

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.