

from *Invisible Marches*

3.

Green silt of
the river that surrounds.

Silt rushes
from the stagnant water.

Masks fall across my face in a glimmer of scales
faces that salmon the sexual current
a green serpent that dies and dies

a green door,
Oroborosed.

The knot's released heat.

A sun is a storm
of heat that reads.
Weaves me with it.

Green caller whose reflection is your own cast in
our humid glory where the sands retreat.

4.

A light in the woods
smell of

in your house
corridor through the trees.

Black benzoin,
on lucent stone: smoldering
matrilineal Morgan la Fey orgies shine on your finger

soul's black grease
on the walls your flesh on The Lover's mind
turns and turns.

A house of bone and wind we are,
hallways labyrinth. Jerusalem. Embrace.

6.

Clouds scud the flanks
of a secret heat

that turns within,
draws the curtain
sun draws:

on either side
illusion turns
to illusion

on either side of the eclipse the lie at center
glows in indirect light.

In the freeze of the eclipse that doubles, Black Brothers
build fortresses against dispersion
that a liquidating milk of voices throngs
down reverberant gutters of faces down hanging gardens.

The enduring plant's
forked sinuous lightning
lashes the mind to blossom.

Through sexual elated crowds
the whims of necessity
purr.
Change purposes.

The people of the panther
do not know who they are.

A force
shadowless as crystal
flows between loves.

Across Love's body, the enduring passages
of the heart planted within the eclipse exult.