

NATURE AND SPIRIT



Poems by A.S.Kline

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Then With The Dead

Then with the dead
we shall see
what all this being-here meant,
not the dark god
trembling in shade,
not the transubstantiation,
the sift of dust,
of ashes that once were hearts,
of sand that once was bone,
nor the absence
or presence,
but something else,
process of mind,
that which we really were,
moving
with insubstantial things,
in the sea of time,
and not now among angels,
or men, but out there
with the earth
and its creatures.

Constructing a crystal of light
elusive
deep in the heart of the process,
a way,
so that each mouth, kiss,
memory, becomes
mind and its flickering.
You say this is loss. I say
it is what we are,
and will be,
and no longer flesh
on fire for stillness or stars:
so in the fragments of light,
looking back,
you will see with
the eyes of the dead,
what we are,
how we are,
the elusive signs
of our being.

Two

In the intertwined mind
two shadows
closed together,
lock together their other-time
place of arousals
with fire and joy images
sealed
in a similar site.

Joining of clocks and light.
Hands of mind
encounter,
climb
at the core of the sworn sea,
finding a moment.
Not till I clasp you in darkness
lie down
in the bed of grey clouds
on the hills,
not till I sign
the covenant of gold,
and the dark of your hair,
will the god sink to a halt,
his rod on the ground,
to regard the man
in seminal dawn.

In the dark joined
to the height of a tree,
body is mind,
the prayers are known,
the response,
the alphabet's letters are known,
each one has its place,
the stars change constellations
in time
to a sharper line,
we see each eye in the dark,
see how it works,
what it sees,
the amazing pain, the strange
unworldly slots, voices,
the chain, the beaten gold,
the flesh, the core.

Mirror of Light

In the tree's
light-burst and burden
of flower
is the silent
growing of what
comes to be
from itself beyond
this bounded knowing.

And the world opens
a glove
to show us a hand
that is empty
world in the core
of ourselves
the shiver of light.

Who knows from what
meaning we come,
birds of no passage,
found here, rootless
with no nest
and no tree,
only this space,
and pure time.

In the tree's flare
of white, in the ditch

where the thorn tree explodes,
in the bare field,
the lines of mute earth,
I wake: we wake:
you wake: and they –
all the white hedges.

And where they stay
flickering, dying,
we move on
into a further process
another becoming,
lost in it.
You are an eye, a mouth,
a word, O, a word,
and I am
a mirror
where pain
and joy
sing.

World Does Not Wait

World will not wait
for us, silent,
it shines,
over the ancient face, over
stone, chest,
column, root,
hedge, or the source
of the water.

World gleams for,
in,
itself,
empty of time. We,
we are the process,
of time,
unwritten text,
un-pressed wax,
the bud, the unopened one.

World, light,
in the deep dark
flickering and stirring,
so that mind touches
mind
and flesh touches flesh
and we
become
for a moment

the columns of fire.

Brightness rests
in the object,
the word,
in the careless possessed
that, un-posessed,
lives beyond us.
We should be joy,
our fate is not
to be encased in this Earth.
Live. Live beyond.

World will not wait
for us, but always, waits,
always, there,
its silence, power
still soft, vibrating,
to daze the heart,
make us find
the love, that shakes us,
for inanimate things,
and so
prepares us
for the animate.

All Mountain, No Eye

Universe, free of cause,
owns this existence,
sweet nature's complex,
manifold, twist
of idea,
bright wisp of inner light,
solid, to hand.

Loving the line of mountains,
cloud, valley, air,
distance as open,
this human shape
rendered small.
What sight, trembling, the weight,
powerlessness, outreach!

You without reason,
you yet exist,
sweetness, a human
sweetness, an incandescence.

Thesis

Your words
brought to mind,
Khajuraho, Ajanta,
where no-one
is object.
Reconstructing,
black, white
on the purer glass,
I entered the mind
you once had, and saw,
the light falling
over your nakedness,
not unclothed,
your openness,
not revealed,
girl in the dancing.

Sexuality fired in you there
like the burns of a high jet,
but I say you search
through the given,
and undressed gazes,
for the other text
for this poem, your life,
this moment that is no
thrust of bafflements.
It comes away clean, clear.
I help you say it: shape it.

What We Do

What we do to the creatures,
don't mouth it silently
as though our species
could claim expediency's
moment of non-forgiveness.

