

Thaw

At the pond's edge the skaters steer
from the etched-out hollows, speed

toward the marrow mapped tight.
We are trying to outrace it, thaw

channeling into the grids - where you could
step through, surrender the balance

so tightly laced - your skate's slow blade
letting humours like a medieval cure,

the resistance like skin being tried
and its occasional accidental healing.

So you are an accomplice, shearing
the surface into further conquered

territories, into what-will- happen,
as where we stop the crystals shed

their science, drop their hierarchal
push and let go, spiked fibers beading

back into water, something our heat
cannot alter. We finish, our joined hands

dropping as magnets that have lost
their memory. How simple it is to leave

and be just a location, the new dew
spreading on our coats as you try

your hand at fire: our lit match
faith bent in the spreading wind.

Broken Sonnet: Eve Upon Awakening

You sleep, a shadow bent in careful candor
soft-grown among these chaoses of green,
and I awaken, my midnight visions mounting
the trees. Your fingers slip my hair; you wean
a decadence from my spring soul, counting
half-conscious strands that multiply and pour
hung ripeness on your cheek. What was that fruit
that picks from me the ripeness of this orchard?
Should I maintain these nights are merely duty?
O grief!...that tepid fingers are replaced
by tighter passions, your body's firm embrace
like a grounded planet. These lilies - upright, ruly -
cock their napes away like holy bells.
We shall make lithe blossoms remember themselves.

Navigation

Our tent rests at the cusp
of skyline. Beyond our mesh door

petals sift the air, weightless charms
that might dangle a child's wrist.

When the wind pulls us from the static,
we steel against the covered earth

but are steered into landscape
along with our resistance, with leaves

walled into the hollow logs, each pounded
into the shape of a navigable life.

Axes

The sun incubates
in a pale corner of sky.

The weather vane flips,
scalps the loose air, strains

steel in divine offering.
It spins a rusted warning,

a tribal dance winding
its tangled flames, mowing dirt

into blackness. The crowning
shadow of the steel rooster

splits, grows along the building
back; taut-feathered wind

shuts the vane into its axis,
into precision: a trapped

phonograph record,
78 r.p.m. I shiver,

wait for the diamond needle
to be lifted.