

Contents

that mare sometimes appeared	2	the mother tongue licked me into being	1
now silent becomes listen	4	l'eau se fait calme quelquefois	3
la montagne reflète la blessure	6	have I attended the birds	5
what kind of quest is this	8	swallows light in the open	7
guest bed	10	I like having nothing	9
morning in a fog	12	on this green live languages graze	11
call it harvest	14	I still believe in the dark work of idleness	13
who is the girl I push so high	16	this heart of summer gleams	15
messy eater	18	qui est la fille que je pousse si haut	17
je quitte la maison d'être en plein vent du ciel	20	our young register damage in radiant flesh	19
in my sickness the sky kept spinning	22	unhinged I left the house to wind	21
space is not matter	24	what it means to be reduced	23
who cooks for you awwwwlll	26	the poor hide what they can	25
your hand opens to wave	28	ribs were the first rafters	27
		dark was the night cold was the ground	29

- the stone vault singing 30
- that light out of darkness may rise 32
- ()
- is art the idling silence 38
- merci pour ces très belles ratures 40
- why everything beautiful hurts 42
- lost in lit screens the readers with their books 44
- last goose 46
- a deficiency hollows places 48
- paper white 50
- la mort n'a pas arasé l'espérance de la neige 52
- I seek the cold mountain spring 54
- to knock with gentle barbarism 56
- des herbes folles 58
- the white flame sank offering only the gesture 60
- le vent s'arrache de la langue maternelle exprime
tout 62
- every being constitutes a probe employed in a new
direction 64
- la chapelle en pierre chantant 31
- over your cities the grasses will grow 33
- an artist's best friend is time boredom sway 37
- à l'art aigu de roche et ange 39
- thank you for your very beautiful cross-outs 41
- pourquoi toutes les belles choses piquent 43
- look back at me my love belong here 45
- dernière oie 47
- out of nowhere snow 49
- a stiff wind makes them more beautiful 51
- death has not eroded hope of snow 53
- je cherche le motif glacé 55
- trouver la porte frapper entrer 57
- wild grasses 59
- ôté de la flamme elle lisait fumait 61
- wind wrenches free her tongue 63

I entered

without words

for

purple

aster

the mother

tongue

yellow

deep summer

center

licked

star

me

into

articulate

being

taut serenity
of
water
a **mare**
can ripple
I have never been
calm
only hugged
the smooth flesh
of
her neck
sometimes
ready
to fly
this
appeared
to be
quietude

la sérénité crispée

de

l'eau

la jument

se fait frissonner

je n'étais jamais

calme

j'ai serré

quelquefois

la chair lisse

de

son encolure

prête à voler

ça

ressemblait à

la quiétude

at my
approach
a shrill
call
now
a green branch
s i l e n t
r^e a r a n g e
r d
shaking
that
bird
becomes
a show
l i s t e n
of
feathers
composes
itself

have **I** either
been a redpoll flock
out late
or early
attended
particularly
to
the
sharp-shinned hawk scattering
birds

au soir

la crête de **la montagne**

engloutit

le reste

du soleil

les hirondelles

reflètent

sa lumière

tournent

autour

des murs de **la ville**

à la recherche

des **blessures**

ouvertes

toward

nightfall

the mountain

swallows

the last

flashing

of the sun

back

its **light**

circling

the city walls

in search of

the open

wounds

what
my
kind
neighbor asks
of me
a **question**
along
ticks **this**
path
we share
with
deer

I

like

after rain

leaves dripping

my thoughts

out here

thin clouds

having

late

crickets

nothing

puffballs

on moss

to do

with

me

guest

awakened at night **bolt** upright
in wind
a **leaf**
settles back into leaf **mo****d**

on this green

our

live

stock

exchange

of

languages

the

commons-

shares

wealth

no one owns

place

so much

wherein

give

and

take

our

words-

graze

another
morning
in the river
valley
waking early
so much
to do
heavy
lifting
wondering
why
does
it
fall
to
me

but

I

could

still

believe

in

the

dark

night

work

shifts

while

tides

you

of

idleness

washing

have

up

something

light!

worth

house

keeping

why not

call

handpick

the

goose
berry

it

rose

all

chafer

harvest

leaves

skeletonized

that can be gleaned

ground

flat

beneath

my thumb

in

this

my black

currants

heart

full to bursting

stung by

a hornet

of summer

gleams

my child

lightning

storms

never far

off

whose

playground

is **this**

the fig tree

the stinging nettle

swings

yes

little **girl**

in bright colors

I'll push you

not so high !

higher !

à **qui est**

cette aire

de jeu

le figuier

l'ortie brûlante

les balançoires

oui

petite **fille**

aux couleurs vives

que

je peux te **pousser**

pas **si** *haut* !

plus **haut** !

messy

breakfast

I chew **th**rough the **e** cord

devour the sac

these

small

bells in many

our young

herds

tattooed

registers

rippling

our **damage**

infirms

radiantly

their

flesh

hors des gonds

un volet bat

je quitte

la maison

d'es fenêtr**es**

en plein vent

secouée

les feuilles

du chêne vert

frottées

du ciel

unhinged

shutter banging

I left

the house

to

windows

shaken

through

leaves

blasted

scrub

oak

sky

clean

I lay
amazed at
how
in
my
all
sickness
that could be
the sky
bed
firmament
blue
flax
kept
linen
thread
spinning

the
migrations
monarch
thin
what
vanishing
it
means
point **to** stragglers
when refugees **be**
habitat **reduced**
flock to
safety deserts
strength smaller
in numbers
grow

why
keeping
an arroyo this wild
space my hand
open
is
a promise
not
empty
does
matter
to
hold
rain

all suspect clothing must be burned
a single
the poor leather epidemic
hide jacket passed
from one to another
what
for warmth
they gather
around
a lit
trash
can fire

who

is that

a barred owl

call

cooks for

mid-day

cooks

you

a scrap of meat

for

saying

taxol

dripping

into

thank

pellet of fur

and bone

a vein

you

thank you

a

w

w

to the chemo nurse

who brings

a **w**arm

l

l

blanket

suggests
ribs
were
to
the
back to
shelter
rafters
sky
this
tortoise shell
capsized
how
turn
first

thousands of years

before

was

your
hand

I too

rough

opens

over

my scar

abraded

basalt

to

a petroglyph

wave

dark

who will speak

for us

cold

Blind

of earth

Willie Johnson

was

the

ground

song

humming and moaning

ranges

beyond

night

our

solar system

in
the
winter
stone
chapel
white
monks
pressed
tongue
against
the
vaulted
roof
of
the
mouth
singing

(continued...)