

in tongues

from rock to slippery rock cross stream calling
all things by their proper names

as they have made themselves known
to those with ears

negotiating

passages subterranean phosphorescent

into with any luck a way

from the ear's empathies to the eye's
pristine diamond silence

to get somewhere flat circumferences no more
than priesters gun sellers or debt brokers go

from sight through opinion to judgment from knowing to acumen
through the dark stones of the tower the man-childe came to

leaning perilously
against the leaden sky

implement in hand
to overturn the earth

Ridiculous gesture said the younger of the two
to no man in particular like father like son
not like sis eyeballs floating memory's ghosts
reliving themselves one holy water after the other
thinly arcing trajectory of angels falling
transformed into the sea of that O so catholic night
outside the house where the bella donna of means found them
in their usual attitude listing to starboard when she
took them in hand to feel for herself how they were hanging
Is that a potato in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?

music rhythm emotion

rehearsing the twofold vision

talk logic thought

signs become song
catching the mind
in words as it moves

proving little
enough
to the point

trusting in more or less

spontaneous emissions

spinning out of the flames

finer than spider's silk

whispering a veiled name

to illuminate something of substance in the moonlight