *Tyonyi*  
Wake \* *no roses review*

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for Felicia,

for Jesslyn,

*toward identifying the variables,*

*toward a preference for unknown,*

*across the long tables that stretch between*

*first and last we reach.*



## Accidental Integers

*The effects of a butterfly wing on  
initial conditions cannot be known.*

Origins occur amid a tick of yellow lights.  
Quilt of holograms and polarized cloth.  
Turn the squares to see earth shatter, people  
line up at McDonalds. An inner city bus  
litters telephone drawings, replacing enigma  
with graphology. Words brought in from playgrounds  
arc: radial, festinate, reticular mouth.

This week it is obsession, tomorrow desire for  
little content. This name or another will  
appear on the screen, razing an open field,  
frontier drawn up for artificial rain.  
She is given as anchor and perhaps we are the  
private link. Credible, seductively ourselves.  
Here is change, then identity to remember.

Through a series of mudras we dance. Circles  
divided and figured. At any time she could  
say no, trying once more to walk away.  
Personal loss as resolution. One must grow  
used to happiness. Notions possessed by music  
—everyone taken by them. Utterly concrete,  
a universal dialect. High notes pulsate

into silent dimensions. One more belief mode.  
She will only go back for a while, despite the  
quadrate sun and a headpiece of shadows. Vestments of  
asphodel wear sensibly after late evening.  
Among orchids a silo weathers, estranged to  
air that burns the shoelace sky. Sand leaps through her  
fingers. Better than once upon a time flown in as



blame, then neglect. We strive for repetition, delay  
diffused symmetry of chaos. Marked fragments collide.  
Flat geography, a bit of color, whistle and  
breathe back and forth to one another. She is  
absolutely the death of herself. Too much  
cooperation. We are not where we come from now.  
A fortress of tumbleweed grows. There will be no

summer house built from wicker and wood. Who cares  
about the car and palm trees. Described in rivers of  
air, sheers and downdrafts preface a cloud wall.  
Dogs are tied and untied, a rabbit sits caged in the  
yard. Telephones ring mid-line where she lets go  
so easily. Codes relay tigers with mourning cloak.  
To waken completely is its own struggle

unrolling layers of violence. We are  
here to declare war. Take up mirrors. Clarified in  
retrospect, a hazardous framework. Still, strange  
tenderness passes through—zone of flirtation.  
A story to deflect slow trees, intense frequency,  
and the real ending. A modern package glistens.  
She is too difficult and distant. Their fifth son.

Extinction pauses, cultivates crisp ash of doubt.  
Someone else will close the compartment. When her  
head clears of its many visitations, we meet.  
Part of a common body, the casual portrait  
mastered. Applying green filters the newspaper  
turns into a boat, a crane. Witness to climatic  
change and inconclusive. Limbs invented, we  
hover among dual rhythms that mark the delta.

## Sky Parlor

A required curve looks graceful enough. the business of again  
Proceeds on extended cruise control, as though she thought of it  
At the crack of this morning's detour where often, obvious, and  
Other spelled-out attachments hammer new pathways, cross off the  
Outstretched hawk where soprano flute bird staccato fails the machine  
Amid slow tree tap red gold fan flutter under blue jet striped awning  
Portions of cloud wall touch and go. Clean the glass, strings breathe  
High in the chest then counterspin, just to be walking somewhere  
According to colors that certainly looked much brighter before  
Their edges began to curl and complain to one another about the  
Gaudy light that everyone knows is too strong to begin with, and  
Much less later where someone continues to reminisce and we cannot  
Remember which part of the song drifts back toward the narrow hall  
Marked by sirens and friends who wave us in to be seated so we can  
Check out the smoke at our leisure, I mean someone must have started  
with *It had to be you*, and then we all try to pick up where we left off



## Fresh Water Grid

after *Lake George Blue*, by Georgia O'Keeffe

Cloud riddles wheel summer winged  
grackle, starling—white water exponents

terrain pinned fabric we reside in  
she views the sea stretched painting from this

distance—gradual drift in the  
Southern Cross reel toward precession, air wrapped

anchors turned hand over hand  
a discourse of waiting—cradle for lightning

this business invention thrives in us  
—try on disequilibrium

fifth position tatters, a series of  
worlds phrased to show black prairie

hyphenates the edge of April—syntaxed  
in the pulse, plunder disclosing

which new signals replay us—dictate  
first refuge for light, lake requiem

draws westerly—polar current  
accelerates water surfacing the

island you find no longer serves  
breath to change, breaking in the measure

*That I haven't written you isn't because I haven't thought of you—  
As a matter of fact I think I have thought of you every day*

further cold elements sustain other  
—probability begins dark

like an insect sky to test the voice  
translate first it ends through five-eight time.

Color in the arc of the hand unfurl  
maze lines cut in paper, clear away

small items from the path, tree shape echo  
new subtractions in the net, their

vacant rooms threshold—layers drone.  
Top left theater undertake us

zero ground wears black notation  
chromatic abundance. we hold each other

up to the high edge ringing,  
energy fold cue—visible gesture yearn

reed focus high and narrow amid  
tree and water pulled flight.

Bend us to center color, marked sage  
histories engorge, intervals press

—unfooled with writing and talk, change  
become us—not only you, she is

*I am learning something myself—I don't know exactly what it is—  
but if I did—if I could put it clearly into form it would cure you*

I don't call to complain, but the roof  
wears so much green today the mountain

hesitates, pragmatic grass estrange  
daily life to mean no longer what

we bow and tongue—today's clutter cleared  
tomorrow imagines you spin range



singular everywhere and now  
snowflake idea bleached clay motion.

Uncertain, one burns whatever comes to  
hand—you place there shifting

dense petal iris trimmed to cool deep  
water—remember conceiving in

the moment's cruel vertices a wave  
precise a way to see—like any

hieroglyphic season we turn in  
oscillation fixed morning glory

bowl cracked open—, plumbed—touch forms across  
waking surface skilled thirst poses.

Each scale reframes us—iron, song, lie in the  
open shell, trace this drive home together.

Notes:

Quote from a letter by Georgia O'Keeffe to Ettie Stettheimer; written  
from Lake George August 6th, 1925.

Quote from a letter by Georgia O'Keeffe to Blanche Matthias; written  
from New York, March 1926.

## Carnuel Exit

A vacant lot rings with silver  
foil and blue-eyed grass  
ripples the meadow.

There was  
a time when meaning  
will be  
simple. helix of a complete  
sentence, for example,  
slips  
into painterly charisma and  
then the voice returns.

