

unfurled
and wind bloomed the parachute:

the air-head tugged me
up,
tore my roots loose and drove
high, so high

I want to touch down now
and taste the ground
I want to take in
my silk
and ask where I am
before it is too late to know

My Father, I Hollow for You

My father, I hollow for you
in the ditches
O my father, I say,
and when brook light, mirrored,
worms
against the stone ledges
I think it an unveiling
or coming loose, unsheathing
of flies
O apparition, I cry,
you have entered in
and how may you come
out again
your teeth will not
root
your eyes cannot
unwrinkle, your handbones
may not quiver and stir
O, my father, I cry,
are you returning:
I breathe and see:
it is not you yet it is you