

Aegean

Tang tang tang tang tang tang
ting ting ting ting ting
I eat a goat

bite into the flesh
of the spirit on the island

brown-eyed spirit flies
into emptiness
like an empty goat skull

odor of sea shell.

Perpetual Motion

1

You go to the mountains
stretch in the light aquariums
and wait—
stillness turns in its well

2

I touch your face
of rosewood and sap

the last vanished yellow
of sunset on the mountain

the first cellular light of a flank

4

3

Walking up the mountain
before an avalanche
you'll find the sandstone
of the peak tattooed with waves

The summit moves with the tide.

Chronicle

My great-grandfather dozed after drinking
hot liquor in his dark room full of books
When she entered to wake him without knocking
as she did every night being the first grandchild
he was dead. One fur sleeve touched the floor
Once he carried her in his big sleeve through
cold halls to the kitchen where they were burning
straw. His daughter took her smelling of wormwood
behind the fireplace to feed. It wasn't the same robe
he died in, but the same color and cloth. My mother
really can't remember the smell of lynx, herbs
against moths, nor the slowness of his step
which must have been told.

The Reservoir

I

The reservoir is trying to freeze over
with an expanding map shaped like an angel
Separated lovers on a coast keep walking
toward each other. Low sun reddens
their faces without heat

They are weary of always moving
so seldom touching, but never think
to move inland, massive and stable
Imagoes hatched on thin ice, it's
their illusion membranes are brighter
than occluded flesh of interiors

Membranes have the density
of an edge, and edges violent as lava

2

All day she walked across the tundra
He began to drive away obliquely
at exactly her speed, so she altered
her angle, aiming above him, as in a current

He departed in a zone that solidified
at his whim, so she reached for his hand
Land cracked with their weight. He seemed
to reach toward her, a hand like paper
twisted and folded over, only a surface
with wan modulations, like a map

3

Then she delicately stepped out
toward the edge, tenuous as a leaf
as if waiting for a letter
but it froze too swiftly before her
At dusk his voice broke her concentration
She turned, vexed, and saw he had not spoken.

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