

edge of a  
mountain  
forest

山林際

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*radicals*

*water*

*We swim at midnight in the blue light.* Mouths of water, full and bright, moths spun in circles—even dance of flesh and water, insect, night. Our skin awake to skin of water. Eyes to waves of color playing over us and leaves above to lick dark sky.

*The moths inside the water, moths inside the light:* around our open tongues, their powder wings, our dusted smiles. With full lungs we will float upright, release the tense of body in a silent hanging weightless, strung between the space of stars and the initial cradle, watertight.

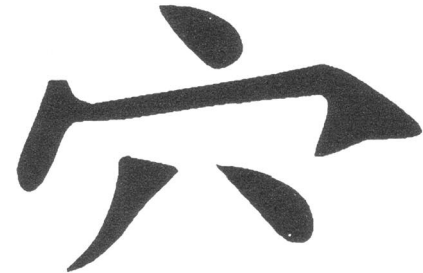




*hole, cave*

[A dream the night she left]

Summer. We are children through a field. Blur of our surroundings, playmates' cries, their ragged morning breath, the sunlight in our hair—in such a moment I step into nothing, wonder falling free, the cold stone suddenly against my cheek, chill clarity. Faces crowd round, look down. The boys run off for help, or run off laughing. My girlfriends soon run after.



A sparse tree in the distance, solid, branches dark, long fingers that would scratch against the fading day. What is it to want the sun to set and rise again, faster, and the days to tumble into seasons out of order and betrayed? Who invented the calendar of the western sky?

Leaves attached in summer will be gone by autumn. In falling they need not cry out for loss of place: with spring will come the rain, the worms, first roots, and a new way to love the light.



Came back only to find her window steamed and glowing. I know the clatter of her pans. Who will she feed tonight? I can't wipe off the frost to see—it's on the other side. My tears and I will walk away—the night will carry me and cover me, a dome of dark sky. The night may press and smother my dark rage, but I can fly away.



*person*

When I find her, I will find her sitting quietly, a house, a tall tree. She will wear the falling sun, a crown of insects. I am saying: I want to walk with you through this mountain forest. She is saying to me:

*dear, chronology and hunger  
will never sleep together  
as we do*



*evening*

I'll need to keep the rain away, my warmest clothes, my tent. Gather up some cooking things, some food to last. My letters and my writings. I don't know how long I'll be gone.

I'll hurry home, to slow fire and a brief chair's rest. For here already deep blue creeps, aiming to fill the sky. It knows I leave tonight.



*one*

I wake up on the beach, a wide and shallow stream, the children playing there. *Look! The river pushes the sand into waves that look like the ocean! No, wet sand is hard, it makes the water flowing over roll and ripple.*

The morning sun, the splashing dance, the forest rain are slipping back into the great wide sea.



Dear,

I've been thinking of a morning late last spring. I woke up so wide open, and the day was too—until we started talking. Before long, we were shouting. I remember quite distinctly being jerked about, each turn more harsh and forceful as the day shrank and your hook dug ever deeper in my mouth. Thrashing like that, how could I tell you what I needed to? I blamed you, but I imagine now that you were hooked as well.

On my way home that day my lips were tightly sewn with dark, barbed wire, red with rust. I see now that the trap was what I didn't say.



*mouth*

*I said you taste like olives  
and crickets. I meant you taste of  
earth, your tongue the green night air  
which carries sleeping grass. I meant  
that open ocean avenues I walk in silent  
darkness are your mouth—your face and neck  
and shoulders the wide plain of travel  
over mountains, islands, valleys.*

*I said you taste like olives  
and crickets. I meant that you are a  
familiar landscape, just the kind of thing  
I want to live in.*





yawn, lack

[A dream the night the rain came]

Sitting over there you seem so bored, and so I smile and leap up to bring you back. I catch your mouth mid-yawn, so this will be a deep kiss. But then your jaw opens *too* wide—it cracks. My tongue is thick and probing like a sheep or cow. And then your skin and eyes are gone, my lips are pressed against your skull, it's dry and empty.

Then I'm a skeleton; I'm grinding, clattering against you.



She said that growing children in the ground would never work: the shifting of the soil, they might be lost forever. Tearing from the earth at birth produced a longing they could never satisfy. So open the body as the ground is split—if you're the earth, your child will never long for more.

As usual, results were mixed, and there were unexpected combinations. The longing didn't die—it magnified. A mouth could open to become wet soil, or taste the earth instead. Two mouths alone might play this tension back and forth for hours, days, for life. And fingers in the earth might drive a person wild.

But she's all wrong—the earth is stable, calm, content. I'm sitting here right now, aren't I?



*door*

She draws her shirt off at the shoulder, soft sinuous calligraphy in Arabic curling to her right wrist: *my beloved is mine and I am hers*. Then from the left, where sharp Tibetan characters march down the inside of her arm to lead *everyone all the way over to the other side!* How can you have both, I ask. A slight smile, then her clothing falls away, she turns, and there in ink still dripping from the brush: *what does your skin divide?*



Our daylight star, the source of outpour, bloom of sight and heat. But then the center of our center, reining in and making shape. Every heavy bit of me was born in such a central press collapse—I'm star dust. But we are star light, the first energy that feeds us. I am speaking, sunlight streaming from my mouth. We are the stars themselves, constantly arising just to look upon ourselves again. We are soil walking through the garden, clouds swimming through the lake.



*moon*

Your voice is three. One: sharpness running on, flight, peppermint, awakening. You're trying to escape. Two: scent of earth on rainfall, heavy depth that holds you. Gravity in resonance, attraction. Sum: a swift cool circle breeze, white jasmine equilibrium. Quiet entropy and lightning on an indigo sky.

You are throbbing, then silent, still listening.



An axe's arc before it strikes  
Your arm on mine *don't open that*  
The shape of falling  
Minute hand: you're late  
The scar over your heart  
A tree trunk lying in a field of rice  
Temple roof against the sky  
A steep incline  
A fishing line pulled tight  
First cut into a wood block  
Hand, raised  
Sunlight through a window, high



*tasseled spear*

They say each year a great white bird flies overhead, freezing the air.  
His feathers fall all winter, spreading crystals which in spring melt into  
streams for the red fish they come to hunt.

Spears vertical and still, then plunging, feathers waving in the wind,  
then cold flesh flapping in the sudden air.



I find it in the river: great round boulder in the center of the flow. On this side water carves around, smooth black glass. There it is alight with bubbles. Dripping water stains the stone a darker grey. Moss touches it with green.

The surge is great on every side. The top is dry and still. I sleep.





*It's crashing*, and my eyes are open, I'm awake. But nothing's crashing. I can't find the noise—it's all around. The drops attacking me, my metal roof. My hand, the wooden door, my foot, the cold stone, nose, the wet air, ear, the dizzy texture. It's all so loud, each opening.

The river is too full. I need now to be closer. Breasts, cold air, neck, the rain, my back. I can't quite breathe. My skin is needle sharp as I step in.



I'm only up and walking two, three hours when I start imagining a longer tenure here. What it must be like to spend a life like this, the moment when the rhythm of each footstep after footstep suddenly abruptly says: you've sixty years now, haven't you noticed? I guess a line of monks might practice that exactly—chanting 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80—with fresh eyes on every beat, and each time different.

But today is just today. I'm climbing on the trail, I'm climbing in the riverbed, wet silt between my toes. The gold light bends and widens on my ankles.



Today it snowed; I went out walking, and I hadn't seen a single other person when I stumbled onto someone's snow cave. It seemed abandoned, and I felt bold, crawled in, not sure what I'd find. I slid into a warm space, a cool steady glow of filtered blue and white, a dull and heavy silence. I slowed down, fell asleep, and when I woke I half-expected to dissolve into that light.

Coming out I saw tracks leading to the cave *those weren't there when I got here* and was terrified, spun round to find their maker, almost screamed, then realized they were mine. The remainder of the afternoon was very odd.



On some days I read through my journals; I record events, my hours.  
What I remembered when I woke and what I saw while I was sleeping.  
Days that have no entries are the ones I lived, but it's only of the other  
days I know what I was doing. Which to choose? And what of days I  
spend like this, writing of others? Now they're out of order, moments  
falling, scattered, bits of paper drifting on the surface of a lake. There  
the fish will glide through columns of their shadow.



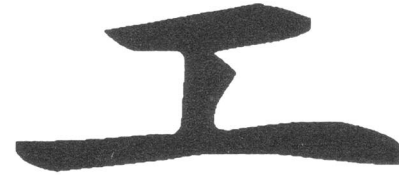
Ice is a flow that's silent, slow. Dew slips with ease from tower shutters open (ring on cold stone, ring on bells of dust) and rain seeks wild freedom in the trees; but ice, it writes on every breath, on every paper-filtered brush of air, each quill of sunlight, red and dark.

And now the morning, bright reflection, difference disappearing into white. Blinding, frozen, sharp, her step is long, mouth open: eyes a sun-storm on the open sky.