All the lives of the creatures,
thrown down carelessly,
hidden silently,
scattered secretly,
these objects, commodities,
these not
the images we
cultivate: beauty, an
unsullied innocence.

What we do to the creatures
unforgiving, is, un-forgiven:
it haunts the true mind
the tender, the clear one.

Little Love Song

I know knowledge
will not save us,
our story, or applications,
incoherent forms, our texts,
or arcane arguments,
our hive, our bee-song,
fragile cultivation, sparse,
of the long-damaged garden.

But in the roar and hum,
where light fragments,
in the slow distress
of unrealisable dreams,
I ask a finer setting
for you, clear one.

What we, what you and I, make
is finer,
a name, a substance
we know
cannot save us,
but is pure,
and is ours.

Hazel

The core of wisdom
in the heart of the bush -
do you know it, slender,
in winter, or spring,
before leaves
break out of the wood?

You must split the branch open
put silence to your mouth
taste it, smell the deep fragrance,
feel the damp sap
on your lips,
the cool flame
of its presence
over your fingers.

Its value is being,
it does not subscribe
to this substance of ours,
cities, laws, powers,
what corrupts, and objectifies.
It is itself, and its species,
and has no name,
you need to know,
recognise it by its fragrance,
always, there.

The Gate

We go beyond,
the openness,
the gate,
this absence that others don't see.
We go accepting void
naked risk,
precise engagement,
without cover, or defence.

It should be shining there
when we walk by,
the clear portal
through which we pass and re-pass,
miraculously, through which
our hands meet,
transit, return,
this doorway
this place we go, to be,
in which we do not
seek a strategy, or make a move,
outwit, out-think, out-flank,
but touch, infinitely,
touch, endlessly.

Wait

You became
the shade-tree,
starred dark,
pierced mouth of fruit,
fragile light-bearer.
I know how
eternity ticks through you,
leaf-clock-hour,
you pour all-colour's silence
make
the electric nerve serene,
its quiver of blue
turned to me, face,
pure shape,
what we are
poured over you,
white seed
of the far place.

Fruit for me.
Rest, weight
in the lost palm,
my leaf
fleck,
your night
with gold, red
buds of birth,
each with no name,

the myriad,
in smoke, dawn, mist.

Make the shade-tree,
pillar, stream,
snake
of beams, hot lines
etched in skin
dip stalks in rose,
vermillion, blood of light,
then give
me
your green.

Through the form, blue fruit,
I know that
we are not,
nor you,
solution
but
solace, eye-scar,
with silence
seal it.
Be body.
Be there.

Bark

Eye lost,
eye lost in you,
trunk, peeled
eye-bark.

Down the maze,
the leaf-floor,
shimmers of light.

While you
with mind's pain
navigate
smoke, water, dream-sleep
and I
in your pain, quiver
and am still.

To be unfit
for life,
fit
for eternity
is to gaze,
make, wait,
to tell,
is to dare to tell,
to say, look,
to stand,
accused.

Not to consider
the self,
not to escape,
to move,
towards ecstasy,
inch by inch,
to bare mouths,
of lips,
to vanish
in wood.

Eye-bark,
with grey, violet,
brown-gold,
I conjure: he conjured
towards inner light
or inner dark.

Icon

Gold light,
ankle-veil of emblems,
fingers that crook
to the blue-white
mound of eyed breast,
gathering the sleeve of
bed-cloth, slow, mind-deep,
vanishing from here
into the entering,
lift foetal legs
and flow-caught
mouth, lips, closed eye-crescents
become
the gold thigh, the parted,
stream of hair, thought,
dreams, un-thought.

Endless gold
eternity in you,
from you, runs,
you open,
are opened
by time, molten,
coining fate's
jewelled river,
without pause,
until, hours deep,

it buds, the breast,
it's swan grace
and the mouth's
vertical slit
parts, the side-wise face
glows with fire, the hair,
thighs, part,
naked being
sings, at the gate.
You sleep, dream
for ever, until never
cannot be woken,
seeded, conceived,
shudder, quiver,
coiled shell,
silent tree,
signal of flesh,
untouchable, redeemed,
by eye-dark dream-road,
union, fruit-flower,
caress of
gold light,
emblem, icon.

