

Back When You Were a Room in Which Blue Light Shines

and I was a pale yellow cracking sound pale in yellow woods
before this time I have not given away my body to be burned

to hang like Christ or float river-end-ward some say to heaven

after all not in woods either and I have kept it close this body
then lent it brown as twig-falling that goes on without praise

or complaint and as you are I am still

what once was also what became of it shed its hayslips
its white old-field asters a fall sound brittle in trees

and the future of what

can't be said pale yellow and it's got its blue center
how body in sunshine compared with body in darkness

after all doesn't end or begin but a faint outline of fox ears
by roadside becomes I was the one slowing down for you

I was inside the fast-moving thing like yours my skin
slipped from me easily into another no *I'm going now*

no *look for me later* but how to look for sound and with what
anyway to find a slipping thing the crops turning the trees

their yawning-in-wind

this is not this is not that moment in which the blue-eye grass
opens
the catmint wilts and finishes this is another into which

I am that young body going going and you are not yet born

but somehow inside me and who your father will be
after all that pale yellowing
is still a question but not forever