

## 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.

## Maa laea

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?