beneath here

to

“Most of the shadows of this life are caused by our standing in our own sunshine.”

- Ralph Waldo Emerson

I slip from form

Reflect

I am turning off the light
and suspecting these things: Pretty diligently
I open this and say all, goodnight, altogether
goodnight. Perhaps the man stands

on a chair and looks through the house
seeing all throughout your blouse and the night.
(It stares at the cabinet and we turn
innocuous). In spite of evening there is day. In spite of the tiny bird clawing at our hand, there is a pairing of man and hand, crying when I approach with life.

I'm moving from night into song: Let me be, mother, on the roof of your dreams.

You lay at the bottom of water
and pray. Your hands are down there.
The promise of ghosts allot another dream
and morning speaks monogamously again. Today is an allusion to hearing you bearing an allusion
to landmarks, categories of home,
thinking that this right now is time

The

This is defining
a moment of poetry.
Though near it should be a kingdom, the kingdom.

I see our father clapping, so that we too, express.

My cousin stopped drawing again, says she is
reading scripture again.

We have an ear full of heart. This is how I forgave a
woman, a bright flamboyant namely shut

Defunct

Sometimes there is a little gift called
transience, then penultimate stone.

Secondly is our bed for instance
defunct, that I was possibly walking to represent

your shore, occasionally watch a plethora of
water run into your toes. Choking softly,
it forms

a shy following that will come and go, calling
on your life.
(I heard a word hold me like a rain of whispers

Make

Here, a prophetic look into what you could not have said.

We are a subtlety trying to withdraw anything
from the histories of here.

Somewhere in the mountains is forever.
Where are you? I cry

praying or saying to the word, ‘Take this mouth,
impatiently recur and relay your origin.’ Weaning, we seem
remorsefully,
your breath is the rest there was. In me

I found someone
looking.

Your interpretation slouches before the poem,
Are we fatherless?

Rarely I reach them home (or
this mutual meaning a poesies, if I ever said the word

Flow

I know the grass might make me itch
after she told me the grass will make me itch

my legs angered in redness
before her word

I now listen closely or deeply, hungrily
holding this little depth, just to nearly know

Are you saying anything
for me to hear? She does not necessarily talk
in sound so I push my ear in loudest unfolding

to be taught and untaught this fighting fetal language –

diary of chair, marriage, two witless pencils.
Or I should be relieved
of myself when you mumble

'I say nothing,'
from the heart that, in rebuttal, retells itself to the word

Wrath

I know everything to say the hours before the poetry.
We cry but know you end. She understands my inhibition that remains
a more rare, ordinary view.
The night is unruly and nightless before we wrote and sound.

Books close around you and desks with emptying floor.
You remain
blue, examining your intention, the promise of walking and hoping to, in time, praise.

Of yourself, you jump into and in every fall:
did he baptize and die die and baptize

In another word, earth

And now I wonder, I see
the sky enter the earth. What rolls away
rolls here, opening to hold. If I did not write, I was waiting
for

that disturbance of words who lift
my love from this rain, this day as just a perfect language.

Whoever sees the trees
is hiding
in the trees. You walk into the shore to uncover
your footprints –
what dies, temptation at the door

Before this

She won’t talk to me, she’ll talk to me. Into a spontaneous
streaming I stream.

I see you as this moth ascending with light
and the roof becomes small.

My neighbors eat and watch their crackers.

Though this is my mouth, she may just lead
to a softer departure of words.

It is a longer way to darkness, to life,
mothers or fathers that throw over their clothes to say,
again, it was in there.

What if you simply disenfranchised tonight

Two women grind

Around one shell, around some water.
The day was there, found all
houses sitting in her underwear:
here, what's fear?
What's fear to me is holding,
holding the handle who was a defiant name. Who is on the other side but a
bride, a
basket of knowledge, synecdoche full of loose clothes

Here is an original door

From outside, I hear fear
touring inside their hands. So that when I begin, again, to
write, I will not see that she, again, has prayed.

If I, entirely, surrender to his voice, where will I breathe,
be, she willing to stand.

Like within the sound of people talking
to the extent I once heard everything.
Beyond, I was what you spoke about holding.

Now we invoke to bear ourselves.

Under the mountain is a remembrance
of gold, rather, a brief intolerance for doves

Sunship

She sadly smiles, if I could seem like an epiphany of grass,
deliverable, the same gigantic thing.

I would be sacred
as if the obvious is a division between here
and this last deftly presence, this -

‘I whimper sometimes that his hat was his hand, I say,’ the
meaning of a dream. I wrote in a notebook when I came
closer to beholding her.

Now I seek that habit of knowing who you are before
imploring this, this, miss gentle light.

Start here.

Could you arise and raise yourself
into the setting down on grass your lover.
I part what’s ours, intimate struggle into her lowly self.
My hand to my hand in terms of my hands.
Or then I am a moment of mountain that crawled from here,
an invocation of large trees that are hardly large trees.
A catastrophe of peace, it says, helps
the eternal synonym. We plunder like the meaning of sleep
was there