JOURNEY TWO

As we walk forth can we know if the world is its beholders Or are we what we behold? Perhaps the world is nothing And perhaps we are nothing. That must be it, for I think our nothings Break breath together and like ghosts Pass through the other's membrane. We pass, mordant playmate, like pink ghosts Through the pink ghost of a desert Where our footprints await us. And the face of our first love Is the face of our last love.

JOURNEY THREE

I journeyed to journey and so came, Of course, oh diamond-back rattler, To where you reposed sigmoidal in The combed sequoia shade. Your tongue tasted The air stressed by My heart beat, and then You glided back and forth Over the invisible alphabet Of Jehovah's sexuality.

I raised my stick to kill you For the sake of blond picnickers in California. But when I heard you hiss, "Yes, yes," I knew You were my lost love come back to give me the gift You had neglected to give when you fled From me long long before Either of us was born.