from Pensato
More Words for Voices
listen
do not

sing
it is
enough

tattered
leaves

twigs
rather

air
frozen

life
endures

air
again
floating

tree
in the river

formal

steel
& light

when we need
it most

a snatch of air
freezes
on the lip
crisp & almost
sweet
fraught:
night slips along
a road outside
arrives
grey it is & soft a kind of spring
this day rain enfolding light it is
morning sleep over this day
blackbird sits & sings the spring in

sing it too through drizzle & the wind

morning & rain a perfect arc
drive through light
an arc of light
made over

an arc of water
made air

an arc of morning
made

petals fold
against
each other

held delicate
tension
& weave

a fragile
durability
that holds
persist & sing
the least need
most

an image is
that leads
sleep goes

first then this
who dreams would
keep so

salt in the air
& sand the sea’s
proximity
walk to the edge
of all that matters
& see this scent
the turf springs
under & wave
that there might be purpose curious notion
everything moves & is still moving
walk
to the end the very sea & walk
the sand the narrow lane the grass
rain again warm
& steady see
how it is

even light seeps
the earth rises
to meet it

that there may be silence
speak the words
that darkness make it so

night drifts in unattended
& settles
& glows
& sleep once
& dream
easily

& let the light
erase
the edge of things

drift
purposeful &
clear

robin
in a small
bare tree

poised
& alert
& looking

& there is
rain
somehow

sun
somehow
that there are things
& that these things are
as they are
& nothing is implied
other

everything spins
indeterminate
patterns of light
of stuff a world
explicable & strange

snow on the hills
serpentine flow
miles below