

as I pronounce it, identical to wind-borne
rifings of rain above desert light.

Here I am, like God, the pulsing
center in a gather of waxwings widening
and tightening in their flock against
the sky, like God, a wayward thread
of cottonwood lifting over fields,
forswearing forever, all bones,
every place.

CREATION BY THE PRESENCE OF ABSENCE: CITY COYOTE IN RAIN

She's sleek blue neon through
the blue of the evening. She's black
sheen off the blue of wet streets,
blue daunt of suspension in each
pendant of rain filling the poplars
on the esplanade.

Her blue flank flashes once in the panes
of empty windows as she passes.
She's faster than lighthouse blue
sweeping the seas in circles.

Like the leaping blue of flames
burning in an alley barrel, her presence
isn't perceived until she's gone.

She cries with fat blue yelps, calls
with the scaling calls of the rag men,
screeches a siren of howls along the docks
below the bridges, wails with the punctuated
griefs of drunks and orphans.

She scuttles under gates, through doors
hanging by broken hinges, behind ash
bins, into a culvert, shakes off the storm
in an explosion of radiance, licks
the cold muzzles and genitals of her frenzied
pups, gives them her blue teats, closes
her yellow eyes.

No one ever sees her face to face,
or those who do never know they do,
denying her first, pre-empting her lest
the place of pattern and time she creates,
like the blue of a star long since
disintegrated, enter their hearts
with all of its implications.