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And I am swaying

And I am swaying
and I am swaying in front of her. Before me
there is wind. Behind me there is wind and
I am swaying with the wind between us. It is
blowing now my body before me. It is blowing
now my body from behind. The wind is swaying
me and she is before me and I am swaying her
with the wind. She is swaying in front of me.
Between us there is wind and I am
swaying the wind between us and she is
swaying in the wind before me and we
are swaying the wind. We are swaying the wind.
And we are swaying and swaying and the wind, the wind, the wind.

Small Ponds

Small ponds freeze first,
in the beginning, with just a film
at sunrise you wouldn't even
notice and then a crust
that lasts till noon. Now half-sunk slush
doesn't melt and the conspiracy of molecules
spreads to lakes. In the stillness
of a single night, when one breath
of wind might make the difference
between water and ice, solid reaches in and in
and grasps the last ripple for its own.

Request

I ask permission
permission to kill,
to kill the maimed frog
I have to kill all the way
from the idling lawn mower nearby,

to finish the work I have started
by machine with my bare hands,
pluck each blade solemnly
in the million trimmings
I have not noticed, have never asked
permission to perform,

to squeeze the life juice
of this little new friend, struggling,
leaking throaty innards on my leg.
Squeeze the slippery evening song
into that deafening infinity
I have heard since spring.

We had a pact about mosquitoes,
our way of living near the swamp,
a common bond of blood and slime,
trills, croaking, and the sighing,
the final sighing as it is given
when we die.

Milk Breath Pulse

Mother whale
makes 200 quarts of milk in the wholeness of a day,
fathomless undulating maternity
and tiny blissful sucklings, bubbles and a little froth.
What is our density that we do not sink,
less than ocean, denser than air where
we merge, borderless, sea beast awash but afloat.
Here in this ocean, arms an excuse for enfold
and breasts a mold for flow and snuggle,
dreaming, lolling —
Here is the passage, the prick-rising nipple
and surge smooth slippery juice,
envelope and suckle. Slither smooth belly of whale
and enter the ocean's ocean.
Slide smooth silky surface and
swimming, swallow soft warming sluices.
Wallow and dabble in long slow strokes
the wakening issue of flesh and coax
fluid to flower, the secret seeping
and dribble, full swollen and brimming.
Enter this mammoth mingling, languorous currents
moving tissue through tissue, dissolving, absorbing,
absolving, adorning enormous whale nursing
in buoyant, joyful embrace.

For the record

It is this constant flux, breathing in, breathing out. Sometimes there is no one there at all. In town, everyone smiles at no one, and no one smiles back and no one knows no one isn't there. Sometimes, at home, no one goes to the wood shed and comes back with an armful of logs, different shapes, different sizes, so no one gets cold where no one is living. No one calls, so the telephone doesn't ring, but it doesn't matter because no one is there to answer it anyway. One day, not long ago, no one went to the woods so there weren't any tracks to follow in case of a suspected disappearance. No one would think to look anyway because no one even lives near there anymore. It was no surprise when no one came back unbenounced since no one knew anyone had left in the first place. No special occasion. Just breathing out and breathing in. Nothing notable. Sometimes no one goes to the grocery store for provisions, mostly when there is nothing left to eat. It is a six-mile trip. It takes no time at all. The store is never crowded when no one is there. Off hours. No one cooks much anymore so shopping is simple. Some nights before bed, no one sets the alarm because it isn't necessary to wake up at any particular time. No one is there to wake up. So waking up is no problem as it happens by itself. Nothing alarming. Just breathing in and breathing out. When no one is laughing, nothing much happens. When no one isn't laughing, it is the same. Only variations in the passing air. No one is particularly puzzled by this. It seems so natural. Nothing noteworthy. No one wonders if it has always been this way. No one can't remember. It is a gift everyone has. Memory. No one remembers this. It is as natural as breathing out and breathing in. No one comes and goes but no one is there to notice, so no one takes note of it here so nothing will be missed. This is just for the record.