

JOURNEY FOUR

When we ascend cliffs, all the tomfoolery
Of redundant shrubs, facsimile trees
Thins, ceases. Spiny gorse climbs
With us for awhile. For awhile
Tufts of harebells pretend like myopia
To look at us, but at summits
Only acid-colored lichen clings
Like a first but indecipherable language
To the psalters of stone.

On stone then, lichenous darling, you
Lay at the world's edge. Your breath
Moved your breast an inch into the abyss
As all your atomies stretched out and down
From scarp to scarp until you were
No longer here at the cliff edge, but a stream
Of energy extended to four lakes, like four blue
Pebbles set in distance's green smear.

If you ever return, tell me, cadenza-kid,
What it is that a crystal sees
Just at the instant it becomes a crystal.

JOURNEY FIVE

Down through the small pursed end of the cornucopia,
Past the mere profiles of flesh I came into the past.
I came into an autumn
Where we had walked by a river
That slipped beneath pale curled willow
Leaves. Falling and twisting, they
Became the many motions of water.
And the many solemnities of water.

In the serious dark sleeks between
The bonfire islands of leaves,
Small trout rose like green rosebuds
And faded in the eye before they faded.
I turned to say to you,
“Beauty is not persuasions of light;
Neither color nor absences of color.
Beauty is the intense movement of solmemnity.”

I turned, speaking, to wake in autumn
To see the world could no longer see you.

JOURNEY SIX

Where I motor now, giants of an older world
Emerge with miles. Perhaps they were once magma
Squeezed into the chimneys of a softer stone. Perhaps
They were once enlmed water hardening in sockets of sandstone.
Chimney or socket gone, they stand here now alone
In the mere, bleak colors of pain.
Wind has all but worried their faces away.

Vague as they are they seem curious about me.
Arched over slightly, their arms,
Where the hands are fading, crossed over
Their loins, they stand like children who are
Waiting for their parents to do something monstrous.
But since I am stranger rather than parent, they
Murmur shyly to each other, “Look, there is that
Creature who believes in us. He makes us beautiful.”

No.

None of this is true. That is how
They stood and murmured when my love journeyed
With me, when my eyes were not my eyes