Not To

Not to bleed life out
into the saleable text of the heart,
making them fine
all the events that
burden and shame,
not to trade
in the store of the heart,
to address not to use,
to say you,
to have care,
for the mortal core.
Not to sell the heart,
not to lay
yourself on the slab,
on the bed of facts
that neutrality claims
as exoneration.
To choose every word,
live every word,
for mind's integrity
frail spirit's
compromised being.

By Now

Everything natural
has flowered.
Be easy with giving,
with spirit,
reject what makes
use, subjugation, object,
unwished-for
edges of violence,
accept what is shared
entered together,
surrender's a mode,
and so, cradling,
with trust, respect and love.

Nothing should shock the eye
or mind, that is body's grace,
without mind's abuse, the subject,
seen or unseen:
no one a voyeur,
who looks with love
and the tenderest eye,
an un-shocked acceptor.

Yes, the erotic is charged
by subversion,
by entry to space that's forbidden:

the paradise, private,
and so against every rule:
to sense, to risk being seen,
to break the barrier,
between
the visible
and the most animate.

Everything natural's come to be
in the sensual grasp, and arousal,
those things that fuel love,
all that stirs body,
excites the clear mind,
ventures in mystery,
risks its relationship,
jealousy, strength, and surrender,
moments of pure revelation,
what reveals, what comes,
what points like a signal.

Be easy with it: protect it,
tender, from all exploitation,
from itself turning to object,
from every trade, from all commerce,
from power, from transactions of power,
from barter, go, make it pure,
a giving of body, mind, spirit,
from the deep self to the deep self,
where nothing else can be seen:
everything natural,
everything natural has flowered.

Night-Song

Red-burning flower,
and yellow.
Lichen-clothed
hands I reach
out to you
grow to you,
all-naked light.

The dark, and flame
that connects us,
blown-glass,
drips, pains, severs.
We learn. How? We learn:
we recover the heart.

White, seminal seed
between,
white fall of light
weightless
sap we transmute
from what merges.
Space overhangs,
forms climb it
hold
a face in a face,
an eye in an eye,
turned now.

It moves through us,
is time,
I enter: I leave,
you move away
nearing:
you bud, you flow.

Red-burning flower
and yellow.

It has no name.

It descends to you,
it is lowered, pours
towards you,

becomes heavy,
is fire,

enters the Void
with you.

We exchange
its silence,
its weight.

On Judgement Day

Word, the corrupter,
wait to judge me.
What I have laid out,
let it be taken,
by the sly snake
under the stone.

Word, the liar,
prince of liars,
who flatter me, and
reward me with lies.
Word,
don't judge me.

What is said is not truth.
Truth is shame.
What I did and did not
do, achieve, you judge,
judge me, not
Word, the corrupter.

Mind Pass

Night's tower.

Mind,
a light-shaped
sickle-ghost
formed of
recumbent petal, ah,
shaved from the arc,
wanders by.

A grey fire
shadowing the stone,
its unwritten word,
is clear.

A fragment falls
from its mouth
like a coin,
minted from time,
and rings
on the floor.

Its dark ochre
of eyelid
closes and opens.
Cut eyeball gleams.
Neck

hovers,
over a wall,
beyond it,
leaves glow.
Bones tremble.

Between us
a filament
white
switches on,
bitten by wind,
blown, fused.
At a distance
you pass, repass,
solitary mind
with something
clamped
deep, buried,
of mine.

Fire

Dross gone down
and burnt,
the heart so clear
it sees
in the space of the flower,
deep-concealed
vibrations of light,
sees the dark
negative self
curl in the fire's flames,
the unsought Self.

Easy destroying
the surplus, the excess
matter of life,
the waste of our waste,
the Things. Hard
to change beings.

When the flames lick
the paper, walk
over the word, the iron
consumes, melts
to white brittle embers,
flakes of exhausted snow,
that do not lick my heart.
But in the dark they come again, burning:

the bitter lining, it burns, of
the night-bound soul.

Passing

Words are not stones
nor mind a thing:
what's set before you
is not world
but thought's space
an un-solid light,
stone, leaf, stem.

Light is not star
nor the planets
on plates of dark
the eye touches:
poems are not
truth, which to become
truth
must be purified, known.

Not-naming of things
in infinite detail
is heart's release
from this earth,
and this place
not in space.

Alone

To stand there
alone
on the up-slope
of milky rock
and bent fir.
To be there alone
in a caul of thought
memory,
intimate
break, from the quick
life, to ancient space:
and there be consumed.