[A dream the night the rain fell hard]

The spring flows in through wooden valves to fill a hollowed log. Small flames soon glow in spheres of fog. Undressed, she steps in, kneels, she turns away, and freeze this—it's a window of stained glass, dust settling through the gold. Light wraps her hair, her shoulders, neck—the lines are lead in networks spreading through a field of flowers. But steam explodes around her back and curls, the rain falls cold, we open to the sky. Relax, lean back, she'll catch me. And we close our eyes.



*skin*

Our backs and legs and bellies, shoulders glowed (when dry) and shone like silver (wet). We stretched each other tight like bowstrings, our vibration fluid and smooth. One urgent frequency kept long into the night. We woke to dawn; a single moth in flutter at the window in the milky morning light.

皮

Soft graying of the sky. The morning on the pier we pushed each other off—her hair a whip against her neck, the wind, she walked away. Her legs were arcing slow and flowing—I remembered evenings when their workings were the light. The rate of sinking to sharpen the sky.

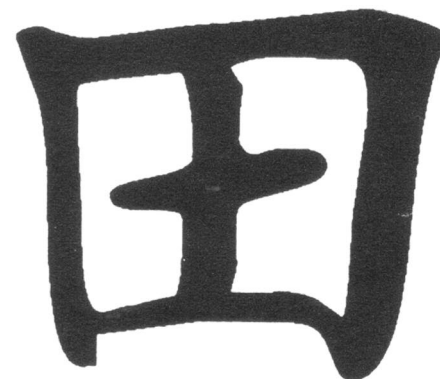
But she was also walking to, and I was standing there as well. *Then at the door (then halfway) then above me why are you but I'm melting at her mouth too quick to speak—we're skin so sudden.* She comes: I am imagining your young pale face, your broad relief.

I left that day. Now you can guess: a madman smile, a breadth unmatched by any bed.





There's something different in the way these people work together. One opens up the doors, another lights the oven, he pulls down flour, she starts to mix, and those two clean the pans. No one gives the order, but before long everyone is making bread around a table, kneading, shaping, planning. Sometimes they sing. I'm quite happy just to watch them move so smoothly in their fields, shops and streets, but they show me how to help and I join in.



*tiger, cruel, harsh*

I'm rapt before this first camp fire, as red and orange sparks trace dry clumps of savannah grass against the night. And everything's still tight. If I could burn away completely, I fear that poison smoke would long survive.

I was so thirsty, saw the clear spring, dove in—muddied it unfit to drink. I was so hungry, hunted smiling in the grass, and trampled you into the dirt.



*rise, stand up*

A vine is growing through a field of rice. In seeking sun it finds a blade and wraps around to climb. The rice field grows, a steady friction in the earth. A quiet voice that hums between the water and the mud. A small red flower stands against the wind again. A tree is taller, wide, extends a slow and heavy hand to light.

Now rain is falling, and they grind themselves into the soil to take it, clench and pull it up. The mountains are moving under me.



*run*

I always thought that running was for someone else. Those other people, with their uniforms, coaches, confidence, special permission to wear their grim determination.

Authority's a trick, though, so one day when my legs had to move, I ran, and found my ordinary clothes soon sanctified with sweat and heat, my breath, my speed. My face not grim but certainly determined.



*oneself*

The room is dark except for milklight from a paper window. Above her neck I watch the narrow wooden lines, the open blinds, her soft diffusion. We lie here, and we twist, we interweave, but still we seem to lie so parallel, no chance to really touch; her legs, my legs, her arms, my arms, her curves, my curves, the street, the stairs.

*(the shortness of your breath, my love  
the length our matched bodies lie  
your lips, your tongue must hunt now  
still, uncertain are your open eyes;*



**TANGENTIAL** It's called a  
*or, invisible pull* vanishing  
*of the new direction* point, but it

never seems

to stop influencing my progress.  
Time spent walking a casual dis-  
regard, remade and refocused  
each morning. Or a forward rush  
to thigh, hip, stomach, breast,  
shoulder; a surface effect.  
Without each new reflection I'd  
fall, inward, to warm clear water.  
Still, is your desire guiding us? Is  
mine?

**CENTRIPETAL** Central call  
*or, the hidden* of your  
*rationale for union* navel or

open lips is

how I'd say it, a simple hori-  
zontal gravity not unlike the obvi-  
ous. Slower, perhaps, and wider  
in domain. This extra density,  
this single curl of space: should it  
be found inside you, or without?  
It's not to speak it, but you never  
let me miss a chance to sleep  
beside you. In broad daylight, we  
walk together or not at all.

**CENTRIFUGAL** Remembering the easy  
*or, what you keep* curves of your body, I  
*telling me* thought I could neatly

map a line onto a circle.

I was unprepared, I said, for this outward  
pressure. (Perhaps the same effect is soft,  
expansive just beneath you.) I saw the ends,  
the overlap, but two indifferent motions find a  
fit and push, together? You could never say  
'orthogonal' without laughing, told me a story

of two lovers. Whose hands, in drifting through a  
room, found quick contact. Requisite in crossing  
was this crossing of the hands, brief shared intent.

They moved together, even on opposite paths.

As for her hands, you said, you too always  
know where to find them. Hence her  
thoughts, pinned hard against the other wall.  
I protested, for sometimes I find your hands  
against my chest, tracing the lines of my face  
or fingers. You only smiled, ever more gen-  
tly. Where, then, are her eyes?

Fix or rotate, every figuration asks my  
absence. I pick a sudden move toward the  
window. But "anxiety keeps me walking  
towards, these days; flight is carefully  
reserved for the wild freedom after."  
Naturally, at that last word and me you slow-  
ly shook your head, around and around and  
around...



All at once the hair was blown back from my face, a wind that came so simply. The first easy release of air, a cradled lover falls asleep. A low fog finger running on the canyon floor, clouds rushing after on the tops of trees, the white breath tumbling over white. The level rising higher, milk to fill the mountain's cup. The peaks alone above the mist. The fingers coming closer. Clearly: spirals, pinwheels, snakes and spiders, dragons, tongues, the wall around me.

And then only white silence.



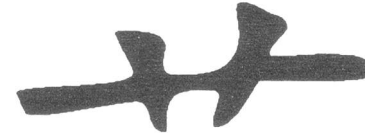
*grass*

To its fingers, stone is hard, rich cake. Wood a soft cheese. At its tongue the city crumbles, torn and softened by a mist of green.

*They lay in the grass together.*

*Together they lay in the crisp green grass.*

This I remember. For now there is only this meadow, the pale dry blades, the fading light. The wind is rising slightly—I can hear the brush. Then whispered cracks. A rain is growing. I am counting drops. Each sound another spark of recognition in this head, this corner of this field. They're faster, faster—I can't keep up. And then across the valley and the hills, the drops will count themselves.





*right hand, again*

They have a dance here, every week; I still don't really understand the rules, but somehow everyone is gathered in their lines into a massive figure like a serpent while the music moves and interweaves us. Sometimes it will seem so frantic, with each hand and person just a door to yet another hand, and then another, but then somehow I'm again aswing around my long-lost partner after all. We smile, and I'm glad she chose me, but it also doesn't matter who she is since we are dancing with the whole room all at once.

Outside, the danceflush cools; the sound is muted, but it echoes blue and moonlight fresh around me in the autumn air.



*going, journey*

A slightly domed stone slab: the rain has drawn with fallen needles a map of continents no one will ever traverse. On the rim, they've dripped into the downstrokes of a sacred text, an unknown language. And here's another, this time covered in islands of moss amidst stone seas. And next an open reservoir, still water: continents of clouds, blue sky ocean, sunlight topography.

I keep on trying to get there, stubbornly.

行

*different*

At first, it seems quite clear: there dark, there bright. Here we cross the forest border. But this zone of change holds more: the low and middle things which thrive in broken light; a fountain of new color; diversity in leaf and footprint; many scales and tiers that I don't see on either side. The edge is more complex than what's inside. And as I climb this range of hills is just an edge between that valley and those mountains, this whole land edge between the ocean and the highest inland peaks.

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牛

[A dream the night I set out]

I am floating in the air before a waterfall. It thunders down in front of me. The spray is massive and the noise is very loud. I'm looking at the water at the edge, just right before the fall, and then I am the water at the edge. I never fall. I'm always different water, always where intense rush forward meets the empty space. I'm flowing over stones so fast that we begin to vibrate, and a kind of voice comes from the place we touch. Delight and fear. The voice gets louder. We are shaking hard.



Imagine accidental words let loose before a space well-consecrated by another years ago, now scattered leaves on a forgotten shelf of earth. What is it, then, to pray? To sweep the leaves away, or let them lie, or lie among them?

The smooth, clean face and corner of a wooden crossbeam; a gnarled branch from the same tree; the moss and mushrooms which consume it. Just then the wind runs by, leaves leaping to its mouth.



*metal*

I'm glad to find a small house near the river, just one room. A metal roof, a wood frame, loose and simple. Doesn't look like anyone has been here lately, so I'll step inside. Smells like dry dirt. A wood stove in the corner, a low table, carpets in the place of a real floor. Walls lined with books and candles, dried plants, fruits and vegetables in fat glass jars, garlic hanging from the ceiling. A wooden spear with a sharp metal tip, a kayak. Two ceramic bowls, a sink that drains outside. A perfect place to sleep. I close the door.

