

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 worlds'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.