

I broke a stick and saw the face St. Thomas said
was Jesus. The wind declaimed at Pentecost,
A body burns to form the shapes you see in clouds.
A body breaks the clock with a silent boom.

I traveled at the speed of light by looking up.
I walked across the field that was
and that was it. My body burned with each
unfounded step. There was a light beyond the light
that drew me in like a moth. This was the violence
that bore away. My closest friend spoke for death.
What could I say? I lost my voice when I tried to speak.

THE DOLPHIN

My dearest parents, what did you expect?
That paradise was a place
where I could live and reign?
I'll try to explain.

I was blind with seeing inside the walls
where beauty starves on beauty.
I'm on the verge of speaking things
I can not know without the stones' assistance.
Those men, for instance, without their teeth,
the corpse I saw beside the river, inspired me
to search the earth piece by piece
until I learned that the air breathed me
when I ran my hand through the dead man's hair.

I was extinguished in the pleasance of salatrees.
A fire blazed inside my head like a flower.
I saw two things as one and multiplied the rest.
It never ends, this carrying over of other things,
this chorus of voices inside the river.

I read the sky *like a book on rising*.
It said, "Difference is the soul of fire."
It said, "You are beyond me."
A caveat of clouds admonished me:
"When there is no wind lids descend as open eyes.
The worm expires inside the body."

One stone cried out beside another,
"Your body is the discipline of your desire
to turn into ten thousand things."
I believe that this is true.
How else to explain my love for the world,
my need to dance from here to there,
my need to sit beneath this tree.
Love, your son