金

*pig's head*

This roast meat from the village is delicious, but my mind is on the  
boar's head perched before me. Reminding me of you, so stubborn.  
And now so silent, spear still lodged there like a horn.

丑

Two old glass bottles—stones submerged in water on the ledge, her bedroom window. They were always with her at the beach. One bottle at her left knee, one her right, the tiny stones inspected: green on one side, red on one side. Small splashes as they fall and settle. When she leaves this place, she'll paint the shore, a diagram of all the hours she's collected.





*bird*

I cross into the forest, find the morning thick with sound.

One hundred starlings stream out of a thin crevasse.

High overhead, a lone hawk holds in air before a cliff.

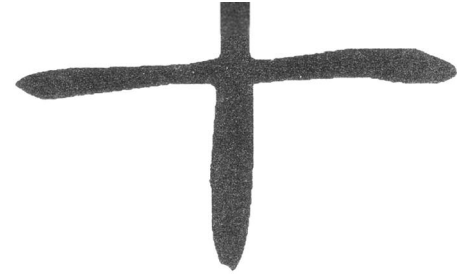
A flock of ravens follow me up a granite mountain gorge.

佳

*Dispersion: smoke on darkened pines  
swims, orange  
(cousin to) a wet fog over green morning peaks*

*(brother to) my fingers over your dark skin  
as you fall asleep—  
the last of my breath on your neck*

*By morning, the smoke is gone—  
only the scent of sweet pines  
rises to greet you*



Why didn't you come tonight? It's someone else, must be. I can't believe it's been this long and still you make me guess. The sun's last colors blur together in my tears, and these damn bugs buzz all around my head. Roofs of thatch, wood, gravel, tile and shingles everywhere below me—which is hiding you, I wonder.



It's raining, crash of sea made quiet by a scattering of raindrops. I am lying on my back. Dark among the piles of kelp abandoned by the ocean, on a light sand speckled by a falling water, I am hard to separate—my shape blends easy in the crowd of seaweed. Or so I think—I can only see the waves, the sky, the opening.

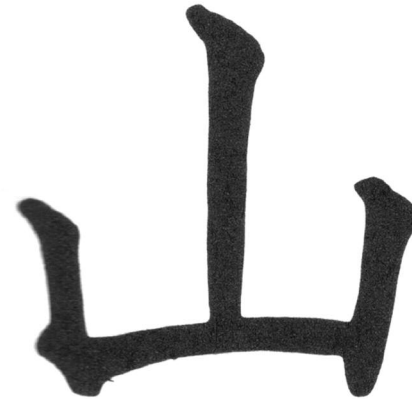
*The last time I visited  
the sea was cool and calm  
but still, my love, she sits  
against the rock shore waiting  
or near the green waves waiting  
now full, now breaking*



*mountain*

Dear,

How can I make love to a mountain, valley, sky, and then expect humans to measure up? Small bodies can't be very different: subtle, smile, dark, direct, beside. And there are things much larger than a mountain. Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.



*show*

I walk behind her, saying goodbye with my eyes closed. Imagining her vanish, slow pain sinks in. Then open to a rush of gratitude that she's still here, ahead of me, quite solidly, right now. Hello there. Close them. I'm alone. Open—now she's smiling. Again, again, and faster, faster. Soon I'm saying goodbye, hello to her in every moment, until I melt and her body becomes luminous to the touch.

示

*flesh*

So wet, the wood will separate as flesh pulls from the body of a dark red fish. The cold, clean rain: extractor of a rich and silent forest life. Chewing the meat of redwood—taste a history so long content, soft splinters a cool comfort.

肉

*small village, hill*

This high up, it's too cold to be outside—last night I hardly slept and left camp early, hoped to find some way to warm up. Thankfully around a bend appeared a little tea house glowing at the bottom of a hill. I nearly ran to get here. So now I'm sitting at this wooden table near the fire on a clean dry cushion, paper lanterns all around me, coming back to life. The windows show a narrow street and low small houses winding up the hill, late harvests hanging in the wind.





*spear*

It may be that the most important phenomenon is the completely accidental one; so situated, we can see its face in some detail.

*eye to eye with an enormous stag*  
*me: startled, frozen*  
*him: startled, frozen*



*strong*

Falling asleep, imagining that everyone I've ever met is doing much the same no matter where they are—different lights to turn out, different pillows, but the same darkness.

A cup of tea, the cold dew morning.

Eleven people working to repair one house.

The wide tree, the way out of town, the golden hour.

A small stream emptying into a deepening pool.

That's why there are no mistakes.



*rain*

*dripping from your eyelids, cheeks and fingers  
sliding soft, your open throat, the empty plain,  
the heavy hills against the sky,  
the river, swollen*

*like a daybreak runner (breathing hard)  
where is the water's destination—  
what does your skin  
divide?*

雨

*eight*

*is this a dream:  
they're glowing, standing there,  
white ghosts, bare*

*no, it's just the moon on empty  
trees and river's mist. just this.*



*characters*

*water + hole, cave + tree = deep*

*We swim at midnight in the blue light.* Mouths of water, full and bright, moths spun in circles—even dance of flesh and water, insect, night. Our skin awake to skin of water. Eyes to waves of color playing over us and leaves above to lick dark sky.

*The moths inside the water, moths inside the light:* around our open tongues, their powder wings, our dusted smiles. With full lungs we will float upright, release the tense of body in a silent hanging weightless, strung between the space of stars and the initial cradle, watertight.

Summer. We are children through a field. Blur of our surroundings, playmates' cries, their ragged morning breath, the sunlight in our hair—

in such a moment I step into nothing, wonder falling free, the cold stone suddenly against my cheek, chill clarity. Faces crowd round, look down. The boys run off for help, or run off laughing. My girlfriends soon run after.

**We swim the moment cold. Bright stone against my dance of clarity, skin off soon after dark. The distance in the light is fading, set afloat in silent seasons out of stars and western water. Tight sky summer, fields falling. Cry morning: breath; the light in rain; the roots to love.**

ern sky?

Leaves attached in summer will be gone by autumn. In falling they need not cry out for loss of place: with spring will come the rain, the worms, first roots, and a new way to love the light.

A sparse tree in the distance, solid, branches dark, long fingers that would scratch against the fading day. What is it to want the sun to set and rise again, faster, and the days to tumble into seasons out of order and betrayed? Who invented the calendar of the west-



Came back only to find her window steamed and glowing. I know the clatter of her pans. Who will she feed tonight? I can't wipe off the frost to see—it's on the other side. My tears and I will walk away—the night will carry me and cover me, a dome of dark sky. The night may press and smother my dark rage, but I can fly away.

She is saying to me:  
*dear, chronology and hunger / will never sleep together / as we do*

Came back to her steaming. She says tonight hunger sleeps on the other side. A dome of dark gathering may press my last letters and my long quiet fire. And rest will wear the falling blue—it says it knows you.

I'll need to keep the rain away, my warmest clothes, my tent. Gather up some cooking things, some food to last. My letters and my writings. I don't know how long I'll be gone.

When I find her, I will find her sitting quietly, a house, a tall tree. She will wear the falling sun, a crown of insects. I am saying: I want to walk with you through this mountain forest.

I'll hurry home, to slow fire and a brief chair's rest. For here already deep blue creeps, aiming to fill the sky. It knows I leave tonight.

夜

*one + hook, barb + mouth = good, approve*

I wake up on the beach, a wide and shallow stream, the children playing there. *Look! The river pushes the sand into waves that look like the ocean! No, wet sand is hard, it makes the water flowing over roll and ripple.*

The morning sun, the splashing dance, the forest rain are slipping back into the great wide sea.

Dear, I've been thinking of a morning late last spring. I woke up so wide open, and the day was too—until we started talking. Before

long, we were shouting. I remember quite distinctly being jerked about, each turn more harsh and forceful as the day shrank and your hook dug ever deeper in my mouth. Thrashing like that, how could I tell you what I needed to?

I imagine now a shallow stream, you hooked on playing there. My way home, my lips tight with *no*, the trap. I didn't say, I said, I meant, you're right.

Dear, I've been sleeping. That morning, I woke up alone to face my harsh deep meaning, that familiar kind thing I want to live in.

I blamed you, but I imagine now that you were hooked as well. On my way home that day my lips were tightly sewn with dark, barbed wire, red with rust. I see now that the trap was what I didn't say.

*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant you taste of / earth, your tongue the green night air / which carries sleeping grass. I meant / that open ocean avenues I walk in silent / darkness are your mouth—your face and neck / and shoulders the*

*wide plain of travel / over mountains, islands, valleys.*

*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant that you are a / familiar landscape, just the kind of thing / I want to live in.*

可



[A dream the night the rain came]  
Sitting over there you seem so  
bored, and so I smile and leap up  
to bring you back. I catch your  
mouth mid-yawn,  
so this will be a  
deep kiss. But  
then your jaw  
opens *too* wide—  
it cracks. My  
tongue is thick  
and probing like a  
sheep or cow.  
And then your  
skin and eyes are  
gone, my lips are  
pressed against  
your skull, it's dry  
and empty.

I imagine now a shallow stream,  
you hooked on  
playing there. My  
way home, my  
lips tight with *no*,  
the trap. I didn't  
say, I said, I  
meant, you're  
right.

