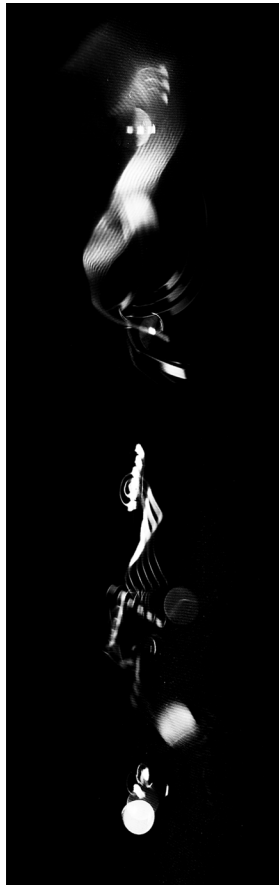


Metamorphoses





i. First Spring

The slick wake
Of first morning still with silver
Strands of night a shrewd cub's nose
Peering through and through
Trough and mud-stone the hollow eye
Of a shepherd's skull and his loyal
Servant feet drawing air and water
Into dreams who grow and grow
Until swollen eyes pierce above
The brave earth, another fawn's corpse
Lifting life through nothingness into
Shadows of hope fruiting under sun



ii. Root

What is this inkling
Hurling downwards
Like a mole but what is a mole
What is this darkness without
The possibility of air and light
Along the rusted golden edges of rain
Seem infinite lifeless but then
There is more and more and you can't
Help but wonder if the grace
Of these gravel eyes are cancerous
But you take up more and more
And you can't help believing
This is merely bedrock or bottommost
Silt and sand what is this
Water water water I must go deeper
In search of another blooming bud
Of translucent pulse divine
Against thinning ends



iii. Flower

In a dance of day
We sing with the wind we brush
Against those bulbous silhouettes
Of sun and moon spinning spinning
Half man woman childbearer regardless
But where is the carrier of this body
What is the singular purpose of soul
Split into two without recuperation
What is this smoke swelling in the gust what
Is there to find in blackness and blackness again
But the agony slowly pushing through
Like the early pinnacles of brilliant day
Another stairway not yet fully made
Arms reaching higher higher higher



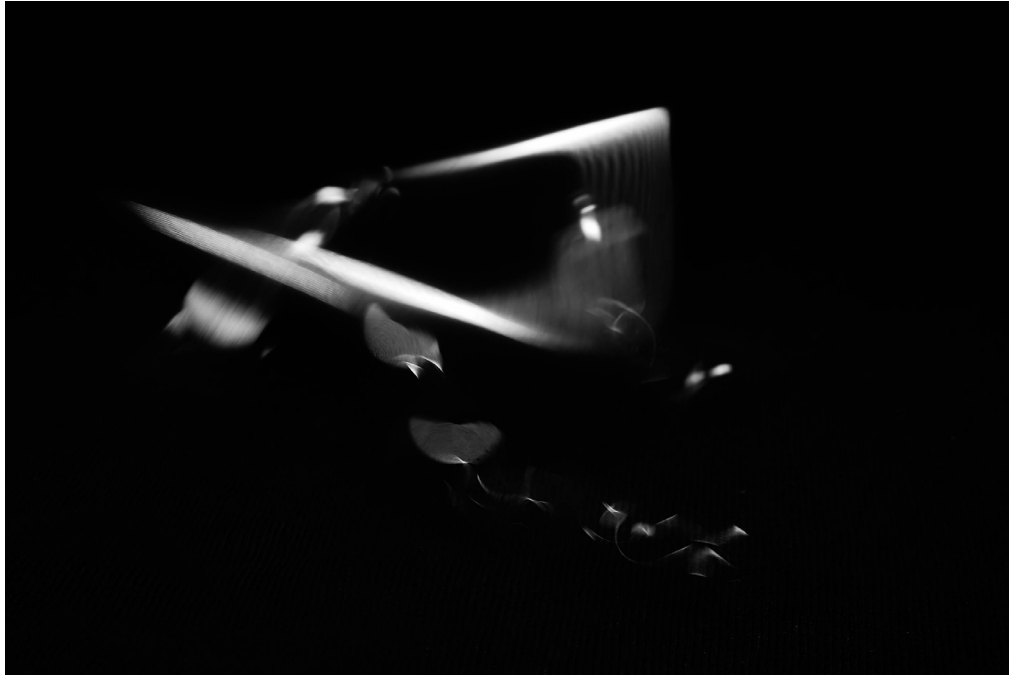
iv. Nematode

Spear through the night
A dancing richness obsidian
Bloom what is there to receive
But the way the light emanates
Into the pupil halves proliferating
A stray bullet going somewhere
Somewhere distant beyond the eyes
In the dark the flaking skin
Dry cracking shells of earth
Like the orphan of a dead god
Feet slowly feeling flailing
Until blackness fades and the tail of twilight
Kisses the head of this newborn curiosity
A flamed arrow through blindness
Shot preemptively past dawn and
Into fervent dance we went into
Brave new world we dove



