

in the fall  
squint-eyed  
through lashes at the sun  
something starts  
to come free  
of the hard light  
around the source  
of all this heat

line | shadow  
smudge | color  
the black center  
a secret shot through  
the pupil into  
the retinal nerve  
just that instant  
all it takes  
to blind or enlighten



behind the lids  
flashing | pulsing  
forms empty  
of substance full  
of consequence

what can't be held  
yet touches all  
warms all

known to be  
invisible  
is revealed  
full spectrum  
on passing into  
on passing through  
triangulation

that once admitted  
dissolves outlines  
that might have shown  
where one lets off  
where two begins

that looked upon  
with god's eye

remember that  
*thou art that*

makes you yourself

one-eyed bandit  
cross-eyed seer

beautiful

to look upon  
to realize

that once released  
from the eye

*where love is  
there is the eye*

rejoins the air

little loves  
to and fro

opening

one another  
for all to see

\*

if white is all  
the rainbow  
intensities  
black none

as cold is absence  
of heat as evil  
is of the good

as nothingness  
is imprisoned  
at the center of the sphere

the center which is  
equal to its  
circumference

as matter is  
unrealized  
potential

infinite  
deprivation  
of form

as the zero  
space abhors  
is mathematic

not geographic  
a mental figure  
highly effective

in time-space  
situation-  
mythology

old enough  
to philosophize  
he asked again  
*What then is light?*

*What is it not?*  
reposted the monk  
in question revealing  
out of habit  
his gift of gab

Is perception

fatal always

said Emerson

a matter of choice  
said Uncle William

the will itself  
after Plotinos

making darkness  
visible

Is compassion  
communication

ground level  
*caritas*

the first commandment  
the first amendment

Is as painters  
remind us

in nature: divine  
intelligence  
informing humans  
being human

in art: devotion  
to each other  
brought into the picture

dedication  
to the craft

Venetian sunsets  
Umbrian dawn

the mourning cypress  
veiled in gold

a glistening  
thread unwinding

a ball of it

in hand  
above the torso  
kicking through  
hell's high water

the air expectant  
trembling

*petra sterilis*  
barren rock  
*transmutata*  
*inluminata*

landscape details  
for their own sake

Accidental  
or otherwise

takes will  
to make it real

to let it be  
as it will

Where does it go  
when it goes out?

\*

*More light*  
Goethe's last words  
*More light*

what he wanted?  
what he saw?

milkweed silk  
catching the sun

the breath the seed  
immaculate

*Follow the light*

the book instructs  
the newly dead

*Follow the light*