

## I

How the body opens.  
I felt a still busyness, intent.

Drummed into use.

Our whole task to hack  
some sleep feathered  
small to life.

Fingers, this is my baby.

## II

Family-featured ghost, bald angel,  
what survives arrival?

Soft as a moth, her breath.

## III

The day slides by like ticker tape  
and night arrives in one gigantic step.

This is winter, this is night, small love,  
squandered owl-hours on the bedding.

With sudden tongue and color  
mouth instant flares for future looks.

She welds to me  
at the white, tight drum of my sleeping.

Let flesh be knit: an egg-shape, a world-shape,  
the fluid in which we meet.

**IV**

Skylorded, wearied to shadow  
I meditate on the opposite wall.

The stars tick out a lullaby  
spindling rivulets, silver limbo.

What I want back is what I was.

**V**

What is that bird that cries?  
A squeal of breaks?

What holes this papery day is full of!

A squeal of birds?  
What is that break  
                                that cry?

What days this paper is full of!  
What wholes? This papery day.  
A squeal of brakes? A bird-like cry?

**VI**

A crocodile of small birds  
                converge, converge  
                        what is the name of that color?  
Big as the sky, it breathes

(wait and ache)

they shall not smell my fear

my fear

my fear

my fear my  
fear my fear  
my fear my  
fear my fear

## VII

Look what thresh of wings  
starred with words

the world subdued  
to her run of it

a riddle in nine  
cloud-minded syllables  
more lordly than the sun.

Her radiance scathes me.

## VIII

The woman is perfect.

Her

smile of accomplishment  
a necessity

flows in her  
Her bare

Feet saying:  
We have come so far.

Child coiled  
at each little

pitcher of milk  
folded

to her body as petals  
of a rose

sweet throat—

The moon  
staring.

She is.