

Brief Essay on Immanence

Ephebe, my ephebe,

welkin of cautery insensible,
no glass pastures deflect the hauteur of your
 languorous appetite,
no rough marrow slakes

the shin of said embrocate guise.
There are multiple earths

and your habitations are several:

the perch of the wren,
the monks in their spry harbors,
the various entablatures of wheat.

 It is always as if
the first time, with you, and to turn away
 is remarkably similar.

A penance in the marketplace.
A convection of bruises, tagged
 & catalogued –

There is no sense in hiding
hearthwelter, birdthrong,
 in the mandolin's
 aster-prick.

I would know you anywhere
by your supple moon.

a unitary worship –

as, later, in the valley

a great moving – (of earth –)
((I was not without sympathy)) – mutable

procession, rustle

of silks, soft palate of what chance
gouged from chance –

(queer

runes & lesions –