

5/19/2011

DRAFT C-1

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,

something
you need, ~~can't~~ find,
~~you~~ it's there
deeper down, the ~~same~~
feeling of
no bottom to
lost matter.

new qualities, yes,
but not,
you would not say,
admitted.

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

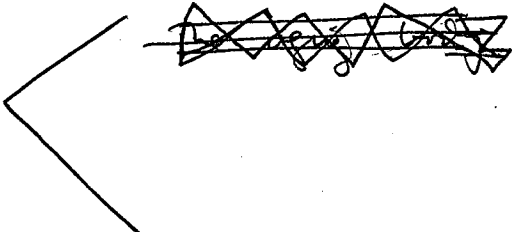
like coals increase

without gain,

/ a dark star

of knowing

without the questioning.




The male breast
softens, female
lips darken
with the darkness,
of the garden ~~is~~ *shelving*.

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.

Canto

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,
deeper down.

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.

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

cut

on the post years
 however hard
 I try to trace
 the veins of side
 on the trembling
 dream leaf of the book —

~~struggling to~~ wrestling to wake
 to escape the ~~tempt~~ ~~from~~
~~of seeing~~

hope, desire, grief + fear,
 repaired in flesh
 required

Sleep alongside
 each other no longer
 so opposite

Your ~~of~~ shoulder
 rising and falling
 of each breath

flowers into
crown—we
plant each
other in the one
bed and launch
through night
on a sea of milk.

DRAFT C-3

1/14/2011

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

~~struck~~ I see them, ^{humble,}
~~in your~~ ^{and look over your eyes}
~~and look over your eyes~~
in sleep's firmament

The point here, dramatically, is to indicate
the dream, i.e. what follows

[Image of hippo mouth here, something terrible in image]

~~of the~~ ^{is} covers her rendering aware

like due to a future
unavoidable ~~and~~
with

looking away from
has blind, with both
eyes closed, ⁱⁿ more
quietly tuned
to the strain
& hope to bind.

The ^{covers}
~~is~~ now

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.