

A B C

A A syllable with skin,
tough and saurian,
alive in the sewer's mouth.

A word with loot
bulging its pockets,
crouched in the alley after curfew.

A whole stanza forming
to march off the curb
and into your head with banners.

A poem in hiding
from men in advertising
and the guitars of ex-pilots.

B Be the unfolding page,
white page, memorial to the absolute,
atlas of heights and depths,

Be the statue leaning out from the stone,
the stone also, torn between past and future,
and the hammer, whose strength we share,

Be the cry at whose center silence is,
and the silence itself,
already moving outward in slow circles.

C See the fearful chandelier
that trembles above you
each time you open your mouth
to sing. Sing.

See the trampled way
beside the abyss your mouth is,
from which the high note rises
of someone falling, falling.