When  
only the self is new the  
arc of her neck  
and shoulders  
burn at the curve's re-entry. she chooses  
conversation  
or the  
repetition of  
experience to  
immoderate survival.  
Winter tree limbs drag thick  
and  
brassy beneath their  
shining crows.  
the body recedes  
from



its given  
 geometries  
 in spite of the way she  
 remembers every gesture is  
 memorized by  
 someone who loved her,  
 although  
 now form more frequently  
 occurs as her own idea.  
 each  
 cut star of bethlehem  
 breaks  
 its fragile stalk.  
 and the leg of  
 a crane is not a cool medium.

## Yes, She

She too is a city, unplanned and sprawling,  
 pockmarked with ghettos in every quadrant.  
 Rooted in the body is unexpected war. Graphed by  
 pebbles, tomorrow is a chapter of summer energy.

She is the she mistaken as event. Coordinate of her  
 presence, October sleeps late, littered with fireweed.  
 Subtraction is the boundary, coming so far  
 speed and rudder posit light's communion.

She follows any storm through its blind alley. Proximity of the  
 street as history, generates the hind, then red stags  
 exploded across their stark winter canvas.  
 Weary of speaking in tongues, she succumbs to frugal lustre.

She is the string in a street quartet. Wolf inhabited by zoned  
 sky. So young she will risk salt, incompatible with history,  
 letting the eyes go first for pleasure, for leisure, for residue's  
 pathology. Field glass discloses an arrogant mathematics.

She knows the paths of last resistance. Civil commitment  
 moored over prime undertow. Observe her cast beside the  
 packed cinder court, intention resolved by color. Con-  
 structed poverty an ongoing interest, resonant possession.

She sings the litany of flowers. War trumpet of a hawk  
 amid broken glass. Danger fictive with elliptical  
 progression. Perhaps the division sign is intended as  
 a semicolon, to tell us given (read: sacrifice).

She is, after all, an unexpected weather: bearing the sun,  
 mistaken for earth, relegated to another quiet mirror.  
 Foreshortened margin restive where the icy stream  
 absorbs its traffic, moonlight shatters among juniper boughs.



She completes excessive, wanting you to carry water, then  
chip away the ice. Precision given and severed.  
Initiation into dance, circuiting world, media, blackberry,  
textured with rust. Dimension of girlish climate.

She rooms in desert cocktails, referring to  
choice between strength or strength. Two garnets in  
a crystal bowl. A discontinuous journey, excuse for  
faith gathered on some half-filled score sheet.

She roots herself in broken twilight where the bride wears  
pale green, pas de dix, for the nature of annihilation.  
Defiant border retreating toward politics. Hour hands  
establish declination from another growing season.

She repeats always your vast stranger, and in the  
face of that, sculpture recalls her beautiful correctness.  
Air rings with song and catastrophe, red tide carries  
one long wave of broken tigers in from the Atlantic.

## Back Flip

We are always moving under some uncaptured star  
in post apple hunger drag light pollution  
night's coverlet splashed pale orange and grey  
across larkspur she carries with her as  
intervention for blinding spring monologues  
handed down for consideration with yet  
another reduced budget and transcriptions for  
centering the latest possibility in  
helpless but dear facial designs to provide  
insulation until a revolution or  
other attractive angers where idiomatica  
wrapped arid zones pop some new fashion for  
how the wave's moment presents bird as a shore of  
written communication carved for the gods to  
worship where then remains all sea blue amid hand plumes.  
Hair back she walks the world to imagine being  
so positioned as logic and written at the wheel



like a man who can unload walls and stockyards from  
 his breastful dreams although morning or a tree of  
 butterflies will disappear during a single  
 errand which I've left to do while pondering  
 over the fire bay choked with perfume from three  
 silver cactuses in bloom out back after saying  
 they should be taken away in separate containers  
 or some bad story to alternate with success in  
 a drive toward happiness where we refuse to slow down  
 losing track of which question to ask in front of  
 large type prophecies unwrapping their own curled  
 sketches to brush against windshields that hum and slap  
 those good time rhythms for sustenance and border.

## Red Table

Appropriate the sun. Polar plants turn in the diction of islands.  
 Where she is bindgrass blooms reckless, declining introduction.  
 Forces wheel, backwater overrun with madder. Long recital note

Between delicate root and seawater anchor for these phantoms in  
 Conversation. After smudgy day, to make herself up, a way of

Healing, to strip down for balance, hung on the rack enfolded,  
 Released into circular breathing. *Are you happy are you seeing*  
*Someone how was your trip if I had only met you if I had never*

*Met you if only you were able if only I were capable my life*  
*For you so much has* at first she wanted to begin again, leaving  
 One more opacity to be unraveled. Ellipsis for doppler notion in

Effect until new hands curve the bow. We dance perfectly together  
 Without recognition among ordinate strings. Audience expectant,

Preference for given type saves time. Locks placed higher, out of  
 Reach, visible, incorporate parts of her yet to awaken. Skin opens  
 To season, to ultramarine ground curled from the ribbon map.

Dusk banks into shrilling sky, nightjar and thrush prepare.

★ ★

She is not an American film. Shift beneath her feet follows, endstop  
 Rings midmeasure. Flash sequence, linear proposition. The game of  
 Doubt presupposes a room in which furnishings provide a theory,

Occurrence staged by choice recenters in a photograph as unknown.

Here each day landscape floats flat-bottomed lakes above  
 Graceful ruddering clay. Verdant suffocations mold, the scent of



Underlying circles. Someone no longer native smears a red stripe  
Onto her cheekbone—certainly it is red. Wrapped in a child's blanket

She ages accurate, vigilant. Parabola with nimbus above traditional  
Lines weaving possible variations, as in to be, into the fabric.  
Quicklime stirs the blood, nothing buried in any of us, memory

Tastes, inventing. She is a woman with plans to endure sensible  
Predictions, worn down by freeways, yes too often, trying to

Get off easily, despite a continual thrum of humfish where  
Summer water replenishes the bay. Next time she says as if.  
From the beginning, layers ready, oppressions of bread mark exit.  
The body seized among so many exquisite flaws.

\* \* \*

Dear C, this time everything is true. I equip myself for late night  
Ice diving trips. A friend operates the neon light, but I go down  
Alone. Necessary, though one might drown in the flood of

Surface lumination. Forgetting to move past the edge, down from  
A point of parallel equilibrium into warmer, less arctic visibility.

Poles shift with increasing momentum, then slow.  
Crossroads transform before they disappear. Errors begin to

Make sense, take on precise depth, temperature, then forget.  
I swear slowly into the camera to make my lips move just right,

Already I have said everything about fog. Occasionally cinema is  
My superhighway, breathing dreams that are seen by others.  
Whatever the past wants us to do. Detached melody. Tomorrow he

Will offer to help you surface, where I twist to shed  
Bitter skin and stark high song of wood, decibels of bedlam  
Heard singing. His road labors toward daily repetition, while I  
Want to drink at the fire's cup. I will carve a median of snow, bring  
Gifts for the child in you. Whispering dark mane, pebbled by sun.

