

I: Non-scripta

All alone, child? Cheer up,
cherub: your kingdom
waits (its breath, it bates) – all hale
its herald, all gold its gates.

And in the rooms
of bluebell's quiet
no sound slips by it
unannounced.

But children run
and children riot
and bluebells burn
where mirth is violent.

So quiet, quiet,
my fevered violet.
In me there's little
left unrenounced

By human tongues.
But won't you, dear one,
come
and find it?

II: Summersong

Then quick they come
clicking, ardor-
crazed, clamor-raised
all chitin and wings
and six legs
that sing.

O starving
O pure
O thoughtless in flight
O cipher, that name
Yet cried it and cried it
a sweet summerlong.

O new-hatched
now husk-shorn
O death-born
summerling

To catch and be caught
is a sacred thing.

Then speak, horde:
I listen. Each chord
and prayer
Lifted green
in gauze air:

Benediction.

Thy billions' tongue
speaks excess, lilt lush,
demands that you
(when chest to chest
with that many-mother,
she known-by-none)

either revel
in her majesty,
or run.

III: Interval

I pause here
The space sounds impatient.
I wait here
I yearn for sustained signs.
I pause here
I sink as the days pass
The days pass...
The days pass...

I beg now!
I plead!
Not years!
Not years!
I beg now!
I grasp firm
I cling on to dim stars
I clench as the warmth fades
I've lost hold...

...Of the light that sharply lit your dark eyes.
A warm light
Would light lie?

The months pass...
The months pass...
The days pass...
I pause here...
I wait...
I wait here...

Could I have held her hand?

IV: Quercus

Grandfather crow
King in his oaken bed:
Croaking and browned
That crowned head
Yet sings it, sings it,
– Awoken? Or dead? –
A spirit ringed round
By its own broken thread.

V: Mellifera

Take this: I am giving
of what wraps your hands in sticky
silk, sets them as shatter
on the window panes.

I am not the milk-
white thing you found
in the woods. I am not
the shrieking shrill, born blind.
You will listen
when I speak. You will.

Heaven! Have at me here

where the blue glow skips the body
and harks to halo the hair, and where
sharks' teeth grow
in the mouths of babes.

Can you hear the bees when they sing?
I can – I can.

Nights they come,
queens and all, crushed
under September's golden heel.

And still, and still.

Let me palm the weight
of your joy – a magician's
coin I'll recover later
for praise, for mine
alone.

But I have lain this way before:
neck to floor, thin-veined,
full-throated
And I was never mastered,
ever rare. Now
electrified, now young

now among the repenting who fall
to grass, whose fistfuls of earth
warm
in their grasps.

Hold tight, lament

that land you spent, that gasps
absolution. It lives
in shadows under the little moons
of your nails. This instant is,

and is,
and is
a fragrant pill
I'll take,
you'll give.