

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 17th 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 19th 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?