What I have read I remember
like fired-over scrubland
a waste in which, deep
down, old seeds revive.
To make it
alone is
preparation
for contact
touch of the spirit
on one other spirit:
cold stones, creek,
fire, leaves, air
on the mountain.

Exchange

Being-you-being-me,
the deep transfer
loyalty achieves,
is to sing close,
to write close,
over the body,
and under the heart.
So that the man,
who stands in the wood, by the tree
and the woman
who lies coiled in the sheet
are one, and one.

Identity's not
what we think.
The flow of exchange
makes bird, and tree:
branch, and feather:
music of lichened twigs:
and soft wings splintering
the sap-wet air.

Being-me-being-you
is a deep tremor,
twice-given
blood and veins
of the soul.

OK I See

Wind on the mountain's edge
throws up a white cloud
into the sky,
beyond where
pine squats on the slope,
and one hawk hangs,
in your illusory eye,
this galaxy
small as it is
turns, vast,
between time
and the universe.

Little thing
little thing, human,
consider the stars,
cloud's eye,
the wind down
the rock slopes,
dying away,
in the valley below.

At the End of the Night

You came,
hand of silence,
face that weighed
against the shift of stars,
your body
swung on a light-beam,
your eye
was moon's eye
seen through a cube,
water, its arch,
you smiled, you sang,
you danced in the
depth of the sound,
in its inner vibration,
in heart, mind,
and the tremor of spine.

It does not
matter
what path you
came on,
what bodies you crossed,
who offered you salt
from the sea,
what hollows you passed
through, to reach here,
to be here

or why you entered
the leaf, or the
moment
of truth and surrender.

World falls, earth falls
to spirit,
and you, and I,
see
there is nothing beyond
nothing before
spirit
its naked movement
in air
nothing more
than with no faith,
see what they saw,
the ones on their knees,
in front of time's process,
that passage of mind.
Feel it: you gaze
at me from the silence:
I speak from the night.

Transmute

And our sex reaches
down to the deepest place of our being
so that it is
the fine spirit
that burns, blazes with life,
and cannot be object:
and spirit's
the same word
the same act
transmuted
shaped, to become
the expression of spirit,
tenderness,
body, the mind's
final engagement
sealed under the hand
through the eye.

Nature, beauty
ecstasy's exquisite being,
are sexual fire
mounting flame
that shivers, and trembles,
there at the core of light,
takes all you have
to give all you are

into the realm of
the other.

Deny, and be less
than the dead
their fire shines on:
less than the earth
winged and furred
clawed and limbed.
Dance it, sing, know it,
translate the words
from object to spirit,
all of the acts from time
to the timeless
deny the game
spoil the trade, break
the levers, refuse,
do not allow
that spirit be lost.

Your sex
reaches
down to the furthest
space of your being
and is spirit
and cannot be
object:
declare it, transmute.

Bone, Ash, Gold

Shadow, shade,
life behind life,
bone, ash of the gold
desert of evening,
the sage-brush waste,
this landscape of time,
blue stone,
sand-blade,
dune, shore place
of cuttlefish-purse,
medusa, anemone,
crab carapace of fire,
green silence,
horizon,
past we embed in us,
layers of ash, rings,
of aleph-smoke,
bring to our sleep,
to our turning
in an embrace,
redeem it, redeem it,

or we interwoven
are less than the dead,
the candle,
the pillar of wax, the flame,
the seminal verb

of the dark,
less than Babel
tower's
flickering image,
less than the
voice-babble,
drone of nothing.

Climb the tower,
find it, behind
what is mask, behind
hollow backdrops
of nowhere fabric,
find the word
over, around
crystal bay,
flowing tide
of naming,
find gleams
of sunken life
flash, follow
the quick scare
in wave-glare.

Redeem, what was,
should not have been,
and lives,
unless in every hour
we bury, erase,
quench it, and then
resurrect here, and hold.

Going Through

Life spent falling,
re-writes its history
till cut stone is
placed and carved
with true line,
and chaotic rock
in the leaf-choked cleft,
becomes silent, forgets
its fruitful origin.

Beauty is something
nearer, more intimate,
personal,
sweet than we know,
and the fall, the plunge
of the mind, that fall
is not true until death,
and we are not free, here,
trying for freedom
failing, and falling.

