

[the night hike]

you & i beneath
where forest's
long sunless river wove

(as it should) be-warned
a voice chanting

enfolded *amoenus*.

within eyelids resound
the deep. the rich locust.

the breathing. mingle
with bursts

with prophesying devices
with coppery loam

as if to revive
blossom dances

in chance
ever measureless

shred green & half-fed
stopped

as though *beneath*
motion, could run

as round as ever
the width of the world
to a crowd.

that moment:

a damp cave of eyes
domus of living stone

a garden of half-intermittent pleasure

some fed oceans blinks
of wings went round
to inspect glares of milkweed

saliva'd swift nest cliffs
glimpses of five iridescent throats

of *dulci mares*.

too deep for eyes
these seven cave nerves
of sea water and dome canopy.

burnt bark. mossed.
wooded hills heard loud waters
plash neath cavernous moon.

shadow below.
and up you and i climb
from chasm to hill.

twas the moon's light
that ran through

whose reach was finger
fragments of swift
feathers

see what human fasteners
these eyes are
these ears these antennae

who stop and cry beneath things flung bright?

i would be a fountain and measure my heart burst
amid chromatic hail from setting sun ...!

such hills enfold
measureless dark wonders.

mountains flash thick
ocean starlight.

waves reach and flick
and pulse to hear
night's coverlet.

breath. bed.

whose place?
because its thwarted ceaseless waters
fast aground wanting:

longer miles of pine and then a clearing. a crossroad.

you and i stole spark from flint, catching the flame in leaves for
fire, then feeding the fire with twigs, i took a stick from it and lit
a round white candle and set it in the soft earth, whose meager light
smoothed our dark surroundings into a dome to hold our talk.

many have stopped
a chase with dancing

o forest vault
if momentarily
loud and close
now silent

absence. the green full stop

eyes stop flailing rills stop
wherein lies stop all stop light stop it seems.