

WINTER WHERE I AM

Clearer than snow, sun breaks
itself across snow—

You don't know how dangerous and perfect it is
to be so bare

that one hit of sun
ruins me with pleasure.

Is this the way I am braver than you?

You've gone south to your deer flies,
your strangely birdless river.

A shock to recall summer—
my own sandy shin—

the thought soaks
the bruised flower stem
in my head.

Here, the world is stalled,
unrung.

Windy tract around my heart—

what will come to graze
that space, dig it for nutrients?

And what will I cultivate?
I will feed you

the man in the dim field
playing his violin for no one,
the field cut,
between plantings, my memories

sinewing in among yours:
seeds in a yellow bowl—

I don't know what memory longs for
if not neighboring terrain's
wet air.

ASPECTS OF THE FEMININE

Not only

order,

habit.

It contains

cloudy

archaeology

enormous

untimely

possible

dreams,

there are

dreams

in

the

maiden,

they

oscillate

dancer

like

flower-like

carrying

deepening

colours)

;

“Venus”

“powerful.”

I admit,

I do not want

fantasy—

these images were

impersonal

His breathing

is

interpreted personally.

Men

rise

to find out

they are a secondary phenomenon

defective

in practice.

I usually describe

only partially expressed

human figures;

son,

king

god.

Other powerful animals

(lotus and rose)

lead

to the divine,

outside man,

the animal extreme.