

Between Twilight

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First Edition

Set in New Baskerville

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What to Say

Why speak of sorrow
when it slips out
of the mouths
of the broken birds
clutching to the telephone lines

why speak of regret
when the black feral cat
runs into the hedges
upon your turn into the drive

why speak of rage
when the car skids
on the slick ice
in the opposite direction
of your intentions

why tell anyone
about the secret paralysis
that seizes you during sleep

why speak to the
rabid moon
when the crickets
are muted
and starving
on the dark

Estrangement

It's not like it happens
suddenly
you step off a curb
agree to take a little time away

maybe take a trip to another city

you look out the window of the bus
as the streets pass by

a few weeks go by
a small building collapses

then it's months
and a road buckles
and the signs reroute you
to a small town

a metal bridge sways
in the distance
you are not sure you can cross it again

you live in your house
made of clay and sin

every day
the river runs higher to the
underside of the bridge

and soon
twenty years of silence
has passed

you watch a burning city
from far away
and notice a pigeon flying towards you
gaining speed
pulling the sky's edges with it

finally landing
carrying its message
to an unmarked grave

Auto Immune

One part of the body
turns against the other

reacts as if an enemy
has invaded

the war against
friendly fire
goes on for years
possibly decades

one doctor
after another
gives pills in doses
unrecognizable to
your broken mouth

late at night you read
one medical article
after another

trying to understand
why the armed forces
attacked a sovereign
place in the body

you toss and turn
the siege goes on

you sleep
you love
you banish yourself
from your own bed

you watch yourself
line up words
inside your mind
a small army
encroaching
from afar

Between Twilight

Let's start with destruction
the decomposed bones
and walls collapsing after a strong wind

then go back
to how it was
before wholeness
before meteors
fell like rain

before shadows
understood their thirst
for light

before our bodies
became capsules
for sorrow

before you or I
had a name
and the nebulae and galaxies
accepted me
just as I was
broken
celestial

waiting for a small portal
in the world
waiting for a place to enter
a womb
that needed an opening
a place for the dust of stars
to reconfigure themselves
as me

Arc of Evening

A thousand moons
fracture the sky

the paleolithic timeline cracks
like a concrete bridge
after a catastrophic earthquake

the timeline
reverses itself
back to cro-magnon man
back to rock and stone and loneliness

back before Neanderthal man
before flint made fire
before Orion had a name

there were trees
who hid smaller creatures
there were swamps and fields
who find me when I am alone
swimming in the ancient creases of dark

I toss and turn –
take a pill to make me drift back

I use my opposable thumb to close
the prescription bottle

I enter the twisted sheets
as the medications take hold
I am immersed
in the secret rituals of sleep
from a tribe long ago
how a small child
will cry out when she is falling
and the sound will travel
across the worlds
across the rivers of mystery and shamanism

calling to me
like a century
that never saw itself burning