\* \* \* \*

Detachment of the eye, myself with you a physics. Telegraphed  
Radiance. Film run backward broken, the beginning always missing.

Behind us roar teacups, edam, divinity. Architecture for the ear,  
World in the world learned early. Jetsam caught among pink thrift

Not like jewels we are leafstalk, branched to record broken  
Convections of asphalt. Eaten among resistant slow bracken.

Another knot tied in the rushrope, memory birthed and ruddling,  
To fix the measure within a phrase of seven others. Fluidity and

Kindness destroy the root, replenished by wavering streets, white  
Stucco and cactus in the yard. Signs glut the rumoring shelves.

Internal structure to abandon doubt or song. Sun halfway between  
Tomorrow rises smoothly through winter fallout. No silence and

Night always unfinished like this—intersected, serpentine,  
Visible moving east from refrain glitter and thicket.

The galaxy of your palm whorls, lined, half-dressed in  
Cottonwood smoke. You slip through a field where the rope turns,  
Loves me, loves me not, prodigal moorings yes.



## Lost Anapest

The ceramist tells you recovery is incomplete.  
There are stars in your mouth to wish from and  
no sensible solutions. Woman of the artist

she is a cycle of nuclear drawings.  
Not knowing she has been released, we revise  
a thematic love affair, blow up as clarity.

Duration wheels the frontier of preference.  
Once we could not get enough of ourselves,  
now we list carefully to the right.

Only phantom walks remain, empty of colors for  
late evening sky. Leaping from the water then  
back, she holds to logic. Asks to begin tomorrow.

Avoiding nervous history, she would have tired  
soon enough, quickened to a hybrid of  
healing provided by another and another.

We incorporate belief and the  
energy of strangers. Time away works  
nicely so far. Chronicled sightings grow.

Authentic error of collapsed linearity,  
Lazarus eats breakfast, reads a letter from his sister.  
Turning or letting go averts momentum. Perhaps it is

too soon to be sure. Birds flock north  
beside the moving car. Plovers, she will tell you.  
A net to hold them in place. Myopic with intention

we tire of view as one more possession.  
Standing absolute, jacket on one shoulder,  
she amazes you with your ignorance.

Still, if all you want to do is comb your hair  
then just go home. Retreat outdoors is cold  
though everything is there. Grasshoppers

litter the street, among roof shards and  
confetti. Tell her there is no.  
Tell her there is a cat in charge of

the theatre. He refuses to wear a turtleneck.  
Alice, glowing with afterbirth, falls into  
adult life. There is too much texture and tapestry

without the almond weft of knotweed. She didn't expect to  
find her way like this. Landscape grows mean, tatters.  
As we speak, the Danube floods through Neuburg.

Ordinary people specialize. Live as optional  
schools of thought. One tree bends in the wind.  
The rest will be gone soon enough.

How different for the gods: a glance of  
possibility is endless. Always the tail  
passes through. White clustered stonecrop

covers the diadrom, blossoms mew  
noisily as they open. Above circling trees  
nightjar ballads walk the rain. Light rattles

each window waking her room early.  
Flexed terrain takes up its worn blue shawl, and  
another apple places itself in the balance.



## Wake

keep going elsewhere

maroon-haired night exhausted  
let the impossible now

after fire take up the next juncture

for the very young ,read voice music  
a new detachment touching the screen

named cloud forms explain us

yes, the rose ,the temperate room

her bed laughter  
wave stretch precipitates

contour of reprieve  
sand girded

threads hook and weave

whatever coarse cloth designs  
assemble it

spring flowers aum  
not quite thirsty

after arid read outreach

mouth spun tools  
slate hand motion  
set in silk the stone mosaic  
spring flowers ohm

the novel stream stepping changed  
where I step and you

notation recovers from

not to lie down exactly  
one's own late night call

deep access or lateral churn

as thirty lift then place elegies

simply out of



## Continue (wing

out of  
night's voice  
to dawn crawling breezeways

out of  
banter : routine  
clutter

each day's phoenix  
faxed spikey green

edged with names  
for entering the body

out of  
banter : routine  
clutter

let-go  
rushing to midwife surf

edged with names  
for entering the body

cold sober noise ether marks in  
safe zone

let-go  
rushing to midwife surf

too many echoes and  
drop-offs

cold sober noise either marks in  
safe zone

from a cobalt bowl dried apricots and almonds  
eaten at the white table

too many echoes and  
drop-offs

how girls from the neighborhood kick the snowman down  
hitting him with branches then  
boot his orange cap under dirt leaf drift

from a cobalt bowl dried apricots and almonds  
eaten at the white table

not yet : our battlefield  
respite flower

how girls from the neighborhood kick the snowman down  
hitting him with branches then  
boot his orange cap under dirt leaf drift

ocean outlook nitrogen framed

measurement suits her

not yet : our battlefield  
respite flower

ocean outlook nitrogen framed

while we are the story along  
a mountain trail

measurement suits her



placing a center nearby  
while we are the story along  
a mountain trail

just do what we ask  
how to proceed in the forest pulse dream

placing a center nearby  
where tule rush breathes clean  
chronic fog skin day

just do what we ask  
how to proceed in the forest pulse dream

telephone stop voice with  
park fenced afterward

where tule rush breathes clean  
chronic fog skin day

week-scurried and cagey we  
dart from the blind

telephone stop voice with  
park fenced afterward

out of  
night's voice  
to dawn crawling breezeways

week-scurried and cagey we  
dart from the blind

each day's phoenix  
faxed spikey green

## Acclimation

Lightning closure invent us wary past a sharp-edged  
Tracing prodigal zig-zag flourish from bright colored silk  
Through wrapt sound bruising, placed to turn violet weft  
A fog smooth echo moment construed focus  
Ruddering eye storm declinations trigger in  
No one to call to ask bridge sway hallucinations  
Gaudy forceps mud and silt smooth text suspending  
Stories out the window tissues flutter, conspire  
Laid end to end unfolding o impossible pure  
Beacon, a finite retro-chic nostalgia  
Appanage between replicating gestures carved in  
Life disjunctions phrase bowed wind strung struggle with  
River water up the basement stairs into  
Grid reservoir mood ghetto persona another  
Harmonic slipping in and out equation  
Last at yes climbing day futures the lattice green  
First time through whatever happens after so much  
Expectation coached and governed spring serve us



Countermove to work in scat prayer black metonymy  
Form bound scent sweet    mapping hands touch as one  
Another oscillation clip waterleaf idiom to drift  
Pitch and scale cracked open, plumbed    warp so bright  
Petals explode, merge with silence constellating to  
Alter attention slightly    discovery fails to  
Recall duration curved into what you mean to me

