

JOANNA KLINK

*Whoever Like You and All Doves*

Whoever like you and all doves  
drains day from darkness loves

darkness and what grow there.  
Only now and then

there appears an opalescence  
in the sunken night, the back

of a thieving animal or a man  
come to stand at a door-sill,

as if a candle held up to  
a river might create a quiet

so constant there would be  
no need for touch. A man

comes to lean on a door-sill  
so late at night that his scarab form

absorbs the windless patter of  
trees and leaves a splash of black

where his hand, resting against  
the wooden frame, just was.

Whoever like you  
drains evening from  
  
darkness are my sole accompaniment  
in early maps of dusk across  
  
the scrubbed slight-rising field.  
What simple use my feet are  
  
put to, dissolving for an hour  
along the bleached grasses  
  
whose feathered stems begin  
to burn in weird yellow-greens  
  
and reds that obscure whole  
bolts of low pocked stone.  
  
Nothing I have seen on earth  
is so lost as this expanse made  
  
precise in the receding light,  
a thousand thousand brittle  
  
stems brushed in audible  
reverence to air in whose  
  
surround I am imprinted,  
wandering blank spot with limbs,  
  
scarring into limestone beds  
below thresholds of sense  
  
or clear estrangement, as when,  
in the next day's ravaged noon,  
  
sunlight sweeps the prairie  
never touching the ground.

Whoever like you blues  
weeds at the edge of

this forked street and leaves  
skirts of birds in the skeletal

trees, a season's salinity.  
Hour within autumn hour-in-

vanishing, the yellow leaves  
draw, through dry quiet,

close to the ground.  
Below the cool spindrift beds

of seeds lies a subterranean  
braille of what will perish

and what grow, an unlivable  
meaning beyond measures

of meanings filling with dark  
nutrient and root wherein glint

the pressures of everydayness  
and harrowed calendar matter,

into whose reaches even  
the moon and its opal material

cannot burrow, whose where-  
abouts are manifest in the depths

of faces of strangers when they  
seem to see through you.