

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.