

from "Morning Noon & Night," Island (Ahsahta Press, 2004)

Sorites

The use of the moon is unknown. The weight of the moon
is negligible. The light of the moon guides the evolution of moths.
The evolution of anxiety has never ceased nor hesitated.
The anxiety of moths is palpable and strict. Start again.
The moon rises during the day so as to see what it going on.
Start again. O moon—he begins—o moon...
The difference between the moon at night and the moon during the day
is the whole measure of the brilliance of the sky. The measure
of what is lost in a day with no moon
is the weight of the moth's wing
to the moth.

Unaccountable

The heart of man—he says—is a mailbox dying of curiosity.
The soul entrusts it with the inscrutable. Our own houses
stand agape at our audacity. We baffle the sea.
Everything the hand of man lets fall is perfectly unlike
everything other, even and especially when made in imitation.
We astounded the gods when we had gods. Every day —he says —
I surprise myself, don't you? Look at these books, this garden,
that cannon in the square under the marble soldier.

Hollows

Moon in the day, never the sun at night.
Water inland, never land long under water
because it isn't called that any more.
In hollows in the rocks, pockets of salt.
Summer coming to term in cicadas' dozing.
Cat in the open window, wrapped, asleep.
In a bed, in the afternoon, a man in a woman.
Fire inside the lantern. Roots in earth.