

Through One Shell Shock after Another

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on the rippling back of the earth owl
under my knees flying apart ripping me
past the dying bodies of my friends
whose blood lies between us, whose eyes
run with tracers of false red dawn;
without the thump and whine with which
the muscle and the mind talk to each other,
I come for you, Love, feet first, borne
on a slab of wind dry as a pit blown
into powdered rock. This was my right eye,
this was my nose, and now here I am
loose as the lower mouth of time,
blind as the bones that line the toe
that works the nail into the chest.
This heart I feel you at. Take it
slowly as you will. There is no hurry now.
All the darkness long nibble it and gnaw.
Until the night is gone knead it in your paws.
What is left t dawn take it in your jaws.
Carry it home like a children's song.