

I cannot sit still
when I see the moon
sliding slowly through the clouds.

I want to throw something
at the black sky.
I want to drive out far
on a dirt road into the hills,
then turn around
and hurl myself at the moon.

I am all sick all over
of its perpetual beauty, its
remoteness on the hill.

I want flesh. I want skin.

I want something on my tongue
I can bite.



The wind again is turning
all of the trees inside out.

Same wind that is slamming
every door shut behind me.

I no longer can use my arms
to walk or even roll.

And it is the same underbelly
of the sky as before and still.

Drilling down now
the only direction to go.



I am made no longer
of the light made
in birds' beaks
or in bright leaves.

I am made now,
I see it, of the light made
in red stones, in silence
and in bright blades.

I am made no longer
to burn in the darkness
like a word. I am made now
of the darkness, and I burn

like a word.