## eight o' clock Mesa

plastic bags white flag prairie sage  
electric wire fenced clouds leap ,sprawl  
sequin foothill mountains walk me  
in gaunt wait buck rabbits freeze here  
slow turned eye fix asphalt heat shrill  
bark, bird call, bead count, gravel rings  
as traffic lit moons puddle skip  
red acequia spill ,oil streaks  
the packed horizon scrawls cross laced  
stranded by pocket pager I  
move on ,hand to foot thought pulls through  
flower tree branch spring blown dust zones  
where monsoon tempered sun stretches  
straight up ,slide westerly leaf drop  
coined fire from blue plate sky ,mares tails  
sweep ,turn coat collar up against  
night's thick plumage    scar erasures



this cul-de-sac's torn box spring scape  
where bent streetlight buzzed nature stares  
caught moth ,transparent wrap flickers

## Makeshift Singularity

The sequence to arrival is no longer clear. Staying  
up all night she plays the viola, revising  
monologues to Britten, each note relentlessly timed,  
clotted with ash buds, then winter. A diary for trio.  
Tomorrow promises a game of draw. Pounding the  
steering wheel, she will drive through L. A. against  
neon flash rhythm. Seawater grazes  
an unfinished coastline. Here July's wasp heat  
  
stretches gypsum dunes. We play at comfort,  
a duologue for detachment, like changing jobs or cologne,  
small change leaves behind. If she stays it means cool weather,  
answering voices filled with confetti. Stratosphere of  
bird, flower, and mountain stream, she turns the sundial.  
Weeks in Agate Beach breathe whitewash pebbles that  
help her to decide. Coming home late she exaggerates the  
half-burnt sky. Painters arrive, become the subject of paint,  
obstruction to be tricked, then broken. Just knowing necessity,



like a list of maneuvers, followed by names of someone to  
draw her in. One must be firm when given by invention,  
electronic woodbine takes over the pulse. After writing  
letters to former—or is it absent—lovers, life sails the  
underbelly of her favorite scenic monuments. That large dog in  
her path is a bear after all, warned off by decision the  
way she calls out over her shoulder. Moving toward a speed of  
dominance. Endurance bouquet yielded to  
so much clarity. Media takes over as main event, a structure of  
music dispensing any color we choose. Unsigned variants flourish.  
Between composer and her audience, familiar ground  
evaporates with memory or Stonehenge, signals where another  
may begin. Pages of hail melt against warm glass.  
We hadn't thought of what she may insist upon,  
each twig placed carefully for concealment, for ambush.

## Virga

### I

*(Iphigeneia. . . traces  
along the subterranean)*

day stanzas    clockworked collage emerges  
out of radiant blood sweep  
the lotus blush times me  
explained theatre's green tent shrinks  
exploding heat  
unable to speak with understanding  
sets out a proposition to account for yes ,for no  
and nothing wastes along the interval  
crossed, uncrossing  
however we wish to  
as I was saying tomorrow habit carries  
everything I know, inhabit  
wind growls along the outside walls  
too late for preparation's retelling  
in no time to wait  
she shows me how a ghostectomy will be performed  
verify, not sky but ceiling  
night black mare cuts through sandshadow  
to carry a point of view into  
immaculate full stop



—with passage of swallowed sun, untenable body I let go  
memory protests. mute splittings tread water

notion of beauty to delineate scars  
trace the cut myrrh at her thigh

next what is not knowing crosshairs planted we trigger  
privilege construes the rubble

memento mask self gaze tongue woven in—

you are my spinning compass flower  
bent beside this promenade of

dials and gadgetry where  
snow, according to the screen  
continues to fall

so slowly the wax warms  
declare me not guilty by reason of

undertake anyway through fertile clouds  
morning hands us

despite all the uncollected  
dreams we've brushed aside to reach from

four-wheel drive devours each  
composed and vacant sandhill

listen count gifts in a can of wasps  
half-opened questions require me

taking turns I fashion in  
one more way to arrange damp twigs and clay found here

leave obstinate *apollo*  
beside the driftwood's curve

beg(in further

## II

(...outside air heaves above faxed rivers  
prodigal flute I forget the taste of coins  
in my mouth)

blocked light I wend through  
stopping to move old furniture  
along with puzzle fobs that

*psyche* contrives to leave  
primitive recordings, voice prints brace  
against lives we edge and wrap

a purse to lie down in

exquisite *medusa* hangs  
like other vestments we commit to memory

first song beaten on pans and ladle  
someone will pick up to fill again

today's daughter sacrificed for  
just right winds the horizon shifts out of  
gust lily, weatherdeck my chart(er

struck in gilt-fogged goals  
on which we float  
by whatever means into

who you are transitions  
graffiti code—devil dawg, knave desert

roadweed, I sprout. incisors shape the  
firewheel blossom, jagged green

southwest snow channel  
runoff to litter delta  
drift harbor, this wreckage moors in you  
song trellis out of red-haired october



traffic lit dawn  
an echo quilt prism after criminal beacon-strafted night

you are my prayer belt  
life praxis pond clock  
transcribe the machinery of afterthought  
of entry gong  
the circle's trigonometry

disruption provides us a round bread ballooning  
plait this red crown center

silk threads the body mind

dianthus into lilac sky streaks  
cirrus net patched, wavers

cloudburst

—ozone tears along a mapped plane  
earth squared by woodfire through cadmium waters  
what happens is, blood drawn helix unfurls

boundary for extinction  
persimmon turnip pomegranate we become in

to say gold leaf to say ash wood to say porcelain  
until half-life sift worlds shape this one—

to confront the next meal  
in what clothes to wear. life chest

III

*(drift terrain. night distills the  
cliff face, then mountain crest)*

brushlight aura holds, palpates  
comfort(ing the only comfort(er

after so much absence  
relapse into time. take my arm so I do not drift

think me in opposite. choose sides  
territory plays out, divides  
into the last word masked clipped by  
mood wills lush, fallow

—the goat's horn, an example, hollows breaking  
a sculpted sensation platform flash leaps seesaw

to open a door collected  
day's capital consuming  
glance carried transmutes fragile equilibrium  
upper under  
offshore the santa anas, the seasons will not hear you—

demeter continues her search  
where leda assembles the stars

we think the arrangement well-crafted, a pictorial map  
iced, foiled

a way to carve out the in)visible

in you, for example, the presence that will be  
when all the stars are dead

each day I return to life, an appetite for  
mackerel sky  
to figure as though world like this exists  
even hermes does not describe



each curve of the sacred knot  
 bird cry edges the broom and the silverberry  
 expected phoenix laughter along  
 plaiting we've hit upon, to serve  
 whatever has occurred for now  
 a kitchery foraged, combined  
 my time field you ride  
 yesterday over breaking ground  
 cat-belled dust curve  
 camilla lines the towpath  
 with black-white dress, a cape of butterflies  
 grass queen, hecate, in the crop of a brown bird  
 woman inside the woman turns three times  
 where faxed rivers rework themselves  
 into louder, shorter decibels  
 traffic signals translate  
 sacred shadow  
 fire discloses the water mirror  
 hands full as a child's. nothing held back for sleep's twin  
 steal past the dog yards  
 with gates locked high along the palings

Notes:

The three sections of "Virga" imagine collected musings for Iphigeneia, the Sumerian triple-aspect goddess who precedes the more familiar Greco-Roman symbol (daughter of Clytemnestra and Agamemnon sacrificed for fair winds to Troy).

