

# A

Unfathomable mind, now beacon, now sea.  
—SAMUEL BECKETT

Door, door opening on every pulse, the same empty hall,  
washed and unlit, the same peculiar night lit by green planets,

cradled on the inspired breath, one O, another,  
the circle we emerged from, blood and muscle, space

without sphincter, she pushed, we came. Hello? Sound tunnels  
from one world to the next, sometimes the line goes dead.

The unthought scheme of things, design, circle to circle,  
continent's end—the skin shelf of nothing beyond what's seeable

from here, Circe's song, the sirens' wail, the ear's small cave,  
lips' vermilion rim, apart, the world comes, I came, she. Then

hunger's clawed hand, the reach towards an iron door,  
penitentiary, century of penitence, patience of the buried

furless creature. Iron innocence, barely light, your breath pulsing  
little tides, mornings left, how many? day shaking itself awake.

The long-lined infinitesimal pin-pricked light, the stars are holes.  
Black sled, so fast, s-curves, the silk, the sail, satin undies,

“smalls” they're called. Who wanted you? For the long feathers,  
pinions, bead-heads, the father's reach, how far the wrenching,

unheard secrets, questions a child's mind forms around:  
kernel of nothing that becomes the something inside

of each who, where. A voice opens like water, the pour  
overboard, the poor filling the world, the world refusing

to fill them. Landscape develops rilles, loamy with tendrils,  
the scent of wet earth seeping, that's where we'll go soon,

manacled to time—you're it, the body pulls you along. Spill  
out a line into a place that isn't there yet, are you singing?

Won't, far-fetched, water pail, mooncalf, milk in the face,  
a wake is full of food, the dead aren't talking, can't, they lie there

listening to us chew, those pink spotted star lilies that smell  
too strong. Possibility always open, we turn from it so often,

a window, and then one orange day gone into the rumpled  
flannel of a Sunday and where are you? The spotted hand,

lost ring, sweet unlivd days, pool of mind, welcome water,  
drink, lap, the slip-flap turnings of desire, wake up, padding,

row row under the wavelets under the covers, slip slip, in we go.  
The Cha'am salmon? Something spicy, cilantro, walk in

the kite-flying marina, purple darkness oozing in, open skin,  
a mind's easing itself up and over the lip of time. Small daily

killing, desire unfolding all over again inside the slipknot's loop,  
stepping down the mossy stairs into the bottle-green bay, who is it?

No one. Me? Black is a quality of space, vibrations lengthen  
into flood, the wash, the sea. Who went there? The ones who came

before, the embryo, the vanished, gone, the sunk and sinking.  
What peace is there at this point? Peach-lit fog blows in, scrawling,

we go over the edge again, who said ground is basic? “Myriad-minded,”  
shapely, ship-shape, formless, figure and arc, the reach into—

what do you figure? Drift grasses, black oolong, sip air and otherness, one  
conceivable line of time. It floored me, what was there, disguised as nothing:

a wall of water, silver surface, creased and wind-driven, sun-stricken,  
almost painful, from the massive heavenly dark, down here, shining.

# Tongue

Oceanic mania, that peculiar elevation of expanse in tune with the vast ballooning of internal energies which glow and spill over into excesses of verbiage without

shape, urge without object, me-ness without limit, no salt on the tail, centrifugal and upwards. Did we go there? Syntax, syrinx, sex, sphinx. A single synapse,

when really, the axons and dendrites interconnect with delicate non-touch, tiny chemical boats set sail in the dark cleft, unpack themselves on the far shore

and memory occurs: a plum drops off the tree into your open palm. I loved “syrinx” for its over-layered meanings: panpipes, a bird’s vocal organ, narrow corridor of

an Egyptian tomb, a fluid-filled tubular cavity in the spinal cord as in syringomyelia. Let’s sing, because we can still walk upright like creatures of our kind, and go visit

the underground gallery’s opening. Hieroglyphics in orange and blue, unlike the alphabet, leave room for imagination’s twists, interpretations, more so

pre-Rosetta stone. The grave/the song, so tight, entrance to the soul’s hollow, breath’s music was hidden in the sigh, the full throat’s echo, tube into innards,

pink tree, white cords, gristled chords, bellowing, breaching, the mythic white-whale spree, not breech, backside first. Old ones naming what should be known, sewn seeds

of character, four short strokes in the calligrapher’s horse, gallop out of the mouth on a long low note then scatter, scat, that spoken note-speak of the jazzy-tongued.

Hoof-beats mean zebras, phoneme means sense, word means breath shaped into one mouthful articulated by consonants, air/palate, genioglossus, pharyngoglossus,

papillae— sweet, sour, (adazzle) salty, bitter— narrow pharynx down into darkness, bifurcation of breath and liquid, two routes to nowhere. What goes in, comes out, utterance or nonsense, the owl and the pussycat, an articulate caterpillar, the far wind, and black sails, the ones they forgot to change so he leapt off the cliff, reading the signal of his son’s death. Is the tongue a mother or a father? Muscular utterance. Hamlet—“For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ.” Echolalia: a psychotic mimicry; coprolalia: shit-talk; glossolalia: speaking in tongues, a fluent going on, un-understandable, channeled from the other side, an automatic writing from the oral cavity. Anna O. babbling in sentences of infinitives in four languages, had to be “relieved of her imaginative products daily,” by Breuer, (*Studies in Hysteria*), she invented the name—“talking cure.” What can be spoken into the notch of an empty cloud? Body urging upward mind’s intent, play, reach into old time’s root and rift, the swift footed tongue precedes all sense, rosy, slippery creature of quirky purpose, threshold of fools’ gold, song’s wet floor.