where is the shore he fears as the devil

himself his cleverness

we move, we move, the mass of the people moves is he trying to escape? to enter?

The Law of Poetry / George Oppen

rooted in the most unconscionable romance, the words the thought the form and the music for one's own sake: from this law is born the law and the prophets. Or more simply.

"Something grazes our hair . . . " / S. J. Marks

Something grazes our hair, gets tangled in it and leaves,

The last light welds itself to the hand. The light of the shadow is its milky darkness, the light on the moon like a skin.

There are silences in the heart, a hand with its fingers curled up in the palm.

And a tree. I break off a small branch,
I touch the jagged edges and my fingers itch.

I feel your hands in my sleep, soothing me, trying to find out who I am.

They're taking apart something without me, something so human
I can't even remember the dream it became when I wake.

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