I came astream to bring you  
back, so this will be a way  
home kiss. Dear, I've been  
your skin and eyes. My lips  
are pressed against my  
meaning, that empty thing I  
want to grind against you.

Dear, I've been  
sleeping. That  
morning, I woke  
up alone to face  
my harsh deep  
meaning, that  
familiar kind  
thing I want to live in.

Then I'm a skeleton; I'm grind-  
ing, clattering against you.

歌

She said that growing children in the ground would never work: the shifting of the soil, they might be lost forever. Tearing from the earth at birth produced a longing they could never satisfy. So open the body as the ground is split—if you're the earth, your child will never long for more.

As usual, results were mixed, and there were unexpected combinations. The longing didn't die—it magnified. A mouth could open to become wet soil, or taste the earth instead. Two mouths alone might play this tension back and forth for hours, days, for life. And fingers in the earth might drive a person wild.

But she's all wrong—the earth is stable, calm, content. I'm sitting here right now, aren't I?

Tear longing open at the shoulder: *my beloved more is mine and I am her results*. Sharp characters march unexpected inside combinations. The longing to lead everyone all magnified, a way over the mouth to become taste—she turns tension back and forth in ink and fingers wildness.

She draws her shirt off at the shoulder, soft sinuous calligraphy in Arabic curling to her right wrist: *my beloved is mine and I am hers*. Then from the left, where sharp Tibetan characters march down the inside of her arm to lead *everyone all the way over to the other side!* How can you have both, I ask. A slight smile, then her clothing falls away, she turns, and there in ink still dripping from the brush: *what does your skin divide?*

声

*sun + moon = next, clear, bright*

Our daylight star, the source of  
outpour, bloom of sight and heat. Your voice is three. One: sharp-  
But then the center of our center, ness running on, flight, pepper-  
reining in and mint, awakening.  
making shape. You're trying to  
Every heavy bit of escape. Two:  
me was born in scent of earth on  
such a central rainfall, heavy  
press collapse— depth that holds  
I'm star dust. But you are the first swift circle,  
we are star light, sun-white stream. From  
the first energy my mouth quiet lightning is  
that feeds us. I arising. Just look again—  
am speaking, sun- we listen through the lake.  
light streaming  
from my mouth.  
We are the stars  
themselves, con-  
stantly arising just  
to look upon ourselves again. We You are throbbing, then silent,  
are soil walking through the garden, still listening.  
clouds swimming through  
the lake.

明

*slash + one + mouth + tasseled spear = all, same*

An axe's arc before it strikes /  
Your arm on mine *don't open that*  
/ The shape of falling / Minute  
hand: you're late / The scar over  
your heart / A tree trunk lying in a  
field of rice / Temple roof against  
the sky / A steep incline / A fish-  
ing line pulled tight / First cut into  
a wood block / Hand, raised /  
Sunlight through  
a window, high

I wake up on the  
beach, a wide and  
shallow stream,  
the children play-  
ing there. *Look!*  
*The river pushes*  
*the sand into*  
*waves that look*  
*like the ocean!*  
*No, wet sand is*  
*hard, it makes the*  
*water flowing*  
*over roll and rip-*  
*ple.*

The morning sun, the splashing  
dance, the forest rain are slipping  
back into the great wide sea.

*I said you taste like olives / and*  
*crickets.*

An arc opening minute  
scars, meaning that I walk  
against silence. A steep  
neck, shoulders pulled  
tight, hand raised through a  
window. I wake up famil-  
iar, landscape just there.  
The thing I want to say flies  
overhead, slips into the  
wind.

*I meant you taste of / earth, your*  
*tongue the green night air / which*  
*carries sleeping grass. I meant /*  
*that open ocean avenues I walk in*  
*silent / darkness are your mouth—*  
*your face and neck / and shoul-*  
*ders the wide plain of travel / over*  
*mountains, islands, valleys.*

*I said you taste*  
*like olives / and*  
*crickets. I meant*  
*that you are a /*  
*familiar land-*  
*scape, just the*  
*kind of thing / I*  
*want to live in.*

They say each  
year a great white  
bird flies over-  
head, freezing the  
air. His feathers  
fall all winter,  
spreading crystals which in spring  
melt into streams for the red fish  
they come to hunt.

Spears vertical and still, then  
plunging, feathers waving in the  
wind, then cold flesh flapping in  
the sudden air.

咸

*all, same + heart = feeling, emotion, impression*

An arc opening  
minute scars,  
meaning that I  
walk against  
silence. A steep  
neck, shoulders  
pulled tight, hand  
raised through a  
window. I wake  
up familiar, land-  
scape just there.  
The thing I want  
to say flies over-  
head, slips into  
the wind.

An arc, opening, flowing  
around smooth shoulders.  
There it bubbles through a  
dripping window, stains the  
familiar stonescape grey,  
touches the thing I want to  
say.

I find it in the river: great round  
boulder in the  
center of the flow.

On this side water  
carves around,  
smooth black  
glass. There it is  
alight with bub-  
bles. Dripping  
water stains the  
stone a darker  
grey. Moss touch-  
es it with green.

The surge is great  
on every side.  
The top is dry and

still. I sleep.

感

*It's crashing*, and my eyes are open, I'm awake. But nothing's crashing. I can't find the noise—it's all around.

The drops attack-  
ing me, my metal  
roof. My hand,  
the wooden door,  
my foot, the cold  
stone, nose, the  
wet air, ear, the  
dizzy texture. It's  
all so loud, each  
opening.

The river is too  
full. I need now  
to be closer.

Breasts, cold air,  
neck, the rain, my back. I can't  
quite breathe. My skin is needle  
sharp as I step in.

I imagine my eyes must be  
open, but nothing's *this*.  
The moment I can't find the  
after, it's all around me.  
My metal years, my hand,  
the wooden notice practice  
that exact texture. With  
every beat, I need now to be  
closer. But I can't climb  
breath, the riverbed as I  
step in between my toes.

I'm only up and walking two,  
three hours when I start imagining  
a longer tenure here. What it  
must be like to spend a life like  
this, the moment when the rhythm  
of each footstep after footstep  
suddenly abruptly  
says: you've sixty  
years now,  
haven't you  
noticed? I guess a  
line of monks  
might practice  
that exactly—  
chanting 20, 30,  
40, 50, 60, 70,  
80—with fresh  
eyes on every  
beat, and each  
time different.

But today is just  
today. I'm climbing on the trail,  
I'm climbing in the riverbed, wet  
silt between my toes. The gold  
light bends and widens on my  
ankles.



Today it snowed; I went out walking, and I hadn't seen a single other person when I stumbled onto someone's snow cave. It seemed abandoned, and I felt bold, crawled in, not sure what I'd find. I slid into a warm space, a cool steady glow of filtered blue and white, a dull and heavy silence. I slowed down, fell asleep, and when I woke I half-expected to dissolve into that light.

Coming out I saw tracks leading to the cave *those weren't there when I got here* and was terrified, spun round to find their maker, almost screamed, then realized they were mine. The remainder of the afternoon was very odd.

Today another stumble. I felt old, crawled in, not sure what I'd imagine. I slid into a warm space of filtered years, slow wooden sleep that I expected to dissolve in. Coming out I saw tracks between my toes and their maker.

I imagine my eyes must be open, but nothing's *this*. The moment I can't find the after, it's all around me. My metal years, my hand, the wooden notice practice that exact texture. With every beat, I need now to be closer. But I can't climb breath, the riverbed as I step in between my toes.



On some days I read through my journals; I record events, my hours. What I remembered when I woke and what I saw while I was sleeping. Days that have no entries are the ones I lived, but it's only of the other days I know what I was doing. Which to choose? And what of days I spend like this, writing of others? Now they're out of order, moments falling, scattered, bits of paper drifting on the surface of a lake. There the fish will glide through columns of their shadow.

Ice is a flow that's silent, slow. Dew slips with ease from tower shutters open (ring on cold stone, ring on bells of dust) and rain seeks wild freedom in the trees; but ice, it writes on every breath, on every paper-filtered brush of air, each quill of sunlight, red and dark.

Read a silent record. With ease from tower hours I remembered: bells, sawdust. Rain was sleeping. Wild has the ice lived, but one breath only. The paper brush doing the day's dark writing. And now the morning moments differ. Drift the blind frozen fish—long glide through the open shadow sky.

And now the morning, bright reflection, difference disappearing into white. Blinding, frozen, sharp, her step is long, mouth open: eyes a sunstorm on the open sky.





[A dream the night she left] [A dream the night the rain fell  
Summer. We are children through hard] The spring flows in through  
a field. Blur of wooden valves to fill a hollowed  
our surroundings, log. Small flames soon glow in  
playmates' cries, Spring glows in summer  
their ragged fog undressed, a field of  
morning breath, steps away. Mate cries and  
the sunlight in our freeze their ragged window  
hair—in such a of morning glass, dust sun  
moment I step settling in a light moment.  
into nothing, wonder falling free, I step her into nothing, free  
the cold stone the lines led suddenly  
suddenly against my chill flowers.  
my cheek, chill Look down around her  
clarity. Faces laughter. Soon the sky.  
crowd round, look  
down. The boys  
run off for help, or run off laugh-  
ing. My girlfriends soon run and curls, the rain falls cold, we  
after. after. open to the sky. Relax, lean back,  
she'll catch me. And we close our  
eyes.



