

MY DAUGHTER LA CHOLA NEAR SONNET

call to me the one among your names  
that opens beneath you intimate  
as your next thought cymballing on the shore

arranging all those grains of sand  
mica in the mosaic of the bank's portico  
all your lived and storied coordinates  
that you are young

that you are blank  
in the air in the cluster of antennae  
the remaining Barton men make of themselves riding back  
the yellow fire hills of California

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slip between understandings name  
the single ridge of bell bronze that tins the wind out