

After The White Lilies

*As a man and woman make
a garden
-Louise Glück*

between I am
woman and
man
so
I am
a garden
I know
I will turn cold
but
the inevitability of
terror
does
make it
undeniable
summer
is
a form of
devastation
building up bounty
to remind us
all can be
lost
the air
is scented
through smoke
I have
retreated
now
I see the sea
red tide
poppies
I am
willing
participant
in my own seduction
by
oblivion
I
hush
myself
hush I say to
myself

it does

not

matter

how many

summers

remain

to us

we have arrived

at

eternity

approaching

the edge of

what is

known

we are

stretched

gravity

works

inexorable

my hands

holding

my flesh

up

against itself

I know

I can

win

not

resisting

the splendor

I let it

go

give

in

After Matins

*Forgive me if I say I love you: the powerful
are always lied to
-Louise Glück*

the powerful
always lie
so the weak
do not
panic
I love what
I cannot
conceive
will end
I go on
pretending
the world porcelain
discloses
nothing beauty
appears
and endures across centuries
ash of
the hawthorn ash
of
foxglove pink
purple ash
behind
the daisies and in the roses
it is useless
to pretend silence
promotes belief
spike of
smooth morning
denuded
steel morning of
warmed
in sun wings
burned away
we know the shade of
what
comes
next
forgive us we knew
we were
powerful we lied
to ourselves
so
we did not have to
panic

After Trillium

When I woke up I was in a forest.
-Louise Glück

I woke
to the inevitable
I knew
in both scales
the body and the world
the world
both landscape and
companion
to emptiness
my hands
were skilled
deceiving me
as to what
I wanted
I knew
nothing
I could do
nothing
but see
it wasn't possible
to live
without
being open
so I
opened
I slept
beneath
a tree
a half millennium old
a curtain fig strangled
two others
and grew on
up out
I knew I
needed shadow
could not
name this need
could not speak
then I woke
ignorant of
so much
the grief already
in my voice
already in
the world

later
rain streaming
from me
a ladder
I saw vision of
exchanging my life
for something else
green
the vast
stretch of
infinite
so much
excess
it was like
a threat any landscape
can be
a text and
maybe
I require
death
to produce beauty
I find a string of cries
the shape
of the word beauty
hung there among
the branches
I look
up
the coming fire
kisses my neck
searching
for
the subtext
beneath
my skin

After End of Winter

Over the still world, a bird calls

-Louise Glück

now fragments
we were
connected
the cost
of this life distributed
among us
over
air so thin almost
nothing
we breathed
in and out
eager for sensation of
exchange creating a mark
we thought permanent
good
bye
we said
what was old
crumbling
beneath
our touch we tasted the
soft power
of construction
it was
agreeable
was our
human brilliance
we
lived
we wanted to express
ourselves
we did
not know
this was
a violence against
the world
so full
already
now there is
one clear sound
goodbye in every
bird call
we
cry out

over the still
world
everything increasingly
solitary we wanted
to be
born
into pleasure and so
we took let pleasure
form lead us
around
the dump
we tasted
greedily the rotting fruit
we licked
super clean the plastic
gristle we tore
from bone
called it
meat
it was dark and
then
light
increasingly
light the dump
cried out took from us
our names
with grief we continued thinking
we were
new things
the sound
of our voice
echoing out of
hearing into
the other
world

After Witchgrass

Something
comes into the world unwelcome
calling disorder, disorder—
-Louise Glück

I
mourn
lay blame
down
weapon
unneded
I took years
to arrive
at this
state of
peace
disorder
a principle
and not a slur
only
I have
one enemy
the world
the way
it browns
at the edge
of meaning
I say
failure
I sugar
and
serve it
it is too late
I know
you know too
you see
the growing
space between
everything
the way
emptiness
distracts from
absence
anticipated
gently
the ache of
real and
you too
guilty
a paradigm
do you
like me
find yourself to be
the greatest

enemy
I lay down
call myself
a ruse
I know
this will not undo
the damage
I trail
this is how
it was always
meant to be
temporary
everything we make
I ask
what dream
taught us
to believe otherwise
led us
to build
on edge
land sinking
near water
subject
to passion
indifferent
of these
systems
I am a
kind of negation
person
unmade and
novel
always making
up
ways
of hiding
my secrets
I know
they
will escape
my brittle
fingers
fill in the gaps
they will resist reading
will be inert
after
I am gone
perhaps
they will
endure until
the floods
dissolve them
no longer
I will
deny
I have
failed
repeatedly
disorder
gone
I call
disorder
my name
quiet
in
the rush
of silence