

ONE



# I

Balancing. Austere. Lifeless. I have tried to keep context from claiming you.

Without doors. And there are windows. How far, how far into the desert have we come?

Rude instruments, product of my garden. Might also be different, what I am thinking of.

So you see: it is not symmetrical, dark red out of the snow.

Enemies for therapy, the  
rind of the lime tree  
in elaborate garlands.

Strew the table. Let the hall  
be garlanded and lit, the will  
to break away. Welcome your couches.

Witness these details. Your judgment, my  
inclination. Hear. Touch. Taste.  
Translate. Fixed: the river.

Disquieting thought, I am not  
ultimate, full moon, memory.  
Prepare for rout.

Here, even, in the  
sand. Among the rocks, I have  
heard, remnant of a cloud.

Unfleshed, short, thin, pointed.  
Independent of you, a  
revelation. A great city.

Flatly unknown, you do not  
know of yourself, do not know  
yourself, not stuck full of nails.

Under such illumination, darkness  
becomes terror. Under this high  
wall, dark ground.

High marble wall, broken mid-  
way. Dark unphenomenality, like  
the hand of a clock. Sun baked.

No *direct* communication likely. Marble  
terrace. Suffusing with soft-  
tinted glow. Images first.

The gods and you come later, a wealth  
of approaches. Within the portico:  
marble. Bundled like qualities.

Not—the world—one of  
several, as if it could be  
different. Nothing. Nothing different.

I mean translated, though some  
charms are predetermined. Shall I  
not delve and deliver?

If I could think it. Our  
wings are broken. As easily might  
plunge. In a violent sweat.

The desert. And might be  
the same: lemurs  
swim down gutters.

And might be threshold, never  
hesitate, ship on the high sea.  
The desert in the house.

Intrinsic, your un-  
thinkability. Casts over all created  
things annihilating shadow.

An opening for possible  
storms, as a deity enters  
the world, a stranger.

The bed we are not in: can-  
not surprise it. What passes  
in the street? Pure picture.

In the world these  
limits, almost occult—only signals  
corporeal. To think of something.



I was hardly dead, when you  
called. Now are you convinced?  
Infinitely soft strum.

As if night. As if im-  
perceptibly. Slowly you fall. Break  
somewhat the blackness of the day.

Might also be any  
direction, every start  
takes us to other time.

Forth across the sands. From  
sky or from the liver,  
divined. Endless beginning.

Need not end. Indeed, *nothing*. Step  
out. Grist for wits. Shadow of your  
shell. Stand there.

No other ground. No  
other. And the world concerns you every-  
where, but do not identify with it.

Let light onto us. Flowers through the  
gate, flowers skimming  
the wall. A carpet of petal.

Treasures below the earth. Neither in  
this world nor another, guarding.  
Nothing but fade and flourish.

Now there is a door and whoever  
very beautiful and very  
very strange. Near you a table.

Laughing. Singing. Calling to one  
another, the crack of whips. Cloud to  
cloud in ricochet.

Music of hooves and wheels. The heavenly  
Jerusalem from shards of Babylon  
destroyed. Now a door.

Where thinking ends, house and temple  
echo, possible objects of  
admiration. Will you go?

IO

Oh yes and wheels on the pavement,  
angels of incidence, rebounding from  
waves, but precisely. Reflective angels.

Like the hand of a clock which, minute  
by minute, crosses its appointed  
spaces. Oh! You are passing!

Things are ready. All  
things, because something  
must be settled. Slung.

Answering laughter. Mixture of  
diamond and diamond  
and blood, a rope of flowers.