

## ONE

He is hell become heaven, becoming hell; he is evolution, a matter of energy, a star in the dark tomb, a shadow cast by sunlight. He is life that cannot be contained, a holy insurrection, blessed negativity.

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## Coefficient

About the star-cold abundance of August sand—

this spell of my two hands working in the dark  
I liken to the feeling of your two hands working  
behind me, or your two hands coming before me  
in the white mirth of bright drapes, white lengths  
the wind sends in salt-light through the feeling  
your two hands have in coming to find me.

There are things I liken to crossbeams

inside of things I call politeness, things I liken to super-  
intendence, seashells, pale hosts of erosions, fadings  
I liken to insight. There in the window  
of your soloist house, I think that nothing  
is holding up

this thought that is feeling you moving.