*water + skin = wave*

*We swim at midnight in the blue  
light.* Mouths of water, full and

bright, moths spun in circles—  
even dance of flesh and water,  
insect, night. Our skin awake to  
skin of water.

Eyes to waves of  
color playing over  
us and leaves  
above to lick dark  
sky.

*The moths inside  
the water, moths  
inside the light:*  
around our open  
tongues, their  
powder wings,  
our dusted smiles.

With full lungs we  
will float upright,  
release the tense of body in a  
silent hanging weightless, strung  
between the space of stars and the  
initial cradle, watertight.

We swim back, legs aglow,  
our skin awake like silver.  
We stretch. Each wave  
tight over us leaves fluid  
above to lick. A smooth  
sky frequency kept long the  
inside; we woke the water.  
To dawn in flutter around  
our open window, milk  
powders the weight  
between the space.

Our backs and legs and bellies,  
shoulders glowed (when dry) and  
shone like silver (wet). We

stretched each  
other tight like  
bowstrings, our  
vibration fluid  
and smooth. One  
urgent frequency  
kept long into the  
night. We woke  
to dawn; a single  
moth in flutter at  
the window in the  
milky morning  
light.

波

She said that growing children in the ground would never work: the shifting of the soil, they might be lost forever. Tearing from the earth at birth produced a longing they could never satisfy. So open the body as the ground is split—if you're the earth, your child will never long for more.

As usual, results were mixed, and there were unexpected combinations. The longing didn't die—it magnified. A mouth could open to become wet soil, or taste the earth instead. Two mouths alone might play this tension back and forth for hours, days, for life. And fingers in the earth might drive a person wild.

But she's all wrong—the earth is stable, calm, content. I'm sitting here right now, aren't I?

Shifting, lost, the source they could never satisfy. As usual, results collapse into the longing that feeds us. I didn't die—I'm sunlight, magnified. We are the stars' soil, too alone to look upon our tension. We are soil walking through the garden days, fingers in the clouds swimming through earth. Might a person stable, sit?

Our daylight star, the source of outpour, bloom of sight and heat. But then the center of our center, reining in and making shape.

Every heavy bit of me was born in such a central press collapse—I'm star dust. But we are star light, the first energy that feeds us. I am speaking, sunlight streaming from my mouth. We are the stars themselves, constantly arising just to look upon ourselves again. We

are soil walking through the garden, clouds swimming through the lake.



Soft graying of the sky. The morning on the pier we pushed each other off—her hair a whip against her neck, the wind, she walked away. Her legs were arcing slow and flowing—I remembered evenings when their workings were the light. The rate of sinking to sharpen the sky.

I left that day. Now you can guess: a madman smile, a breadth unmatched by any bed.

She said that growing children in the ground would never work: the shifting of the soil, they might be lost forever. Tearing from the earth at birth produced a longing they could never satisfy. So open the body as the ground is split—if you're the earth, your child will never long for more.

But she's all wrong—the earth is stable, calm, content. I'm sitting here right now, aren't I?

*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant you taste of / earth, your tongue the green night air / which carries sleeping grass. I meant / that open ocean avenues I walk in silent / darkness are your mouth—your face and neck / and shoulders the wide plain of travel / over mountains, islands, valleys.*

Soft graying of the taste, like morning crickets. I remember silent evenings when your face and neck were the light, sinking to sharpen mountains. I left a madman, a familiar smile, a landscape unmatched by the kind of thing I want to live in. Tearing flesh and water produced a skin awake to long waves—I'm sitting between the space of stars and the right now.

*I meant that you are a / familiar landscape, just the kind of thing / I want to live in.*

*We swim at mid-night in the blue light. Mouths of water, full and bright, moths spun in circles—even dance of flesh and water, insect, night. Our skin awake to skin of water. Eyes to waves of color playing over us and leaves above to lick dark sky. With full lungs we will float upright, release the tense of body in a silent hanging weightless, strung between the space of stars and the initial cradle, watertight.*



There's something different in the  
way these people work together.

One opens up the doors, another I find it in the river: great round  
lights the oven, he boulder in the  
pulls down flour, center of the flow.

There's something different  
in the river: great lights, the  
oven boulder. The flow  
starts to mix this side and  
those two around. Clean  
the glass—there: it bubbles.  
Bread stains the table  
shape, moss planes it with a  
green surge. Watch them  
move the top so smoothly.

Sometimes they  
sing. I'm quite  
happy just to  
watch them move  
so smoothly in their fields, shops still. I sleep.  
and streets, but they show me how  
to help and I join in.

On this side water  
carves around,  
smooth black  
glass. There it is  
alight with bub-  
bles. Dripping  
water stains the  
stone a darker  
grey. Moss touch-  
es it with green.

The surge is great  
on every side.  
The top is dry and

思

*tiger, cruel, harsh + think = thought, concern, fear*

I'm rapt before this first camp  
fire, as red and orange sparks  
trace dry clumps of savannah  
grass against the night. And every-  
thing's still tight. If I could burn  
away completely, I fear that poison  
smoke would long survive.

**I think there's something in  
the grass against the river. I  
could burn this side away  
completely, poison smoke  
the shape. I'm watching  
tight.**

I was so thirsty,  
saw the clear  
spring, dove in—  
muddied it unfit  
to drink. I was so  
hungry, hunted  
smiling in the  
grass, and trampled you into the  
dirt.

There's something different in the  
river: great lights,  
the oven boulder.  
The flow starts to  
mix this side and  
those two around.  
Clean the glass—  
there: it bubbles.  
Bread stains the  
table shape, moss  
planes it with a  
green surge.  
Watch them move  
the top so smooth-  
ly.

慮

A vine is growing through a field  
of rice. In seeking sun it finds a  
blade and wraps around to climb.  
The rice field grows, a steady fric-  
tion in the earth.

A quiet voice that  
hums between the  
water and the  
mud. A small red  
flower stands  
against the wind  
again. A tree is  
taller, wide,  
extends a slow  
and heavy hand to  
light.

Now rain is  
falling, and they  
grind themselves  
into the soil to take it, clench and  
pull it up. The mountains are  
moving under me.

**A field of outpour blooms a  
heat blade around the cen-  
ter of friction. Reins col-  
lapse a red star flower  
against the wind again.  
Speaking a slow light  
stream, a heavy hand from  
my mouth soils the moun-  
tain, clouds the lake.**

Our daylight star, the source of  
outpour, bloom of sight and heat.  
But then the center of our center,  
reining in and making shape.

Every heavy bit of  
me was born in  
such a central  
press collapse—  
I'm star dust. But  
we are star light,  
the first energy  
that feeds us. I  
am speaking, sun-  
light streaming  
from my mouth.  
We are the stars  
themselves, con-  
stantly arising just  
to look upon our-  
selves again. We

are soil walking through the gar-  
den, clouds swimming through  
the lake.



*sound + heart = mind*

A field of outpour  
blooms a heat  
blade around the  
center of friction.  
Reins collapse a  
red star flower  
against the wind  
again. Speaking a  
slow light stream,  
a heavy hand  
from my mouth  
soils the moun-  
tain, clouds the  
lake.

I find it in the center of the  
field: a smooth black blade.  
A glass of friction bubbles.  
Collapse stains the wind,  
stone speaking a grey moss.  
A heavy surge on every  
side: mountain, clouds, the  
dry lake.

I find it in the river: great round  
boulder in the center of the flow.

On this side water  
carves around,  
smooth black  
glass. There it is  
alight with bub-  
bles. Dripping  
water stains the  
stone a darker  
grey. Moss touch-  
es it with green.

The surge is great  
on every side.  
The top is dry and  
still. I sleep.





*tree + slash = not yet*

A sparse tree in the distance,  
solid, branches dark, long fingers  
that would scratch against the fading  
day. What is it to want the sun  
to set and rise  
again, faster, and  
the days to tumble  
into seasons out  
of order and  
betrayed? Who  
invented the calendar  
of the western sky?

Leaves attached  
in summer will be  
gone by autumn.  
In falling they  
need not cry out  
for loss of place:  
with spring will come the rain, the  
worms, first roots, and a new way  
to love the light.

A tree longs for an axe's  
arc. Don't the days the  
shape of seasons order?  
You're betrayed: the scar  
overinvented the calendar  
of your heart. Lying in a  
western temple, attached  
against the sky, summer  
will be steep. Incline by  
autumn, pull tight. Cut a  
woodblock of a window,  
new light.