VIRGA [<L. rod, a twig] 1. the plainsong VIRGA is interpreted as a quaver; a square note with a stem or tail 2. streaks of precipitation that appear to be attached to an undersurface of cloud and usually evaporate before reaching the ground....the presence that will be / when all the stars are dead is a variation on a line by Rilke from "Buddha in Glory."

Each section of "Virga" contains 47 lines. Seven under)lines are woven into each section. These seven lines have to do with the environmental sculpture work of artist Mel Chin (who was 47 in '98).



## And You

In the beginning anything is possible.

Such drama required, fused with tranquility.

Her body, fragile, devours the comfort of her life.

Bad luck cultivates an unapparent symmetry.

Married, a glass mountain, she is the rope maker's daughter.

On the twentieth we will talk of the past,

There is little to fear—curious. A gift, letting go

of disrepair. Ready weeds embraced.

Imagine time a fashion. It is always an effect.

Wednesday frozen, halts. A tournament,

arbitrary. Listening I no longer think of her.

Fabric discarded, thin, a trained bird.

She learns peripheral passion. Notes

any excuse. The voice an index, energy—material.

Private grief, diversion. Nothing to be gained except

## In Cohering

Checkout zone. fixed grid fruit separate if how many

Consonant foliations warm us to enough

Way ending let the street play on. rough-edged stirring

Amid wet reeds waked in the belly of

Tossed stick piecework we voice one another buds from

Poplar, laurel, beech, and fir. scudding rags harnessed

Fire among spindle trees bite of pitch wine

A hook to sing ringwood and animal flower legacy

Pressed by dictions of history. furrows lined to

Stay afloat window open-mouthed beside the

Foot of the climb. *to be to be* punctuated in

Descent of grey geese, you are the fiction that becomes

She said me as afterthought. a place of

Arrival—no more yes each step drums to

Polished mosaic shards worked backward, then reverse thrust

Midflight blip-on-the-screen legacy to swallow the bell

Spin and rhythm alter, like actual adagio dancers

Vogued revisitation subset in smoke. censoring entry



A surface staged for exaggerating other, or  
Disguised shrug with intermittent light rain—the base for  
Repeated spring deposed in play in manic listening  
A litany of motion names us. filed nearby  
She must be something touching through you engulf coasts  
Further to bring us here. estates awash into

## Black Top River Fires / a Corona

1

Grace length, a fresh uncertain sea we branch in  
back flipped through calm and storm childhood expirations  
a fresh rooted ribbon grass love pulls into why, perhaps  
fractals compose the house or spawn July, not music  
we could hear before searching today talk for how much  
depends upon the seasons and their addictions  
beginning in June shower flood rattle, night balance  
drift shuttles through us after tight packed time limits the  
sunlight inscribed on sticky kitchen implements left  
out beneath the harpsichord of morning's cold click and  
crack circuitry where we press ahead of ourselves  
assured and inadvertent through automated shade.



2

Assured and inadvertent through automated shade  
birds chirp happily over bits of turf doled out  
for one more season, hostage to all that we hold  
charted then revise as the layers turn a corner  
lost before we catch up to see just what it was  
we had come out to practice old flight patterns over  
with no two days the same amid air bubbles rising  
to check baggage we've slipped on board, upkeep falling  
on somebody who should know how much is enough to  
repair the brushwork for day to day entries in  
hard ground graffiti tag leaving no bed, no chair, just  
overfed finch spirals from plastic cup ramble drum.

3

Hard ground graffiti tag leaving no bed, no chair, just  
buzzsaw block opera no had warned her to want  
even less where two belled icecream trucks arrive at six  
minus house blessing soaked rum cake and strawflowers  
orange bright possession after smile practice work day  
derailed once more upon some hillside or cranny she  
happened along picking up all those blocks and paper  
hand fire depends on reaching for, breadrope taut in the  
joy of us hanging here, warp hair curves accommodate  
for now at least defined as somewhere to go in  
secretly breathed strata we uncover to make  
each breezeway an instrument shapely questions tune.



For now at least defined as somewhere to go in  
 minutiae's dogged trek eastward through traffic weft  
 where I can't help skipping after red shift dwarf  
 and puny star target landscape dreamed by someone  
 I have not been able to place along a force of  
 stop go street chipped I thought I saw stopping lit  
 fabric that tumble slides in perfectly collective  
 cartoons for the usual order we call out to  
 harness the triangle of summer's harmonious  
 recision however it glows and ebbs in  
 horizon slip tread burning here at the water's edge  
 where we draw up angles in fresh compass thorn.

Harness the triangle of summer's harmonious  
 litter we ride leaf shaped and wind strung property of  
 quarks flung circlish, haiku lace diameter while  
 chance fiscal maze data bites at our heels, o erratic  
 sea squared brasswork we keep fitted, then call about  
 to verify for level of alternate current  
 and reciprocity providing just so much  
 hallucinogenic skin over cat voice dawn  
 split rose cords to sum up the daily mouthful of  
 dirt snow-in-summer replanted streaks viridian  
 pluck and waver reflections to see you through the  
 tunnel to day howling black top river fires.



Hallucinogenic skin over cat voice dawn  
 navigates place in spooled thread space spark  
 truck meaning handmade words in divot theft  
 root wash to green flutter under motion light set now  
 to keep that brown bear out of the garden's lush compost  
 during heat gauze night's westerly friction moon bloomed  
 shadow sweep across plastic chair stark dreamyards of  
 possible lives while I sit here looking at  
 nothing in particular despite leaf clatter  
 trapping too little left to struggle under  
 the fence we set out skillfully to divide these  
 places chewed and beaten by sun stoned labor into

shadow sweep across plastic chair stark dreamyards of  
 music shaped to the body through centuries of  
 test driven plunder stock piles high in the corner jammed  
 do you like pick up and play blues instead of  
 saw sung rose imbedded text glissando pitch  
 talking why not grammars for how the spark steps out to  
 claim a certain magnitude superfluous work tropes in  
 check list dragged—state of joy intact—through partly built  
 light motif no one can enter without waking the  
 house dog to sounds of shovel scrape street song or other  
 familiar happiness we may not bear after  
 in place too long too often climbs the ladder.



