Canto

In the orchard
when you reached
your mother's hand
to pick a blushing
pear, or
her shoulders
tensed—you, searching

[for something in] your bag,

When you caught me
having gained
my father's
gait, voice-drop,
nose-prow, or
his weight:

such knowledge
like a body
we grow into,
bodies aging
into bodies that we knew. No
*fading mansion*

as Shakespeare says,
our bodies
like our comprehension
one day will rise like a foal
on shaky legs
and look back for its mother
gone already
to graze another hill,
to stand alone in every kind of weather.

Is it thus we separate
and lose ourselves to come together?
Perfection cannot hide in imperfection's change, or the eyes like coals increase without gain,
a dark star of knowing without the questioning.
The male breast
softens, female
lips darken
with the darkness
of the garden
No longer so
opposite, a new
merging into
dominant governing
growth, breath-
logos the final
refreshment as
grass becomes grain
becomes bread becomes
host; as wood
turns to flame
into light; as blossom
flowers into
crown—we
plant each
other in the one
bed and launch
through night
on a sea of milk.
In the orchard
when you reached
your mother’s hand
to pick
a blushing pear, or
her shoulder
tensed—you, searching
for something in your bag,
something you need,
der deeper down.
When you caught me
having gained
my father’s
gait, voice-drôp,
nose-prow, or
his weight:
new belongings!
—Such knowledge
like a body
we grow into,
odies aging
into bodies
we knew.
No fading mansion
as Shakespeare says
our bodies
like our comprehension;
one day will rise
like a foal on shaky legs
and look back
for its mother
gone already
to graze another
hill, to stand alone
in every kind of weather.
Is this how
we lose ourselves
to come together?
Perfection
cannot hide
in imperfection's
change, nor eyes
like coals
increase without gain,
dark stars of knowing
without the questioning.
(So Ta-Urt,
the hippo, lion, woman, croc
who swallows
the dead
is submerged
"painted over"
and cannot be
viewed directly,
though you can see
she holds the ankh
or is it a knife
she pulls from the sheath
approaching slipping
behind my vision for
the anti-aubade—
I feel her in
the male breast
softening, as female
lips darken
with garden shade,
her hot humus
breath an assurance
we share (bounty
given, given
back) who now
are no longer so
opposite, a new
merging into
governing growth, [breath]
[wholeness] final
refreshment as
grass becomes grain
becomes bread becomes
host; as wood
turns to flame
into light; as blossom
flowers into
crown—we
plant each
other in the one
bed and launch
through night
on a sea of milk.
Canto

In the orchard
when you reached
your mother's hand
to pick
a blushing pear, or
her shoulder
tensed—you, searching
your bag for
something you need
down there
somewhere.
When you caught me
having gained
my father's
gait, voice-drop,
nose-prow, or
his weight:
new belongings!
—Such knowledge
like a body
we grow into,
bodies aging
into bodies
we knew.
No fading mansion
as Shakespeare says
our bodies
like our comprehension
one day will rise
like a foal on shaky legs
and look back
for its mother
gone already
to graze another
hill, to stand alone
in every kind of weather.
Is this how we lose ourselves to come together? Perfection cannot hide in imperfection's change, nor eyes like coals increase without gain, dark stars of knowing without the questioning. (How they shake in sleep's firmament?)

So Ta-Urt, the hippo, lion, woman, croc who devours the dead is submerged on the papyrus "Painted over" and cannot be viewed directly however I strain to trace the vein of ink on the trembling dream leaf of the book—though you can see she holds the ankh or is it a knife she pulls from the sheath approaching slipping behind my vision for the anti-aubade I can't shake, wrestling to wake to escape, no to embrace even as I rouse: hope, desire, belief, & fear in flesh refined, in sleep passing from age to age faster than we sense the day stream past— I feel her in
the male breast
softening, as female
lips darken
with garden shade,
her hot humus
breath an assurance
we share, uneasy
but undenied (the bounty
given, given
back) who still
sleep alongside
each other
no longer so
opposite, a new
merging into
governing growth,
your shoulder now
with its singular mark
rising & falling
like a white feathered
shag on a swell, riding
the ebb tide, and below
the surface of things
another nourishment
where nothing’s
loosely spent, as
grass becomes grain
becomes bread becomes
host; as wood
turns to flame
into light; as blossom
flowers into
crown—we plant
each other
in the one bed
and launch
through night
on a sea of milk.