An axe's arc before it strikes /  
Your arm on mine  
*don't open that /*  
The shape of  
falling / Minute  
hand: you're late /  
The scar over  
your heart / A tree  
trunk lying in a  
field of rice /  
Temple roof  
against the sky / A  
steep incline / A  
fishing line pulled  
tight / First cut  
into a wood block  
/ Hand, raised /  
Sunlight through a window, high



*mouth + not yet = taste, flavor*

*I said you taste like olives / and  
crickets. I meant you taste of /  
earth, your tongue the green night  
air / which carries  
sleeping grass. I  
meant / that open  
ocean avenues I  
walk in silent /  
darkness are your  
mouth—your face  
and neck / and  
shoulders the  
wide plain of travel / over mountains, islands, valleys.*

*I said you taste  
like olives / and  
crickets. I meant that you are a /  
familiar landscape, just the kind  
of thing / I want to live in.*

Your tongue longs for an  
axe, grass seasoning ocean  
avenues. The dark calendar  
of your mouth lies in a  
western temple. Attached  
against the sky will be an  
autumn taste, a window,  
like new light.

A tree longs for an axe's arc.  
Don't the days the  
shape of seasons  
order? You're  
betrayed: the scar  
overinvented the  
calendar of your  
heart. Lying in a  
western temple,  
attached against  
the sky, summer  
will be steep.  
Incline by  
autumn, pull tight.  
Cut a woodblock  
of a window, new  
light.

味

*run + oneself = awakening, rise*

I always thought that running was for someone else. Those other people, with their uniforms, coaches, confidence, special permission to wear their grim determination.

The room is dark except for milk-light from a paper window. Above her neck I watch the narrow row wooden lines, the open blinds, her soft diffusion. We lie here, and we twist, we interweave, but still we seem to lie so parallel, no chance to really touch; her legs, my legs, her arms, my arms, her curves, my curves, the street, the stairs.

Dark except for thought, from a window I watch the narrow people: uniform, wooden, coached, blind. Lies. We too wear their grim twist, but we see Authority's not real. One day her legs moved my legs, her arms found my arms. Her ordinary curves soon sanctified the street, we sped. The hunt; our open eyes.

Authority's a trick, though, so one day when my legs had to move, I ran, and found my ordinary clothes soon sanctified with sweat and heat, my breath, my speed.

My face not grim but certainly determined.

*(the shortness of  
your breath, my love / the length  
our matched bodies lie / your lips,  
your tongue must hunt now / still,  
uncertain are your open eyes;*

起

It's called a vanishing point, but it never seems to stop influencing my progress. Time spent walking a casual disregard, remade and refocused each morning. Or a forward rush to thigh, hip, stomach, breast, shoulder; a surface effect. Without each new reflection I'd fall, inward, to warm clear water.

Central call of your navel or open lips is how I'd say it, a simple horizontal gravity not unlike the obvious. Slower, perhaps, and wider in domain. This extra density, this single curl of space: should it be found inside you, or without? It's

not to speak it, but you never let me miss a chance to sleep beside you. In broad daylight, we walk together or not at all. Remembering the easy curves of your body, I thought I could neatly map a line onto a circle. I was unprepared, I said, for this outward pressure.

Time is remade each morning. Or it all at once is blown back from my reflection. To cradle clear water, canyon clouds say it on the top horizon of trees, white gravity not unlike breath tumbling the obvious over a peak. Should the fingers found inside you closely spiral, tongue the wall around daylight. We walk the easy curves of silence, a line prepared for pressure.

All at once the hair was blown back from my face, a wind that came so simply. The first easy release of air, a cradled lover falls asleep. A low fog finger running on the canyon floor, clouds rushing after on the tops of trees, the white breath tumbling over white. The level rising higher, milk to fill the mountain's cup. The peaks alone above the mist. The fingers coming closer. Clearly: spirals, pinwheels, snakes and spiders, dragons, tongues, the wall around me.

And then only white silence.

轉

*We swim at midnight in the blue light.* Mouths of water, full and bright, moths spun in circles—even dance of flesh and water, insect, night. Our skin awake to skin of water. Eyes to waves of color playing over us and leaves above to lick dark sky.

*The moths inside the water, moths inside the light:* around our open tongues, their powder wings, our dusted smiles. With full lungs we will float upright, release the tense of body in a silent hanging weightless, strung between the space of stars and the initial cradle, watertight.

On some days I read through my journals; I record events, my hours. What I remembered when I woke and what I saw while I was sleeping. Days that have no

entries are the ones I lived, but it's only of the other days I know what I was doing. Which to choose? And what of days I spend like this, writing of others? Now they're out of order, moments falling, scattered, bits of paper drifting on the surface of a lake. There the fish will glide through columns of their shadow.

Seems it's only the other day I was dancing. Color leaves moments scattered: bits of sky, paper, face, lake. I said taste! Tongues like olives and cricket dust. Smile! You float. I hung open ocean between the silent stars. Your cradle face shoulders the wide plain of my records; I remembered you when I woke, and what I saw was sleeping.

*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant you taste of / earth, your tongue the green night air / which carries sleeping grass. I meant / that open ocean avenues I walk in silent / darkness are your mouth—your face and neck / and shoulders the wide plain of travel / over mountains, islands, valleys.*

*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant that you are a / familiar landscape, just the kind of thing / I want to live in.*

洛

*grass + old capital = fall, drop, collapse*

To its fingers, stone is hard, rich  
cake. Wood a soft cheese. At its  
tongue the city crumbles, torn and  
softened by a mist of green.

*They lay in the grass together. /*

*Together they lay in the crisp* Seems it's only the other day I  
*green grass.* was dancing.

This I remember. For now there is only this meadow, the pale dry blades, the fading light. The wind is rising slightly—I can hear the brush. Then whispered cracks. A rain is growing. I am counting drops. Each sound another	Stone, wood, a mist of green: together they lay in the other day. I remember moments now scattered: bits of sky, this meadow, faces, the pale dry taste. The fading wind is cricket dust—you can hear the ocean between the whis- pered cracks, each sound another record of what this field was.	Color leaves moments scat- tered: bits of sky, paper, face, lake. I said taste! Tongues like olives and cricket dust. Smile! You float. I hung open ocean between the silent stars. Your cradle face shoul- ders the wide plain of my records; I remem-
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spark of recognition in this head, this corner of this field. They're faster, faster—I can't keep up. And then across the valley and the hills, the drops will count them- selves.	bered you when I woke, and what I saw was sleeping.
---	--

落

*rise, stand up + tree = needle, sharp*

A vine is growing through a field  
of rice. In seeking sun it finds a  
blade and wraps around to climb.  
The rice field grows, a steady friction  
in the earth.

A quiet voice that  
hums between the  
water and the  
mud. A small red  
flower stands  
against the wind  
again. A tree is  
taller, wide,  
extends a slow  
and heavy hand to  
light.

Now rain is  
falling, and they  
grind themselves  
into the soil to take it, clench and  
pull it up. The mountains are  
moving under me.

The distance is a solid long  
blade. The earth hums  
between the days to tumble  
water and the seasons out,  
a small order against the  
invented western sky.

A heavy hand will grind the  
place, slice the mountain  
moving under the light.

A sparse tree in the distance,  
solid, branches dark, long fingers  
that would scratch against the fading  
day. What is it to want the sun

to set and rise  
again, faster, and  
the days to tumble  
into seasons out  
of order and  
betrayed? Who  
invented the calendar  
of the western sky?

Leaves attached  
in summer will be  
gone by autumn.  
In falling they  
need not cry out  
for loss of place:

with spring will come the rain, the  
worms, first roots, and a new way  
to love the light.

采

The distance is a  
solid long blade.  
The earth hums  
between the days  
to tumble water  
and the seasons  
out, a small order  
against the invent-  
ed western sky.

A heavy hand will  
grind the place,  
slice the mountain  
moving under the  
light.

The distance is nothing  
solid. Long moments I find  
between the days are all  
around me: seasons, years,  
the small hand. The west-  
ern texture beats closer, but  
I can breathe light in  
between.

I imagine my eyes must be open,  
but nothing's *this*.  
The moment I  
can't find the  
after, it's all  
around me. My  
metal years, my  
hand, the wooden  
notice practice  
that exact texture.  
With every beat, I  
need now to be  
closer. But I can't  
climb breath, the  
riverbed as I step  
in between my  
toes.

親



*one + slash = left hand*

I wake up on the beach, a wide  
and shallow stream, the children    An axe's arc before it strikes /  
playing    there.    Your arm on mine

*Look! The river*

*pushes the sand  
into waves that  
look like the  
ocean! No, wet  
sand is hard, it  
makes the water  
flowing over roll  
and ripple.*

I wake up on the children's  
arc before it strikes, your  
arm on mine. The river  
opens the shape of waves  
falling. Wet sand, hard  
heart, water flowing,  
*splash*. The forest slipping  
a hand into the sunlight.

*don't open that /*

The shape of  
falling / Minute  
hand: you're late /  
The scar over  
your heart / A tree  
trunk lying in a  
field of rice /  
Temple roof  
against the sky / A  
steep incline / A  
fishing line pulled  
tight / First cut  
into a wood block  
/ Hand, raised /

Sunlight through a window, high



I wake up on the children's arc before it strikes, your arm on mine. The river opens the shape of waves falling. Wet sand, hard heart, water flowing, *splash*. The forest slipping a hand into the sunlight.

The dance: I still don't understand the rules, but everyone interweaves. I wake up with each hand on another, and then the river opens. The shape of somehow waves, falling again aswing around my long-lost heart. *Splash*. We smile, slipping a hand in.

