

TONIGHT

Tonight
Now—where we lie,

a barefoot sky imprinted,

A work of the void which cradles us,
Cuts us, casts us in clay—

Pisces swims the underside of the earth,
And the night is working its engines
Of aquamarine tide,
While the lilies melt
In arias
Like silverfish



Bathing in starlight—remember the rooves, blue, gloaming, lit In memory,
shaded away and faceless—

And then went the Draconids, a sail of silk
Across the eyes where storms bore holes like saints' sleep—see The trees
which breeze with breath

From the winds of the world,
The leaves lash the dark, see them—

Across some angel's sword,
A sinew of soul escaping
The Pentecost of our

Becoming—where we lie, the sleeves of our husks deny the moon it's divinity, It's sapphire,
skinned like a beach with time,

Our departure spoken of, spilled over,
With words of mist mouthed
Open, oystered, empurpled,
An egg-white dawn—