

## Poems



## Dry Creek Valley

On the second

and third

wires over the wire  
on which forks the zinfandel vine:  
barbed knots  
and spirals of old  
severed vinetips:  
one can flick  
these wishbones of waterless  
grapewood into  
full rotations  
on the wire:  
some are not wyes,  
some have the look of shrew-sized  
brainstems into

the knots  
of which I fail  
to not  
project my proprioception  
and the regulation  
and insistence of my breathing here  
in the plutocratic hills,  
while quaked reactors fail  
Japan, and bombs fall  
in Afghanistan  
for purposes of regulation  
and insistence, and  
there's a crow (in an oak with a copy of  
Whitman's beard  
on every limb)  
counting to five  
over and over and a propane truck  
filling the tanks of the vineyard opposite.

## Maalaea

Stones half-buried in pulverized star-  
fish, silica, coral, basalt shatter, a waterline-  
threaded  
band of scatter, an-  
agrammatic  
stone notes in a wave sequencer: bright, 'h-  
onest' tones, each  
has 'bend' and 'pitch,'  
has length,  
and some come  
with echo effect: a stone  
turns in the eye into  
a minor model of the cloud-and-  
turbine-  
studded Pu'u  
Kukui, itself  
a scale-  
invariant stone  
in sequence in littoral blue  
isolation as

the eternity-bird's eye view zooms out: Earth-  
stone in sequence,                    tonal music  
of sphere after  
sphere                                    broken by  
sweetwater,    spacewater,    saltwater  
dulcimer                                hammers into  
non-Euclidean                        scales, corals, and  
liquid iron cores and                pitchblendes and  
denser                    half-life  
ores in                                  a band of  
stellar  
scatter, each with                    pitch and  
bend                                      of light  
    from Spica blue  
  
to Proxima  
Centauri red                            to red  
of an open mouth                      to benthic blue  
back to late childhóod,  
when I lóved you.

## Saugatuck Dunes

I and the others, over the dune hill wall,  
confronted the Great Lake and wandered  
with paper, pens and dying in different  
parents  
directions, and I sat a long time on a beech log and wrote

The Dearth of Rods:

The structure of the retina imposes limitations  
on *homo sapiens sapiens'* powers of observation.

Spacewise, rods and cones being finite, resolution  
must be finite. So the 17<sup>th</sup> century invention

of the microscope began the apprehension  
of the infinite space bounded which is that suspension

of reactor stars and matter darkly theorized to be what  
it resembles: something of a universe within a hazelnut

within an Epicurian atom. Timewise, that neuronal

signals pulse discretely means that any visible phenomenon

must last beyond the interval

(during which Lucifer-Icarus falls) of milliseconds

needed by a primate brain to render an experience, hence  
the 19<sup>th</sup> century invention of photography commenced the death birth of God,

until one of the others walked  
toward the black dot  
that was me  
and arrived  
and sat, and I felt a pulsation, acute,  
a desire to  
protect, and felt, too,  
protected, but she  
sat with me  
for less than  
a minute in silence, then  
asked for more paper and walked off.

## **Could it be True I Once, Alone Walking, Found**

A split tree trunk  
with a torn off back  
half of a water-  
logged *Paradiso*  
in its hollow?