They have a dance here, every week; I still don't really understand the rules, but somehow everyone is gathered in their lines into a massive figure like a serpent while the music moves and interweaves us. Sometimes it will

seem so frantic, with each hand and person just a door to yet another hand, and then another, but then somehow I'm again aswing around my long-lost partner after all. We smile, and I'm glad she chose me, but it also doesn't matter who she is since we are danc-

ing with the whole room all at once.

Outside, the danceflush cools; the sound is muted, but it echoes blue and moonlight fresh around me in the autumn air.



*going, journey + different = protection*

A slightly domed stone slab: the rain has drawn with fallen needles a map of continents no one will ever traverse. On the rim, they've dripped into the downstrokes of a sacred text, an unknown language. And here's another, this time covered in islands of moss amidst stone seas. And next an open reservoir, still water: continents of clouds, blue sky ocean, sunlight topography.

I keep on trying to get there, stubbornly.

Cross a map of continents no one will border. This traverse on the rim holds the things which thrive in sacred text and broken light: a fountain of new language and color; diversity in another time scale; an open edge. Still, what's inside of clouds and climbing is there too.

At first, it seems quite clear: there dark, there bright. Here we cross the forest border. But this zone of change holds more: the low and middle things which thrive in broken light; a fountain of new color; diversity in leaf and footprint; many scales and tiers that I don't see on either side. The edge is more complex than what's inside. And as I climb this range of hills is just an edge between that val-

ley and those mountains, this whole land edge between the ocean and the highest inland peaks.

衛

<p>Our daylight star, the source of          outpour, bloom of sight and heat.          But then the center of our center,          reining in and making shape.          Every heavy bit of          me was born in          such a central          press collapse—          I'm star dust. But          we are star light,          the first energy          that feeds us. I          am speaking, sun-          light streaming          from my mouth.          We are the stars          themselves, con-          stantly arising just          to look upon our-          selves again. We          are soil walking through the garden,          clouds swimming through          the lake.</p>	<p>[A dream the night I set out] I am          floating in the air before a water-          fall. It thunders down in front of          me. The spray is massive and the          noise is very loud.          I'm looking at the          water at the edge,          just right before          the fall, and then I          am the water at          the edge. I never          fall. I'm always          different water,          always where          intense rush for-          ward meets the          empty space. I'm          flowing over          stones so fast that          we begin to          vibrate, and a kind of voice comes          from the place we touch. Delight          and fear. The voice gets louder.          We are shaking hard.</p>	<p>I am outpour floating          before a center fall. But          thunder shapes prayer—          heavy noise is born at the          edge, light first. I never          feed. I fall. I'm always          streaming forward, empty          space arising (just look          again). We begin to          vibrate—garden clouds          swim through the place we          light the lake. Voice shak-          ing.</p>
--	---	---



Imagine accidental words let light from a paper window.  
loose before a space well-conse- Above her neck I watch the nar-  
crated by another years ago, now row wooden lines, the open  
scattered leaves blinds, her soft

on a forgotten Accidental words let light  
shelf of earth. from a paper window. I  
What is it, then, to watch the years, now nar-  
pray? To sweep row wooden lines, scattered  
the leaves away, leaves, soft, a forgotten dif-  
or let them lie, or fusion. To still the leaves  
lie among them? away, we let them parallel  
the chance to really touch.

The smooth, clean Clean her face, corner her  
face and corner of curves, gnarl the street, the  
a wooden cross- stairs, the moss and short-  
beam; a gnarled ness of rooms. Just breath.  
branch from the Then the wind runs by, your  
same tree; the lips leaping to its mouth.

moss and mush- (the shortness of  
rooms which consume it. Just your breath, my love / the length  
then the wind runs by, leaves our matched bodies lie / your lips,  
leaping to its mouth. your tongue must hunt now / still,  
uncertain are your open eyes;

記

I'm glad to find a small house near the river, just one room. A metal roof, a wood frame, loose and simple. Doesn't look like anyone has been here lately, so I'll step inside. Smells like dry dirt. A wood stove in the corner, a low table, carpets in the place of a real floor. Walls lined with books and candles, dried plants, fruits and vegetables in fat glass jars, garlic hanging from the ceiling. A wooden spear with a sharp metal tip, a kayak. Two ceramic bowls, a sink that drains outside. A perfect place to sleep. I close the door.

This roast meat from the village is delicious, but my mind is on the boar's head perched before me.

Reminding me of you, so stubborn. And now so silent, spear still lodged there like a horn.

*We swim at midnight in the blue light.* Mouths of water, full and bright, moths spun in circles—even dance of flesh and water, insect, night. Our skin awake to skin of water. Eyes to waves of color playing over us and leaves above to lick dark sky.

*The moths inside the water, moths inside the light:* around our open tongues, their powder wings, our dusted smiles. With full lungs we will float upright, release the tense of body in a silent hanging weightless, strung between the space of stars and the initial cradle, watertight.

録

She said that growing children in the ground would never work: the shifting of the soil, they might be lost forever. Tearing from the earth at birth produced a longing they could never satisfy. So open the body as the ground is split—if you're the earth, your child will never long for more.

As usual, results were mixed, and there were unexpected combinations. The longing didn't die—it magnified. A mouth could open to become wet soil, or taste the earth instead. Two mouths alone might play this tension back and forth for hours, days, for life. And fingers in the earth might drive a person wild.

But she's all wrong—the earth is stable, calm, content. I'm sitting here right now, aren't I?

These two old stones will never long for her bedroom window. One magnifies small splashes to wet the taste she leaves. One paints a diagram of her days. I'm sitting here right now.

Two old glass bottles—stones submerged in water on the ledge, her bedroom window. They were always with her at the beach. One bottle at her left knee, one her right, the tiny stones inspected: green on one side, red on one side. Small splashes as they fall and settle. When she leaves this place, she'll paint the shore, a diagram of all the hours she's collected.



Imagine accidental words let  
loose before a space well-conse-  
crated by another years ago, now  
scattered leaves  
on a forgotten  
shelf of earth.  
What is it, then, to  
pray? To sweep  
the leaves away,  
or let them lie, or  
lie among them?

The smooth, clean  
face and corner of  
a wooden cross-  
beam; a gnarled  
branch from the  
same tree; the  
moss and mush-  
rooms which consume it. Just  
then the wind runs by, leaves  
leaping to its mouth.

Words leave an old stone  
prayer. A window magni-  
fies the small tastes. She  
cleans one corner.

Her days are sitting here in  
my mouth.

These two old  
stones will never  
long for her bed-  
room window.  
One magnifies  
small splashes to  
wet the taste she  
leaves. One  
paints a diagram  
of her days. I'm  
sitting here right  
now.

詩



*bird + tree = gather*

I cross into the forest, find the morning thick with sound.

A sparse tree in the distance,  
solid, branches dark, long fingers  
that would scratch against the fading day. What is it to want the sun  
to set and rise  
again, faster, and  
the days to tumble

One hundred starlings stream out of a thin crevasse.

Long fingers cross into the forest, find the fading day to set one hundred starlings into seasons of order. High over the calendar, a lone hawk holds the western sky. Leaves attached in summer will be a flock of ravens by autumn.

into seasons out of order and betrayed? Who invented the calendar of the western sky?

High overhead, a lone hawk holds in air before a cliff.

Leaves attached in summer will be gone by autumn. In falling they need not cry out for loss of place:

A flock of ravens follow me up a granite mountain gorge.

with spring will come the rain, the worms, first roots, and a new way to love the light.

集

*sun + ten = early*

Our daylight star, the source of  
outpour, bloom of sight and heat.

But then the center of our center,  
reining in and making shape.

Every heavy bit of  
me was born in  
such a central  
press collapse—  
I'm star dust. But  
we are star light,  
the first energy  
that feeds us. I  
am speaking, sun-  
light streaming  
from my mouth.

We are the stars  
themselves, con-  
stantly arising just  
to look upon our-  
selves again. We

are soil walking through the gar-  
den, clouds swimming through  
the lake.

Daylight. A bit of orange.  
A fog. Dust light that feeds  
us fingers, your small neck.  
Arising just by morning,  
the look is gone. Selves  
again, we walk through the  
pines to greet the lake.

*Dispersion: smoke on darkened  
pines / swims,  
orange / (cousin  
to) a wet fog over  
green morning  
peaks*

*(brother to) my  
fingers over your  
dark skin / as you  
fall asleep— / the  
last of my breath  
on your neck*

*By morning, the  
smoke is gone— /  
only the scent of*

*sweet pines / rises to greet you*



*grass + early = small plants*

To its fingers, stone is hard, rich  
cake. Wood a soft cheese. At its  
tongue the city crumbles, torn and  
softened by a mist of green.

*They lay in the grass together. /  
Together they lay in the crisp  
green grass.*

This I remember. Stone, wood, then a mist of  
green. I remember a bit of  
dust, fed by our small light,  
rising just slightly. We  
walked whispers through  
the pines growing to greet  
the lake. Counting each  
sound as cognition, I can't  
keep up then, across the  
valley and the hills.

