

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 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?