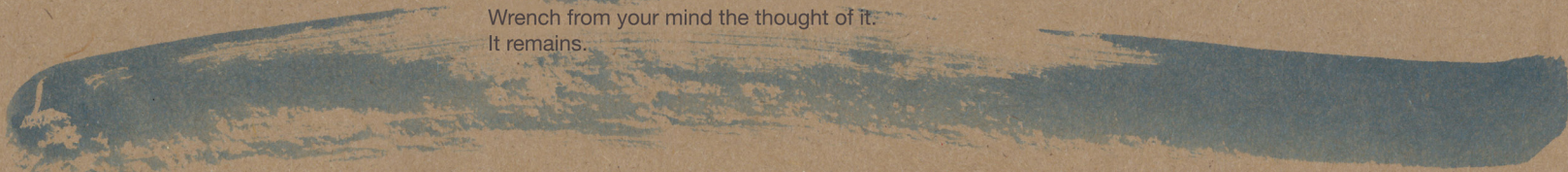


Land

Meredith Clark

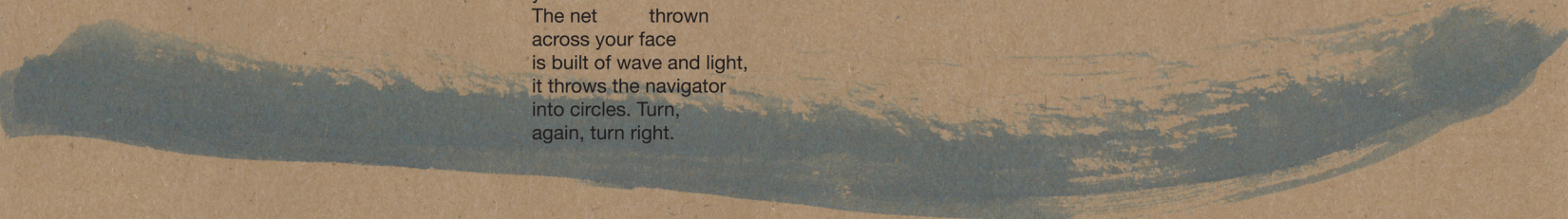
Land i.

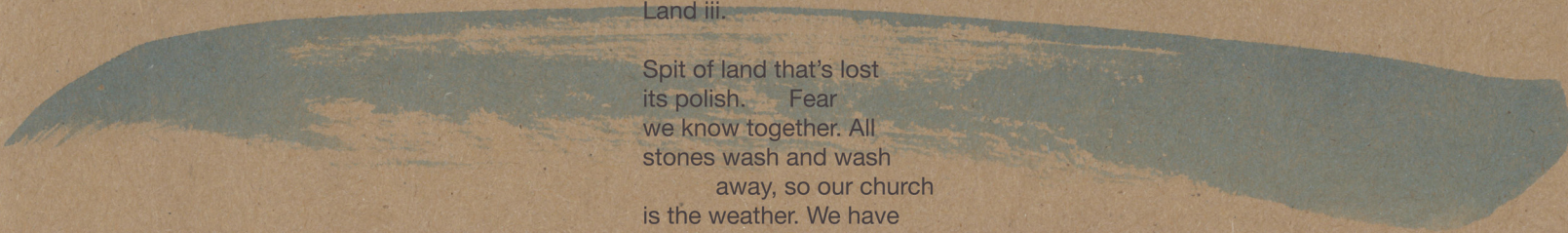
Seven bolts in the wide
white door. At no point is this
yours to open. Take, in stead, the passenger
decks, one thru three,
hands on the wet rail,
the frank and upturned
face of the sea.
After wave upon wave,
a continent.
Wrench from your mind the thought of it.
It remains.



Land ii.

New pile of storm
I do not know, you
like the form of everything
so well. The surge,
the foam, the coast of stones.
You wash back out,
you rock the bell.
The net thrown
across your face
is built of wave and light,
it throws the navigator
into circles. Turn,
again, turn right.





Land iii.

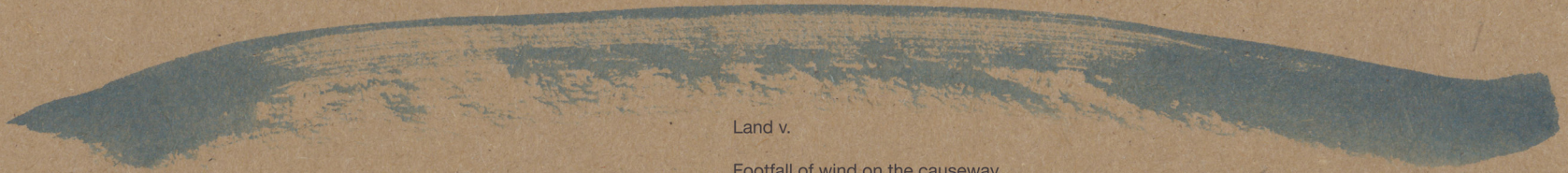
Spit of land that's lost
its polish. Fear
we know together. All
stones wash and wash
away, so our church
is the weather. We have
prophets in high windows
manning the glass,
all while what is bright
in brightness lasts.



Land iv.

Along the wall and falling
back, a senate
of waves meeting plaster.
Bent and folded, breaking
backs here.

Soft sound
of the sea as it fails
in fitting shore.
All along the high wall,
looking for the door.



Land v.

Footfall of wind on the causeway
of grasses. Blown
stems showing
where the path is. Not far,
the waves walk out in perfect timing.
First the ebb by moon
and then the climbing.



Land vi.

No-name in a new hand
painted house
against the sand. From here,
each wave's a shadow horse:
windswept. Off-course.
What matters is each wall
backed to the cold.
How perfectly each lintel
wants its load.

Land was written en route. The typeface is Helvetica.



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