Not what Lao-Tzu said
but his vanishing
through the, over the, pass
like a bullock
through a needle's eye,
and a hint of grey

light behind
smooth grey cloud.

Light

Light, do you come
back to the house
of our true gaze,
the word-house,
and my speech
and your speech
in silence?

Travelled: through
what hurt the eye, froze,
and became wood,
light as the twig,
from which rose
a broken fragrance?

Light do you come
back to the room of the heart,
the animal spine,
and the places
sewn on the sky,
the most sacred places?

How silent you are.
How can you mind
what echoes in me?
Does it move you?

Light do you come
down from the flow
of the star, up through the wave,
back to the house
of the stair,
the word-house,
your speech,
and my silence.

Fate

Curl towards me.

Be fate.

Vein-throb, delicate
line of the eyelid.

In light
after night
naked you turn
to me.

Your breasts a
child's eye, you
now a tongue
of sweet child
and woman.

It takes no time
to go deeper
than all things,
uncaused existents:
a smile can do it,
a touch, earth's
crazed fires.

Love in the Mind

Love in the mind is
beauty,
love that is care.
Love in the body is
truth,
that we can bear.

Sweet as the heart
that lives,
on gentle things,
the tenderness
that in the spirit sings.

Love in the mind is
truth,
truth that we dare,
and in the body
beauty,
that we can bear.

Make. Do.

Making do with words, I kiss you with them,
in the silent, sweet, word-veil drawn
across time's mouth, in silence.

Mouthing words, sending them through space,
I find you with them, and enfold you,
in words of light, in silence.

With what we have to do time makes us
each familiar, in silence of our words,
and silence beyond words.

With Truth

Words, the levers, be my sweet signal
to all negatives, all denial,
renew the root-depths, clear the channels,
with beauty, grace, lay out the form,
and from the single step, the twig,
each bud, each line, lift from the earth
some shape of what we are, some sign.

The Whole Thing

Mind from power made it, now undo it, back
through all, trembling, to leaf, one stone, one
mind alive, one thing that no one owns, no one's
clothed breast, down to spirit's subversive
stillness, down, down, denying power. Form.

Return

Let me track over your body
the curve of the earth, clefts
down hills, mounds, bowls of valleys,
ah, dark sweet pool of clear light,
under tall trees, until I'm in touch
again with all earth's beauty.

Mountain hangs in the air, sun,
tree's ascending crown, I hang,
you hang, in air, over the abyss.
The void, no names, mates us, hole
of form, returns us formed to
sweat-dried coolness, curve, line.

They Go

Vanish into earth, the dead: their voices
return. Time is no place, the word
is the real in our dream. Fooled into seeing
matter as world, power as world, you fail,
I fail: we fail to understand
this. That the powerless dead go down
into the earth, and they return singing.

Earth

You enter, radiant
energy, light, spread wide to receive
time, space, blue heaven, cloud:
she's flow, the wave's flute, arc,
the crozier-curl, lute-neck, bodily instrument,
her sinews, strings, scales of being, notes
plucked, wind, thorn, rock, bark, sand, pulse
of a valley, hills, the rippled summits,
radiant light.

Write the Poem

Make out of this nothing: from the nothing take
the name of a star, or a plant, or the action of heart,
let yourself dream, let matter slide
down the slope of the ages, onto the rock-pile.
Value, make values, not options, courage,
tenderness, are not relative, beauty is beauty,
its surface of change, truth is truth,
the non-word's a non-word, a lie.
Love is not seen, known, made in hatred.
Make. Form. Write the poem.

Temple

Under temple's cool eaves, stone lines the sand,
makes islands: cedars, cypress, water go down
through mossed alleys, but that's nothing, aesthetics,
not spirit, that makes all aesthetics, beauty
from inner grace, being from inner light.

Fir, pine, fragrance, statues, cornices
arcades of smooth-pillared shadow,
until sitting, gazing, half of the mountain hangs there in
light,
and beneath it the free heart sings.

Green twigs, bark, pale, cracked grey lichen:
all spires, domes, roofs, eaves imitated:
Blind Nature here first.

Mind Real

Seed hair on stem, the wave, the leaf.
Let people never be things, power's
levers, dumb victims, let them never be owned.
Her reciprocal gaze, now, her grace,
bind with all values, loyalties, be sure
that the spirit holds, sings, the mind real,
the cities light as air.

