

Lament

A bridge connects us
to a brilliant shore.
We know it at night,
Listening's messengers
Armed
to cross,
Which call,
instead of its calling,
Aggravates this state
of solitude, this State
Meant to break
deep solitude
Forcing instead
what chosen us,
For whom recollection
is direct speech
Waves lapping at
would be empty shore

To delete the Other,
immerse in genocidal urge.
Its not that the nice angel
wouldn't like to stay
It's just that everybody
is now spilling from their homes
There was a drop of blood
on a little boy's finger
And Brilliant Bridge
is burning down.
A lyre in your legs sings
what you carry in your legs.
As we walk
we make singed proclamations.
Someone's hand on one's shoulder
feels like sustained applause.

The Between

In order to continue it is only necessary
for Epic and Lyric to kind of cooperate
Neighs in the night, night
you are not the victim of
The ground fluid
and Being in relentless Becoming.

Archaic horizon. Immanent sky.
Exultant laugh.
Earth voluntarily
exiles itself and
it's all stars.

After the funeral rites come to an end
ghosts take shape in the language -
Some doors in my home are seeds,
some doors seers - a mere two days later
The sleeper's soul leaves his body
and even a tree is almost invisible.

Lip of a volcano
outer edge a flowering.
Purple rim of the earth,
private life of the left breast.
How far people find themselves
from their destinations.

Distances

All one needs are the eyes and ears of a goat or donkey
to dispel
the human clamor

 close up of that which is close up
yet irretrievably distant,
 constitutive of another world.

Thus you arrive at a silent life,
an urn filled with sun's radiance
permitted to darken into earth,
 a speechlessness from which
nothing can be stolen
for which there is nothing to be done.