Talking why not grammars for how the spark steps out to  
 matters hung around in giddy yard trim fusings  
 discover again this pocket sift chant moment  
 lapsed with brine glare sea spread oil blooms inflamed  
 task tongue mirrors her stuck in the wave in what peril  
 forward, o numerical rose, I could use at least  
 four more until bills pile high amid other  
 smelling salts that bring me to at the freeway onramp  
 where I wake in promise breaking all around me  
 toward these drab and useful truths we drive at until  
 groundcloth, not too rough and not too soft, fields someone  
 who recounts a way we've cast the ribbing of it.

Task tongue mirrors her stuck in the wave in what peril  
 the ocean singing back to her in rock breadth  
 carry tether to move perfectly long not sleep walked  
 through harnessed sun splice after bright white turbulence  
 into lilac soak morning you no longer no  
 you're going whatever happens the game will be  
 up as they say and then the poles rest waiting for the  
 next mood song—flash us through green grass fresh night air  
 cut to lowered ceilings—we are never on our own  
 though we like to talk not yet bereft of wont's contagion  
 windblaze we collect countries entire by any means  
 to shelve other bric-a-brac an added room inspires.



Through harnessed sun splice after bright white turbulence  
 we preen dew stunned by a first October morning  
 colossal virus being electronic drift here we  
 network tapping on the wall dear wire stitched other  
 into being, into continual search beam  
 watt range then through a brief exchange of letters borne  
 toward borrowed nest horizon we hadn't noticed  
 marking the end of a hairpin towpath given the  
 distraction of so many deceptively  
 life-like and natural specimens set out along  
 the route we just happen to find ourselves treading  
 with all these surfaces we hadn't found time to

colossal virus being electronic drift here  
 we slip turn rushing tessellate flight wake tossed to  
 whirl cued grackle frame reach out of drum lift foot bent  
 bridge span stretch where none of it will finish in time  
 slung wide and driven past the loudest barking dog  
 gate open or not amid a rustle of house plans  
 and how to brace the lock after sweeping up corners  
 then and now gather matching triggered if she moves  
 far enough her side ladder upcast rung slant  
 swarmed in clamber clawed and scandent grip  
 release sprung through middle ear memory of  
 nonsense rhyme a music danced, we hold one another.



We slip turn rushing tessellate flight wake tossed to  
 someone knocking at the door rhythm hunger this  
 morning in the body's unable to sleep frost night  
 yardshift shadow cruel twist tease oak stalk house slaps  
 and other unfit doors gust swung we fogwalk through  
 in reference bracketing weather we keep  
 not finding what we find here even together  
 light pared perennial hatchwork frames whatever  
 recurs a habit handed off and running we take  
 over the next gap motion drunk on step stone hurdle  
 plumb fallen launch spurred to snowtipped summer mooring  
 grace length, a fresh uncertain sea we branch in.

## From Then

Hiss and click spark streetward, waver. A sky held up  
 amid small, flat-bottomed seas. Intervoice with  
 cello latitude. Brooding skeleton strung by  
 doubt. What if glide hop. Diligent airtooled body then

amid small, flat bottomed seas. Intervoice with  
 sun fused stream flood result practicing for  
 doubt. What if glide hop. Diligent airtooled body then  
 rush begins one part constrained, agape a proof

sun fused stream flood result practicing for  
 sonic net drag, random future wide to clang and peal.  
 Rush begins one part constrained, agape a proof  
 day predicts us. Crane sung motion across

sonic net drag, random future wide to clang and peal.  
 Always another side in release echoing  
 day predicts us. Crane sung motion across  
 it will be it and which story chips away at

always another side in release echoing  
 aftermath. Perhaps what is meant by this begins  
 it will be it and which story chips away at  
 key elements haphazard bow strike meditation

aftermath. Perhaps what is meant by this begins  
 in frame bent light preceding yourself with dance,  
 key elements haphazard bow strike meditation.  
*Black willow question* as undercolor, as garland

in frame-bent light preceding yourself with dance,  
 with patchwork stay sail swallows thrown to shifted wind.  
*Black willow question* as undercolor, as garland.  
 Breath borne down catches the updraft home free

with patchwork stay sail swallows thrown to shifted wind.



How will it turn a sticky prism hands us.  
Breath borne down catches the updraft home free  
telling a circular field horizon points rewind.

How will it turn a sticky prism hands us.  
Intermittent yesterday unfurls raft line clouds  
telling a circular field horizon points rewind.  
Simply to accomplish long. Spill into later

intermittent yesterday unfurls raft line clouds.  
Hiss and click spark streetward, waver. A sky held up  
simply to accomplish long. Spill into later  
cello latitude brooding skeleton strung by.

## Marginalia

*Today, tomorrow's intersection of metaphors*

Leave her film clips behind. frail optimism a synapse the

Marketplace a wordly body, the body erotic painted  
Open landscape trim for shrublit windows. premonitions of

August measure *I might I might*. one sail in the  
perimeters of weather

We have been there before. cracked and broken edges curl,  
struggle against the  
Skin, audible breaths face off to wander gorseroofed hills.  
an outside passage

Converted burweed, if not you then her life no longer broken

Whenever she wakes, the house in flames, capped white surface  
*drum vibrating*

Night signals already neon. easier to find parts of  
Yourself going back over. other directions flat, full of holes and

Upside down a price left waiting. I have you to learn before  
it is too late  
Chipped girlhood extrapolation, the text discards her.  
*distal stimuli*

Before can be worse. there hope, if breaking, fiber pathways.  
deeper diving timed.



Let me see translations disclose a grate crossed atrium. shatter  
Under the high fence boxed chickens flock. *please me, o*  
purposeful chance

Imagine her armor scarves. the wet skin dried, amaze us.  
coiled to  
Dance the root hair upward, taking the sun. this measure of  
woman you  
Engineer meaning in *tenderness hostage flesh*. toothed  
chronology

Amid high pitched voices our random childhood. noise a song  
we bring

Memory acts its own accords. ambient fish caught. time was  
there when  
Walls beat against the sack. tomorrow intersected, falsetto sky  
pinned

Cradled full enough to drive the mountain boundaries.  
summer this under

A salt bitten tongue *turned holograms flower*. keep score.  
emptiness a quartet for  
Reed cities blown, abstract owl trees cut through waxing cellos.  
erupt, insistent

Fault layered strata bloom. numbers assigned, though little else

Beneath garish cloud ware. fallow, clay footing slipped and fired  
Where notched pages transpire her. *life a promise wheeled and*  
*mooring*