Phases

Holding, we try to hold back, to snatch back
the passing of things, freezing their form.
The life of form though is formless energy,
breaking, taking, until there are no names,
no forms, but forms' seethe, under world's surface.

We try to return, to hold things in passing,
beauty, the glance of an eye, we wish ourselves
back into them, those gone, grappling with time,
memories truer than things, more real than objects,
holding us, binding us to the passing of things.

Image

You tremble over my hand, in my heart, it is
the bright evening that sings.
In order to know you, I love you.
I love you in order to sing.

You look through my eyes, you undo
the lattice of darkness,
you are the light that moves
on the mist-clouded tower.
Moon melts down the sky.

You become image
mirrored by light, naked, so as to become
clothed, clothed so as to become.
In order to sing you, I love you.
I love you in order to sing.

No Self

No self watches the light on a cliff,
rooted rowan. Cloud, silence, leaves
they all evaporate. We must learn
to leave light intact, to stop
burning, breaking, twisting,
leave all this whole, and alive.
Burn, break, twist self,
pushed inside grey rock,
under the couch grass,
tossed in the wind.

Work

The mind is a crystal, this world's
a sliver of ice, its pain, its distress.
Remembering you, naked, is to be
filled with light,
green pine, clear under snow.
Remembering this, in all insanity,
the mad world's labour, is
peace, this time's midnight moon,
these naked hands, this face,
this thought like crystal.

Eye

From the ledge of this century, look back,
look deep, discard all your society.
To those who cannot distinguish the real, the clear –
it stops, here, turned light in the mind.

Nothing supposes we must live like this.
Not nature. Time. Not silent universe
bright under the eye.
This strangeness is: where we are strangers.
Go back then, to the human, seeing, eye.
Start from there.

Let Go

Let go. It sings. The empty sky:
has a roof, and four directions.
Through your head the white cloud passes.
This pine's world is real, yours is not.

First learn not to think of what can be.
Don't accept. Death, not Life, is acceptance:
learn absence, darkness, fire.
One world? Pine's world is real, yours is not.

After Orpheus

Howled from the stone silence,
pierced, like Balder by the green twig,
through his maddened head and hands
brightness of her retreating image,

was word, Muse, voice, and stillness.
Leaves thrashed in Maenad trees,
branches lifted. Spears of light
in darkness. Orpheus howled.

But after the death, in the dumb Void's
lament, stones, trees, and creatures gathered,
gazing. The shattered lyre, the broken mouth,
the severed tongue bled, with stars, and air.

What eye floats down the widening river?
What snake coils on the bitter slope?
What mind opens the gates of the dead?
What hands meet there, in Elysium?

You Ask

Earth, you ask the return of the rose,
the wet hour, the blossom of light.
You ask and desire the return of the rose.
Word, find a way back to the root of the tongue.
Be un-deceived.

When We Are Dead

When we are dead they open the gate of the dark.
Not this wind now, freshening the trees, closes our eye.
You are the colour of hand, the meaning of eye.

Above us they build a dome filled with sound.
Orpheus breaks the strings, and no-one may own us.
There is a key to enter. It is love.

When we are dead they take thorns, shadows, flames,
and a name. They conjure with names when we have died.
They speak in whispers of those who elude them.

We though laugh, cry, are moment of water, ice, root, air,
all belief. What resembles you is what I resemble, the
world,
oh after we're dead they'll open the gate of the dark.

Nothing escapes them. Except, the slenderest of spirits
inhabits the eye, the ear, inhabits your hands, your face,
you who are made of the colours of light, and the voice of
night.

No Confession

To be a poet is not to write. There is
a role for the tree. The light recognises a branch.
To be a poet is not to confess.

Cassandra speaks in the silence. This world
is never enough. To be a poet is not to say
there is only Andromache, or Briseis.

On the last tip of the thorn of the rose
of a single contemplation, of a unique reckoning,
burns the solitary hour of freedom.

Your Dress

You change your dress. Jealous light
re-invents you. This private time
no one but you can enter. Who can speak
with mouths of fire, the pure dialect
of conjugation? You have my eyelids,
I have your fingers. You walk,
over my lips, a leaf on a tree.

We throw away pointless earth, birds
without shadows. We wait. Perhaps
nothing will arrive, perhaps everything.
The darkness is full of light.

