

Silence

SILENCE

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The land

The time

The green bird

To hear

The yellow

Laughter cripple

Do not sing

The eunuch leaves

Antlered or hackled or horned

He slips from the edge of the mirror

Halo of breath or pale fur

The door wears the face of a bleeding ghost

(Remember, Love, when . . .)

Afraid one comes, afraid one goes

(Shall I slice this throat. . .)

Dead hand turns the knob

Weird words in woolen ears

The *Wolf* becomes the *Bear*

The *Bell* grows hair

Bend her back over your hands

Swing her underbelly up

Ring her with your brazen tongue

Until she cracks free.

May as well get into it.

You won't remember tomorrow.

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