

Ravage

He has made me to know,
in myself, a compassion I have
no use for.

He fairly breaks — as they say — my heart.

He passes into and free of the light,

the light itself
trophaic in its semblance
of taking leave.

Clouds;
late fog:

he has caused me to understand
and record
the difference,

as between the sea when
it seems mostly a delicate, black

negotiation

and the sky at night when it wants
for stars.

Wild bird

at rest
in the very hand to which it once was blur
entirely,

all resistance —

Had I not
called it a thing done with
already, the better part

of pleasure? Did he not find me

lying still
in the part at least I had thought

to keep?

Halo

In the dream, as if to remind
himself of his own power – that he
does have some – the gelding

whinnies once,
once more, at
nothing passing.

If this were song, I'd call it *Someone
Waving from Across the Water
at Someone Else*

Not Waving Back,
but it is dream. You, speaking; and I
distracted as usual

from the words, this time by
how you speak them:
the way tuberose open,

or new leafage –
slow, instinctive; sexual
vaguely.

There is little I've not done for you.
There are questions.
There are answers I do not give.

Between the sometimes terrible
(because leaving us always) fact
of the body to which we're

each, each moment, eroded
down – between our bodies
and the pattern the light,

dreamlight, is making on them,
the effect is one of trade-routes
long since confused by time, war,

a forgetfulness, or
because here, and here, as from
much handling, the map

especially has gone soft:
wind as a face red with blowing,
oceans whose end is broken stitchery —

swim of sea-dragon, dolphin,
shimmer-and-coil, invitation . . . You know
the kind of map I mean. Countries as

distant as they are believable,
than which — to find,
to cross — I am not

more difficult. *Here I am*, I say,
wanting to help,
Over here. And you turn. And

on its axis — swift,
inexorable as luck — the dream, turning,
with you . . .