

from: THE STILLNESS AT THE CENTER  
OF THE TARGET

21:

Begin with the lies of sun and moon  
day and night sitting at the same table  
the eye of fire and the eye of glass

Their light lies upon the sea in colors  
Upon the luffed sails  
or sensible on the deep backs of its creatures

At bottom darkness  
great jaws hurrying behind their own lights  
through cold tons of pressure

The sea fumes  
The clouds are thin or heavy  
shifting and busy in the lie of the wind

We are foolish  
We believe in their possibilities  
in rain

in the odor of lightning in electric meadows  
in the laughter of trees  
appearances small vanishings renewals

in the charities of bone and pollen  
the small lies of the cricket and the wren  
in the framing of houses

Lying is nature we say  
and lying well is an art  
and as both have it another way we say

There are lies like an empty glove  
like lovers' fingers  
like a rich woman stealing butter

dime-store lies  
the nifty pocket-knives of our own advice  
the watchman's footfall in the empty yard

Lies like the machines of our miracle with no moving parts  
like cards with holes in them for nothing  
like celebrations intricate with fire and air

I'll settle for all of them  
settling for a world that comes apart like a surprise  
and is all imaginable

For the voice in the next room useless and reasonable  
as the sea is delicate and muscular  
running under such dreams as run under our lives

22:

So this is how it ends  
So this is what it comes down to  
a list of things we will need for the past

Faces for identity  
a fence of lines across one forehead  
small greed in the wings of the nostrils  
eyes that invent a glorious look of the sea

Probable bodies  
taking the sun  
taking the winter's sugar  
the years counting in moles and scars

If our passions mean anything this is how  
If whole countries are willing this is why  
'Only experience teaches us how to die'

In order to survive what we have  
we will need more of it  
we will need to wise up to know what is good for us

Away from the news the smoke of our having  
in this house of open doors that seem closed  
before the grace of simple food  
we listen again  
to a story of gifts  
the story of the power of hats with old men

the air in the arroyo crackling clear  
blown snow freckling and flickering  
our beer in a dazzling chill on the table

And when we drive down the mountain  
as we must  
past the swing bridge and the wild dogs toward the city  
together toward our separate and violable lives

we will share a common light  
a mutual way  
We will be immigrants again in our own tongues