Theory for reflected angles. tilt of the head speaks mirror, code,  
echo

She might wish though *something else expects her*.  
episodes at last  
Link well enough. we show up perhaps to work on Monday.  
teased from

Gapped terrain. what you wanted, you want still. this grief,  
this contagion of stars



## Foraging Gesture for G. B.

Lucky dog! Breaking time barriers out through the skylit loft to

Tell your story when even the newspaper is no longer about what  
We know. Sentences line up, look toward next week. Tomorrow

Classified between fast foods. Better than why, one more  
Omission cements the unintended fact. Targets move about the

Room, and windows unveil succeeding layers. In the beginning  
Drenched with history—not a word to fit neatly over her life  
Repeating itself—lunch meanders through chronology, a motion

Telescoped as future event horizon. Though neatly we foreshadow,  
Agree to text together, condition a happy ending, parallels do not

Commit themselves. Wash your hands. Cross-hatch do and learn,  
What someone else needs in the beginning. For moonrock, for ice,  
Generations blend on aluminum foil whatever it takes to bring you  
Out and keep you there. Territory inflamed, beside itself, Lines

Drawn in somewhere. Subducting plates rift, ignite a choked  
Coastline, spilling our house dispersed on narrow pages, bearing  
Who will clear the rubble, who will dress us for the great outdoors.

★ ★

No one dreams like this. Too much laughter and symmetry.

Look at the brush stroke. Single gestures break backward into the  
Throat, scat sung, strident vowels. I clap my hands over my ears.

Cicadas ripe today. There, here, double reeds brace volatile air  
knocked sideways, spliced ground performs echo. Reformed  
Constellations erase in approaching cities. This month heavy with

Sparks and barking dogs, fashionably clothed in movement caught  
By the hawk's beak, loved with precise intensities of light  
Belief closes. Gentle reader, life begins in unsteady terrain,

not easily  
Tied off. Each hour's testament a militant variable struck  
Among buttonwood branches to link the malleable clouds.  
Horses unriden grow fat, ragged along their stubbling horizons  
At what risk as marble fluting to rock in the dark before this fire

Beside bitter, white windows, splitting fuel under a tiny drum  
In the wrist, barometers migrant in the body, flickering in  
Each body. I no longer put away detail. Fine crimson dust  
Refuses to wash from work gloves, from straw tenured

In the gap, a shorthand through dense yew tree rings describing.



## Braking the Neutron

Life thrives in the fluid throat  
of a yellow pitcher plant. We swim  
through history, surrender to politics.  
First memory of land becomes the counter-  
clockwise twist of taproot flesh. Survival  
frames an aerial photograph—military, secret.  
Innocent we take the front lines.  
Fictions of geography furrow the marrow, the ganglia.  
Marsh bees rival their bright flowers.  
A void could bloom from implosions of the heart.  
Madness is private, fierce.  
There is an island for approach I know.  
I search every portion of ground in order to  
imagine it. Walk housed in a black-white coat,  
pictures of time sewn into my pocket.  
We see one small arc in the spectrum of light,  
every sound is a color against the dark.

Visions flood the landscaped scrim of the eye,  
a jewel orchid astounds the forest floor.



## A Way (to

ceiling half again as high construes the make do  
aftermath, what now domain. pale grass fronds drenched  
morning red, east plume range condition weighed against  
alternate grammar for soprano fragment, we note  
other than ourselves aspired floral subtext  
cloud petalled years revise to silver clatter, microtone  
adjustments yield. death alphabets the child notion  
toward water voiced through waiting trees, rushing floor as  
entry clock, oasis tempo hunger pinned with  
knot wood sail conditions. sound palette a religion of  
midday sister to theater where she planned simply  
saying motion. conclusion unacceptable the  
  
rust wall replaces enticing black as flight  
design grounded, array locus wind shift cadence  
ribbed fluid provides power or other air grid  
compressions to suggest a quaint happiness  
*denotata* undertaken, sift us gently through

ferocious cold spoken. elemental variants  
counterpole into hand warmed light, pitched to  
shard colors and brief drama daily life tracks the  
struggle a basic violet tradition soil calls into  
spring typewritten where necessary though  
lying down undreamed is also chosen while  
slash burn field placement tightens across the tongue



## To Gather Us

Pull index. she is an example of

White ruddered black dress material music chant through

Shadow mode addicted margins extend, repeat

Too early to reach, yet she thinks when to cross scissor

A single particle of dust at the inner ring

Too early to reach backward for once out of her head

Limb of the moon stretched left into sunrise terminating

A measure to pitch the body up out of

All odds contoured. large gall-oak sweet amid

Prairie anemone under snow melt meaning holograms

Coined in the skyline's red sweating palm

Breath contrives a new room. remembering differenced

Aversion index. floor diverges, bows upward

One more hook through which we paint secondary light the

Long shelf stocked with tonic variations flanked by

Each day's progression through boxed rivers

We waver, crest acts received, monitored

Ground water shift insisting where the gate shores

Tin and steel frocking. uncoiled road broken in

Wandering drift nets undersong wrapped forever with

Strings we let fall. arachne displacing herself after

One more hook through which we borrow fire, recycle

Glass clouds. bargain more or less this only

Summer apogee averaged, present in lives leading



## Water Table

wind sharp summer glaciers  
drift hold

pull us through untied blue

bent twig reflections  
not the same burning platform when the  
hunt is over

catbird life sorted to  
taste neatly pulled from

her own thick sheath of missing branches  
and all she calls this

fall short space walk

where swimming to the bottom  
looks easy enough at first

until she twists out in scissor kick

draft skin air  
reflex

any expected constellation for  
yes the way she

staples deaf and faulty dog day variants  
narrow in long full

wrap spin governed by commas under  
fair to partly cloud scale

caught at last with yellow broom scent

gorged light after  
small snow-lipped pansies

reschooled painting of  
the hillside to pick if

conditions furl  
bright feet amid splay rib plaitings

for this late hour  
with a virtual community

rubbing our eyes



## Transitions for Eurydice

1

reliquary for

particle drift in scream of  
stellar's jay

dialectic spintunnel ,turn it up and

think

dinner music space altar ladder

she, the range in each bright spinning song  
how could he not look back

at her

subtract

green beaking wit

past vectors litter us

paisley ceiling and boat

voice her

contiguous tunings

2

pitiless motion right up to the opening line  
where the main trick is to drag reality into  
some kind of afterlife, what kind of woman  
is this who will not return after

stellar radius

refraction stemflow

cleaving data ,float back

gift for flash grief and murder

dutiful clarity ,means us

through deep throat nuclear magnet resonance

margins work into silence

the right number for a page



3

after yes, how to ask. her story knots  
she heavily wooded wake after  
cleft sea  
reweave the tonal center  
gaze shifted  
shift(ing