v. Coelacanth

How is this further where does
The trembling sun call from
Why is vision not hearing not taste where
Did the lightness of air go what is
This heaviness this strength pushing
And unwinding what is this gaping jaw
Full with hazed remnants of stars
These appendages how did they
Know to row the steadiness of
Deforming night like a loom against
Ebbing whirling current what are these sounds
That crease so softly into the depths
Of unfathomable blue blue blue
That is my only sermon while
I drift into better grottos of song
Through rippling warping memory



vi. Tetrapod

Emissary emissary whole and whole
The number of death is another
Omen for rebirth these lost memories
How so long long again this feeling
Croaking and shaking the viscosity
In this near-death soup but why have I returned
What is this familiar glaucoma this tapestry
Of reeds and moss and lotus swallowing me whole
Who are these still giants bearing a thousand eyes
I must search deeper deeper back
Out of the cold hibernation of silence
Of ageless paralysed sun shattered
I will gather the burrows
Within this deep dementia
Familiar stench of brilliance bubbling
Before the senses had submerged
But I am better better better perhaps
And I will keep on wandering



vii. Quetzalcoatlus

This rapid chime like fluttering
Skies what clouds clouds clouds
The air is so light too light and these bones
Like sticks twirl under the sun I can see
So clearly now a single droplet of water
Distills my vision the final lift
Before rising O' rising rising
This is too much but the wind settles
And the giants are no more mere ants
I am crossing over these old homes so quickly
In migration I am no longer alone
The earth bends like an egg so is the sun
And me nested in between this sensation
Forward forward perhaps farther even
My pilgrimage



viii. Haramiyid

Surely this is lighter but the way
The air swathes me I will burn away
And descend again white as ash
I am choking choking I must
Become smaller this is unbearable but
These shrew things below I will learn
And perhaps find somewhere beneath the clouds
And perch before going again
The rain is falling and there is no longer day
It is cold but I am getting warmer
Warmer like how the air is warbling
I should stay away
Maybe the sea is better after all
But where will I go when it too spirits away
Will I pick through the holes in my bones
For a whisper of updraft
Will I escape will I find a mirage
Of flickering light again will I become root
And whole and feed off the giants
Maybe I will simply remain observing



ix. Primate

How odd the trembling light
Beneath these curving cave shadows
Shadows dancing what is this smaller sun
Still wavering spearhead and warmth
Not suffocating breathing wonder
Perhaps the livid passion of gods
Have subsided in this coldness but it is
Gentle like all of us together beginning
Rain grass flower patches the animals
In systems summer winter more forgiveness
What are these littler embers their summits
Striking into our corneas another event
Horizon shadow shadow light
Reaching even higher finally we peer into
This celestial miracle with our own stars



x. Flyer

The golden bull the silver spark
Of bodies no longer flesh a jagged
Efficiency faster faster humming
And vibrating even in their sleep the clouds
Pave way and oceans carve halos
The sun wanes and an old memory takes
Flight beyond the touch of our ancestors
Back back back kicking through the dead
Wombs of limitation the strident metal
Bones pivots joints relentlessly clicking
Slow fast a cicada's heartbeat married
Beyond seasons beyond night and day
This amazement of history once more
Beyond orthodoxy beyond gods
Beyond mere beginnings



xi. Metamorphoses

Forget me not no matter
Form energy spirit undone
The course changing shifting
Rearranging forget me not forget me
Not the quantum remnants
Of us dancing even after death
After amnesia after enlightenment after
The settling of dust and grain and sweat
Forget me not the screaming silence of this
Nameless epitaph without light forward
Without stone nor grass nor water flowing
I will always be there this distant anomaly
Of coincidence forget me not
This ruminating darkness these now
Bending walls once more the greatest
Sin of our bones blood soul
Traversing translating even
Millennium after rapture
The memory of our plight resolve
Still conscious