

POETRY NOW

*for Andrew Carrigan*

snow falls through moon light  
smile on the moon  
enchantment returns  
i am on the moon  
twinkling reflections

a horse neighs an organ plays  
looks like it  
the balloon ascends  
my father is killed by a sack of sand  
it's just something i was thinking of

"ballast" i write in the answer  
smoke blows through  
the flakes of snow  
moon    snow    flakes  
it can be no plainer

**IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD, AND THE WORD WAS  
WITH GOD, AND THE WORD WAS GOD**

the form of the word  
is heated  
and dropped on mind

the shape it burns  
depends upon  
memory and imagination

the perfect mix  
of their solutions  
is totally inflammable

so all is revealed  
or we are  
branded