

the secret book of god

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by

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in memory of my father

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“ . . . all the true things must change . . . ”

— *C. G. Jung*

O r if i lean in sometimes
the plastic just peels
off the tree & the
mountain cold
refuses this
hard blue

(whole of being)

melts like a
scream of
stones
in a
jar

(as if diamonds asked for rain)
(as if light were the gift of those who hide)

she said it was Pandora
& when i turned the lid it was only
because she asked me like an old woman
who wanted to see the dream of her son
the men under the table drinking
singing like seals like cold spits
of sea scum waving bright
shirts of siren treasure
as if the stars were
black rocks
burning
in her
heart

o melancholia
sweet body of Sir John's
Ophelia drowned in a dark pool
of what she could too well imagine

(these bruises of the soul like a gravity
heavy water holocaust maddening walls of iron)

the softness of decay
& she cannot leave but how she floats
her hands still open to the rain

of the impossible light

this weakness this nausea
the wretched roiling heat centered
in a space that cannot be located in the center
of this body imagined as another body inside this
mattered flesh the way she see things from the center of some
place both behind & before (yes—space::time)
this place sensed as face, as facing
how when she comes
here (this place)
neither head
nor throat
neither speech
nor thought
but this
poem
this place
winding
like a
river
ing
thru an
imagined body
this place that is between
what you see & what you cannot place
(those secret haunts where the ghosts sink down)

& if i held her hands & she spoke of some light thing
like the way a heart is a music that we can never understand

(what he cannot say is that he never wanted to understand anything)

what we want is something like the stone of the sun
when it has burned to its last grain
how it burned for all this
how it burned—

[the way the women see what is radiant: an iron lotus] *f*

B^egin by walking & then the breath
i can't remember why they gave me the gift

of walking off

just beginning
just hitting the wall again &

as if i were to find a fallow field & make of it
a garden where birds swelled in blooms of star sap

a place where one bent & the sky unfolded

& the shine of a nail dug into a house
a small adobe square on the edge of a dream

the girl hangs her dress on the nail
& children pour out its pockets
pearls & apples & rivers

dropping from the quivering
tips of the pale green twigs

magnolias spinning in the turquoise air
& each time she smiles infinity curls inside

every sadness every scar a flower with an open mouth
ready to whisper, "again"

& this time she holds a cat & the driver waits to watch the women
adjust their hair in the window her eyes like that time

you walked into the field with the child laughing

where you remembered why the dream held more
than the memory of lost innocence

how dying can never diminish the wonder of a single breath
or the press of a hand on the face of a friend
how walking off is how the world begins

[walking off] *f*

Blind the cold February rain falls

i come to this place seeing you
turn in your white skin
shining

the years were another night of ivory combs
guessing which constellations skirted that moon
that tree line

where the lights like stars the way the rain fell onto the windshield

waiting for me to tell you to stop
as if i were your heart

as if i held your mouth to the promise
of a redemption only you could find when you
finally stopped listening to someone like me

your eyes sadder than the painted box shaped like a bird of paradise
filled with your bobby pins & the feathers you brought me

relics of Eden you were already gone
by the time the seer called me
into that trance of pharaohs & golden bell towers

the angels at my shoulder when the blade went in whispering
there is another way

how the voice came on a perfectly calm afternoon
turning onto the driveway
the butterfly in the branches
of the tree line on that distant ridge

the key dissolving
there is nothing to fear she said
& the butterfly landed on my shoulder
fluttered once
twice
three times
before it lifted into blue memory

visions enough to have the nuns call me a liar
as i sat in the California hills watching fairies dance into the canyons

watching a man bleed to death

how the shadows left me with a golden fire & you in the colonel's jacket
driving away when i could not pull her name from the chamber
where the bone cut the night in two

i closed the window but the light still fell blinking in the shadows
like dying stars
like your fingers
when i said
let go

as you brushed my hair back
as if it were the hair of a child long dead

i'll see you again you said
i held to the night
like a ghost
afraid of
resurrection

you live in dreams
your flesh a light a skin
of rain of rivers pouring wisdom
a thousand years into a walk across the room

a room as wide as the distance
 between your hand on my chest
 & what tenderness could not see

[the reincarnation of moments] *f*