

Cloven

Feathery Waves of peach-plum earth
lifted me up on tremendous girth;
I pulled the ring held out to me—
it unfolded fetters, let me see:

slices of pie-moon, oranged and cool,
breezes of vision, honeysuckled pool,
cloudy sea-gaze, ocean's breeze
grandma smells and old man sneeze,
sand that's sugar, salted water,
warm hands holding, shining otter;
tree-sap, maple-tap, Mother Earth gives
powdered sugar through old woman sieves,
eddys of grass, golden and flying
soup-ladle honkers, sky-flung and sighing,
stamen and pistil, probiscus and sack,
wind-howled tree leaves, borrowed, bent back;

these minute things of earth I saw,
I wondered, gloried—it left me raw.

Fairy-Light of twinkle-gaze
commanded forth kind unicorn rays;
I twitched and rumbled deep within,
then let go dancing on earth's sweet spin:

slide to gleeful, watergun fun,
crack the egg and out comes the sun,
dimpled fingers stuck in cake,
exuberant, sensual little rake!
skinny dip deep, twirl in the dancing,
strip off the layers, kindle romancing;
herb-garden smells for wisdom's healing
prayer-hardened hands with time-spun kneeling;
heart in hot soup, spicy and pumping
bread dough—yeasted, rough hands thumping;

like newborn eyes, like scabs born fresh
I reveled in the life of flesh.

Searching Seer with binocular intent,
flung me spacious, compass descent;
I perched low wandering, teeth ajar,
births of vision transported me far:

hummingbird buzz, kangaroo cough,
jungled hairbones, dirty-kneed sloth,
amazon slide through pirauna races,
sand-dune sunsleep in soul-deep places;

I laughed from deep within my heart
my spirit twanged delicious start.

A Mime of Mirrors on birch-top perched,
refracted fragments of life-time searched;
and down he cast upon me solemn
caches of gold in pit-cold column:

bawling cow-babe, weeping candle,
mouselike new-cat, Roman sandle,
pyramid savvy, sorrowed brawn,
manhood hunted, womanhood dawn,
jew-struck starlight, jealous man,
hideous lightout, lifespan ban;

I stood as if transfixed in time,
felt pain and birth within, sublime.

volcanic god of little sight
threw orange lava with his might;
I caught it hot but knew it not
for what it was, just smoking thought:

scattered tea leaves, cross-stitched palm,
cards of taro, searching psalm;

I realized quick the desperation,
mankind's search for inspiration.

Man and Women, Girl and Boy,
looking, watching, seeking joy.
where is the real, the deep-struck root,
the well-spring of essential shoot?

Tapestry, Quilt, Painting and Poem
Carving, Birthing, Love-brung Home;
Plant the Ground, Touch the Sick,
Write the Song, Light the Wick;

I'm star-born spirals; whirl and weave
to puffs of brilliant Evidence, cleave.