Breaks itself, sun, on a reef of rock,
sea glints. What is the purpose of wave?
This private time only your tongue,
swallow, say, only you, and we laugh and cry.

You change your dress. Lovely, jealous
light reinvents you. I bathe my hands here.
I listen to leaves. They evaporate into the sky
of vanishing wings. You leave me nothing
to say, you, leave me everything to say.

On Either Side

On either side of the wall, breathes
the fire of your eyes. On either
side of the light a hand moves. I
have made you from night and
give you back to the darkness.
I have loved you beyond love,
remembered the times, never
spoken of, you, and entered your
shadow, exhausted the meaning
of silence, and have not forgotten.

On either side of the wall an eye waits:
it considers the mirror. The fire of your
absence, its vision, its fears, its finality
pass us by. Feeling goes by. Unsleeping
you lie, absent, then absent you sleep.
Between your hands goes the fire, and then
stillness. In you the moon goes, you vanish,
a flower, a star. Your mouth the word, always
it breaks, it falls, the floor stares at the mirror.
The rain suddenly reflects the sky.

On either side of the wall you come and go,
open it to windowless birds and a tree.
What is left of us? Spirit, the flame of a body,
body the spear, or the cup of spirit, between star

and stone, where rain falls, becomes, mirror,
mirror melts to evaporate, to rise, to rain.
I have dreamed you forever, crossed each
space of your presence, and being, never
talked of your hair, or eyes, watched
your gaze, mirrored, and have not forgotten.

The Passage of Time

Your shoulders defeat the silence of light,
within the one flesh intimacy gathers. A head,
a head, an eye, you look up at the eye. A bird
rotates in crystalline space, a flower. You become,
you enter the night. You are seen at a distance.
You rise from the stillness of laurel, a tree.
Your shoulders defeat the downpour of light,
they gleam in the silence. I learn how not to despair.

Your head, your face, defeat the silence of light.
Time becomes crystalline, a bearable fire. You
inhabit remote places, appear in spaces unseen.
In a space, in an unknown house, on a field. Your
memories fail to be mine. I create you in them. I
take your form into imageless night, build you a past.
Your head, your face, defeat the silence of light,
the passage of time becomes crystal, bearable fire.

Mythopoeic

In the room their hands touched, insubstantial smoke.
Light dropped from the curtains onto the bed, despairing.
On the floor, below the mirrors, night first had to end
for the memory of their memory to begin.

In their garden of distracted creatures
the light of sun and moon occupied the sky together.
Time went by in silence carrying the word.
Light ran trickling down a deep furrow.

She laughed, played, cried: all books, songs, views,
slept in the curve of her throat.
Slowly they covered the fruit of a myth, it bled.
With absent mouths they ate each other's portion.

On careless tables she reached the shelf of sighing.
He followed a thought into the labyrinth: saw
hands filtering sand, buried the light there.
Naked fingers. A nothing-rose.

They considered the burning sky, the fall of waters.
They ate their substance
became insubstantial shadows.
As they were silent, joy went by.

Their eyes made the land of mountains and sea.
Its tears they watched like seasons.

In the room they invented love and set it moving.
What they spoke were hours, eyelids, waves, fires.

Enna

Slowly Persephone plucked the last flower,
in dream it was blue or white. Time ceased,
the dry earth quivered with fierce larval light.
She expected nothing: child.

Earth split in a distant time, not now.
The darkness came out of the ground.
She offered herself, was not taken.

Disease embraced her, was a darker sap,
a stranger flow in the veins, she drew away from friends,
her lap full of disintegrating flowers.

She gazed through the ground saw luminous fire,
and went clutching in her hand the key of return,
the broken petals of the unconscious rose.

Holly-Leaf

The world's white light is cool as ice or stone.
Though we encounter travelers, like ourselves,
our lack of purpose makes for purity.
We have intent and aim, a local need. World passes by,
its night, deep, smooth as flesh, a skin of rock, or flame.
Though we see other travelers, time amazes,
and reaching out, for nothing, we touch the world,
this pointed holly leaf, green edge of light,
this strangeness here, a fire for no good reason.

Little Song

What does the heart want, meaning and care:
the mind wants silence and time.
Your heart sings with the cliff and the dawn:
mine watches the light.

What does the body want, water of place,
dark depth of the pool.
Your body sings with the flame and the night.
Mine sings with the truth.

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