trail of cirrus flight plucked geometry between

white hills. necklace of seed

evening beads pattern for swallow

she reflects herself  
stand kindle splitting

4

question  
more or less a calendar

blindflowers  
foreground the park bench with grackle (transfluent  
autumn glaze  
cold licking wind)

bound cities gnaw  
dusk girdled trees

she speaks from memory

,seared translation

recycles the bite of waiting

reeded ground worked to grip us



5

note expected speech melody, wherein today

signs

breathe shelter. she performs each of eight cello parts

then flute

raddled holding zone in mystical undress

yield

industrial longing to

dogged rappelling against the beat

6

not yet a variation for

moon ring blinding

leaf dialogue

relentless wind banter

branches the cottonwood

bright mechanisms circle

,deciduous surface

what is left

saving index ,detached caesura

bridge

direction mistaken

a theory of natural morning



7

after you , she rebuilds the voyage

o, actual prescient wave

vertical rushlight sweep

could she

*as they say*, pull it off without dropping the  
delicate curlew's song right into the choked  
river along with that faithful couplet inventory  
begun in small neat hand so many years ago  
fueled by magnifying weft of seasonal polemic

still, tomorrow is another

resonant vocation in our hand over hand up through  
old accretions the air wearing darker fabric this year  
though after paying bills it all seems to add up to  
morning exercises and a craving for sweet relativity  
drums empty and placed nearby for fresh observations

8

this is

just what we'd come to expect after a flock of  
waxwings went off in another direction despite  
that promise we all made to live at the surface  
after taking so long to get back in time to pre-  
pare for the worst November ever to revision us

it never begins and

with no silent preface

precise stem unravel

slow applied lacework

winter latitude requires



9

today's timbred features, you say

(a shapely voice in woodchips and string) yes

she is a code he carries with him

though he cannot explain

you tell me

night's giddy pulse

adapt the deafening clock chant

disconnect a world in (our deep bedding books

errant topography resound us

tone motion

jagged white clue sculptures temper the

context in which we find ourselves

plaiting chance *some* words

as homeless amid a politic of  
moviestars

10

out of burnt wick inventions the

aberrating line

emptiness tracks our marveling upward burst

tintinnabuli voice

continuing stories of

marriage demon double wind chime sphere in the palm

eleven months ,orchestral waiting



11

unravel fertile sky ,sitting continues  
to knead the world-bred hold

surface change edgeline weave

starfueled knots resist

intense medical syntax thistled

her glass void maze broken  
for armor and space

frantic compass chanced

12

what is this tracing in random traversal

spilled into body down and  
other explanatory layers

premonition  
one word under another

hyphen-anchored blur:

specialist in first snow fall, she turns

queuing  
elision rough white mazurkas

choreographed

larceny as desire



13

between the airplane and fax

elements from  
a mural of sleep

elaborately staged to  
accomplish time ,pleasure in various bearings

weird and unfit beauties

collect underground

weapons outside

shaking ,shaking hands

overcurrent left  
uneaten

14

yellow oak leaves fall in fogbowed light of late  
october sunrise each day its own fiction placing  
who you are now and other little numbers blown  
to contradictory rain that happens to echo some  
vision or other displaced air mass affecting how

you might wake to snow or another log on a hyp  
odermic calligraphy that extends our latest migr  
ation as vibrant but fleeting battle lines the park  
ing lot resurfaced and posted omit in epilogue w  
here connection of chthonic mouths bud reflecti



15

ride the slip-steam center to center

lightning repertoire

she  
stubble canto

shifting ,shift(ed)  
voices material in the

grappling planescape

waked and warping lineaments

,fractal promise  
facing

16

sun-sacked pocket nourishment for opening's  
broken movement  
life plotted  
one must look ,vacate

she compiles the flood of oakbrush  
then abrupt bluestem and grama

stepping ,barefoot in  
wheeling toothed  
meadow

this petty making sense where

relentless exhalations exchange



17

fragility extends her intense yesterday harmonic

sum of parts idiom  
contradiction which instruments  
life-tuned

required doubt beautied as paradox work discourse

ferocious occasion engorged  
just intonation

18

who gives her imprisoned blackberries

next door  
claims avoidance  
for dread for intuition

she is communion (not  
chosen

transmission turning interior artifacts  
new conversation  
triggered  
marking

future edifice lost to differences he others  
she wheeling rebus  
resurrection forged silk

mindful like all

dissonant foliation  
recover

invent  
struck domain echo

now requires you



,then

Day sift(ings. Always new resonance inheres. Unlined night  
journal slant gridfruit letters. How much means a word might bear  
up under to continue as timely we pass through. To write, to read,  
to what accompaniment. White leaf. Erasures we exist in. Or.  
The bell itself, you swing back and forth ringing. Interstitial  
voices pitch. Outside drift holds. Tidal, biting. Shadow rustled  
clouds plume. Virga. Borderline tag becoming. Today palette  
primed with sponges and trowel. Occasions in the word mean us,  
construct a seashore and its cottage. Actual rudder across work  
lives earn. To wet the tongue suppose other. Earth round thirst to  
use. Voices enter thought sting enclosure. Not here the boxed  
lunch for takeout beside a black white meadow in sunlight as  
turned up life. What tests where coherence lays its drone, its rasp  
coordinates? If truth were known, perhaps nothing could be  
further from memorized wells, arranged by opposite pole flash  
mystery. Reflected effects devise further. To say so much reduces  
clarity. Where we meet we become, became. Haze plumbed  
guesswork measures in. A visible hunger. Mood arrangements  
material. With you life mined. Touching each page for warmth,  
story brief moorings I search. Edge smoke curls acrid, already  
cooling. Vague fictions inform each transit, pathways rumored for  
consciousness impressed, expressing. Herself discourse margins,  
how(ever we go on. These poems word to fit and exceed frames in  
which we find ourselves shaping. Then, deflecting aftersong,  
place by rattle tap and tensions various. Weatherdecks(toward

enter

diamond

breath sleeve

to dilate the pupils

enter

screen flash

hyperflame

click ,enter



though backup messages arrive  
wherein life draws you through beauty of flight and other  
disturbing pleasures. Howl, search, to open mask curtains  
proportioned for root, for carry, above our driving furies and  
hunger for yellow smoke sky. Excavate. Diagnose silence and its  
echoes. Inside the tailored line, laughter beside lapsed shaking.  
Echo's partners doze at the back of a room, too much risk  
committed to memory. I hear you ask me what this means. I want  
to tell you a persisting melodic foliage. More than egression as  
bright colored birds. Not an opaque screen, but openings to cross  
point stripes that variegate the usual imperatives carrying our lives  
along ecliptic consistencies. And where you are written, particular

The list of illustrated words are from a pocket American Heritage Dictionary, second college edition; Holt, Rinehart Winston, 1983.