

**NO BOTTOM TO TEMPEST, EVERY ONE OF US
IS A DETAIL OF THE LAST JUDGEMENT**

“We must do like the animals that rub out their traces at the entrance to their lairs. Seek no longer that the world should speak of you, but how you should speak to yourself.” – de Montaigne

Hoof put, but the hoof has put perpetuity, that

canted in delirium
cast half's cloven hoof of the enemy has put perpetuity out well beyond
the barely here, here,

from within
all of these suggested, often luminous
& unhurried

crows

low over the now two wide ruins, or worse, one,
present & past the both wide ruins, stunned together, single,
one, even perhaps

w

hole

Wholly origin, origin

or source

each a separate, unpredictably
new religious beginning; below one & above the other
unwritten, they

pull—
It's not

enough

Nothing since, light
collapses then along a gone publicly silent audience of
one, heaven, though a heaven where, back

& forth with sometimes words, from

my window words
are all very audibly sometimes
horsemen,

& I, from an on annihilating high,
there, were elegy let loose everywhere I'd turn away, beckon
in a no bottom to tempest by dust together, now

liturgically each of us
the absence of the other's material repetition within,
at it, for that uneasily a wild,

annihilatingly high awhile & archangel

is

land

Pillaring I'll, black
back the pillaring pierced put penitent part, I'll part, part the least island
within out from
obscurity,

that's human
being, a night & a turning away
changing everything—

such,
cloistering fires, buoyant, immense

immense, & my acute crease cut cup kept, cuts from the enemy, left
fires, buoyant,
leaven, heavy,

Karen, but deeper down,

sh

ine