

CRYSTALLOGRAPHY

I

sight strikes the mote,
language climbs down the cornice,
vowels of fog
and sharp consonants,

clear hours partitioning the night,
everyone—like an ice-floe flushed out
by voices, but silver nets
catch them too,

the cloth is quartered
and numb fingers grope
for a loose thread,
farther and farther,

where only destination is left
but not death, where the cloth
of stars is too bright
for an open wound,

the square piazza taps
out steps all night,
ever clearer the winter,
every higher the white chiton of noah

II

shadows shattered
into sharp flashes catch in cloth,
only the blade of frost
strips the aura: the target of the sky

the trajectory of language
stretches over the longest nights—
myth
of ourselves falling to earth

III

by lips of frost
I create your image:
in the hollow of vowels
air trembles,

limitless
blue january,
starless moonlit night
but feeling in the light

like burnished copper,
along the outline of the body
the clock's hand
stencils

the monogram of being

DIALOGUE IN A CELLAR

the river's mouth swells and floods cellars,
gravel, herbs smelling of iodine—
the bed of the sleeping traveler
wrapped in his sunny dream,

who cares about him, who cares about an amphora
recovered from the holds of a foundered ship
near dardanelle's straits,
a closed form in itself, not taking root
in the squares of rooms and the frames
of pictures? there are many aesthetics,
says the professor, and the strangest one
is under care of powers
that abhor us