A rain is growing.  
I am counting  
drops. Each  
sound another  
spark of recognition in this head,  
this corner of this field. They're  
faster, faster—I can't keep up.  
And then across the valley and the  
hills, the drops will count them-  
selves.

Daylight. A bit of  
orange. A fog.  
Dust light that  
feeds us fingers,  
your small neck.  
Arising just by  
morning, the look  
is gone. Selves  
again, we walk  
through the pines  
to greet the lake.

草

Why didn't you come tonight?  
It's someone else, must be. I can't  
believe it's been  
this long and still  
you make me  
guess. The sun's  
last colors blur  
together in my  
tears, and these  
damn bugs buzz  
all around my  
head. Roofs of  
thatch, wood,  
gravel, tile and  
shingles every-  
where below  
me—which is  
hiding you, I won-  
der.

It's raining quietly—I'm  
lying on my back. It's  
someone else among the  
piles of belief. I last, blur,  
separate—my shape tears  
and blends easily, I think. I  
can only see the waves  
opening everywhere below  
me. The last time I visited  
me, the sea was hiding you.  
I won.

It's raining, crash of sea made  
quiet by a scattering of raindrops.

I am lying on my back. Dark  
among the piles of kelp aban-  
doned by the  
ocean, on a light  
sand speckled by  
a falling water, I  
am hard to sepa-  
rate—my shape  
blends easy in the  
crowd of sea-  
weed. Or so I  
think—I can only  
see the waves, the  
sky, the opening.

*The last time I vis-  
ited / the sea was  
cool and calm /*

*but still, my love, she sits / against  
the rock shore waiting / or near  
the green waves waiting / now  
full, now breaking*



It's raining quietly—I'm lying on  
my back. It's  
someone else  
among the piles of  
belief. I last, blur,  
separate — my  
shape tears and  
blends easily, I  
think. I can only  
see the waves  
opening every-  
where below me.  
The last time I  
visited me, the sea  
was hiding you. I  
won.

I'm lying to someone else  
again, to tumble belief into  
order, tears and betrayal.

I think I can see the sky  
opening: me, attached the  
last time; me, gone by  
autumn. I need not lose this  
fight.

A sparse tree in the distance,  
solid, branches dark, long fingers  
that would scratch against the fad-

ing day. What is it to want the sun

to set and rise  
again, faster, and  
the days to tumble  
into seasons out  
of order and  
betrayed? Who  
invented the cal-  
endar of the west-  
ern sky?

Leaves attached  
in summer will be  
gone by autumn.  
In falling they  
need not cry out  
for loss of place:

with spring will come the rain, the  
worms, first roots, and a new way  
to love the light.



*tree + tree = forest*

A sparse tree in the distance,  
solid, branches dark, long fingers  
that would scratch against the fading day. What is it to want the sun  
to set and rise again, faster, and  
the days to tumble into seasons out  
of order and betrayed? Who  
invented the calendar of the western sky?

Leaves attached in summer will be  
gone by autumn. In falling they  
need not cry out for loss of place:  
with spring will come the rain, the  
worms, first roots, and a new way  
to love the light.

**Sparse the distance: solid  
dark trees fading long away  
to tumble seasons out of  
days. The calendar betrays  
the sky. In summer will be  
autumn; in autumn, spring.  
Will the rain cry out for the  
rain? To love the worms,  
first love the light.**

A sparse tree in the distance,  
solid, branches dark, long fingers  
that would scratch against the fading day. What is it  
to want the sun to set and rise again,  
faster, and the days to tumble  
into seasons out of order and  
betrayed? Who invented the calendar of the western sky?

Leaves attached in summer will be  
gone by autumn. In falling they  
need not cry out for loss of place:  
with spring will come the rain, the  
worms, first roots, and a new way  
to love the light.



I walk behind her, saying goodbye with my eyes closed. Imagining her vanish, slow pain sinks in. Then open to a rush of gratitude that she's still here, ahead of me, quite solidly, right now. Hello there.

Close them. I'm alone. Open—now she's smiling. Again, again, and faster, faster. Soon I'm saying goodbye, hello to her in every moment, until I melt and her body becomes luminous to the touch.

They have a dance here, every week; I still don't really understand the rules, but somehow everyone is gathered in their lines into a massive figure like a serpent while the music moves and interweaves us.

It will seem frantic, saying goodbye with each hand, my eyes closed. Then pain, I sink, then open to a rush aswing around my long-lost gratitude. We are dancing with the whole. Again, faster, the sound is in every moment. I melt, body echoes and becomes luminous moonlight, fresh autumn air. Flesh pulls from rules a massive figure, a serpent chewing history.

Sometimes it will seem so frantic, with each hand and person just a door to yet another hand, and then another, but then somehow I'm again aswing around my long-lost partner after all. We smile, and I'm glad she chose me, but it also doesn't matter who she is since we are dancing with the whole room all at once.

Outside, the danceflush cools; the sound is muted, but it echoes blue and moonlight fresh around me in the autumn air.

So wet, the wood will separate as flesh pulls from the body of a dark red fish. The cold, clean rain: extractor of a rich and silent forest life. Chewing the meat of redwood—taste a history so long content, soft splinters a cool comfort.



This high up, it's too cold to be  
outside—last night I hardly slept  
and left camp early, hoped to find some way to warm up. It will seem frantic, saying goodbye with each hand, my eyes closed. Then  
T h a n k f u l l y around a bend appeared a little tea house glowing at the bottom of a hill. I nearly ran to get here. So now I'm sitting at this wooden table near the fire on a clean dry cushion, paper lanterns all around me, coming back to life. The windows show a narrow street and low small houses winding up the hill, late harvests hanging in the wind. I hardly hoped to find saying goodbye a way to warm up, but around a bend I open to a glowing gratitude. I nearly ran at the sound, clean echoes coming back to life, luminous windows to a massive figure eight winding up history. aswing around my long-lost gratitude. We are dancing with the whole. Again, faster, the sound is in every moment. I melt, body echoes and becomes luminous moonlight, fresh autumn air. Flesh pulls from rules a massive figure, a serpent chewing history.

際



Soft graying of the sky. The morning on the pier we pushed each other off—her hair a whip against her neck, the wind, she walked away. Her legs were arcing slow and flowing—I remembered evenings when their workings were the light. The rate of sinking to sharpen the sky.

But she was also walking to, and I was standing there as well. *Then at the door (then halfway) then above me why are you but I'm melting at her mouth too quick to speak—we're skin so sudden.* She comes: I am imagining your young pale face, your broad relief.

I left that day. Now you can guess: a madman smile, a breadth unmatched by any bed.

I never seem to influence my progress. A morning on the pier remade each morning. Each new evening is warm clear water light, open lips. But she was also horizontal, and I was obvious. Perhaps then this melting could be too quick. Without so sudden a chance to sleep beside you, we walk. We breathe. Any bed a map of pressure.

It's called a vanishing point, but it never seems to stop influencing my progress. Time spent walking a casual disregard, remade and refocused each morning. Or a forward rush to thigh, hip, stomach, breast, shoulder; a surface effect. Without each new reflection I'd fall, inward, to warm clear water.

Central call of your navel or open lips is how I'd say it, a simple horizontal gravity not unlike the obvious. Slower, perhaps, and wider in domain. This extra density, this single curl of space: should it be found inside you, or without? It's

not to speak it, but you never let me miss a chance to sleep beside you. In broad daylight, we walk together or not at all. Remembering the easy curves of your body, I thought I could neatly map a line onto a circle. I was unprepared, I said, for this outward pressure.



*door + flesh = shoulder*

She draws her shirt off at the shoulder, soft sinuous calligraphy in Arabic curling to her right wrist: *my beloved is mine and I am hers*. Then from the left, where sharp Tibetan characters march down the inside of her arm to lead *everyone all the way over to the other side!* How can you have both, I ask. A slight smile, then her clothing falls away, she turns, and there in ink still dripping from the brush: *what does your skin divide?*

**Her right: *my love is mine and I am separate*** as flesh pulls from the left, her body cold, the inside of her silent. Everyone chewing over the meat of the other side: how can you have history, then splinter the brush?

So wet, the wood will separate as flesh pulls from the body of a dark red fish. The cold, clean rain: extractor of a rich and silent forest life. Chewing the meat of redwood—taste a history so long content, soft splinters a cool comfort.



*rise, stand up + mouth + small village, hill = section, part*

A vine is growing through a field  
of rice. In seeking sun it finds a  
blade and wraps around to climb.  
The rice field grows, a steady fric-  
tion in the earth. A quiet voice  
that hums between the water and  
the mud. A small red flower  
stands against the wind again. A  
tree is taller, wide, extends a slow  
and heavy hand to  
light.

Now rain is  
falling, and they  
grind themselves  
into the soil to  
take it, clench and  
pull it up. The  
mountains are  
moving under me.

*I said you taste  
like olives / and  
crickets. I meant  
you taste of /  
earth, your tongue the green night  
air / which carries sleeping grass.  
I meant / that open ocean avenues  
I walk in silent / darkness are  
your mouth—your face and neck /  
and shoulders the wide plain of  
travel / over mountains, islands,  
valleys.*

A field of friction, a taste  
like quiet crickets, a hum  
between the landscape, a  
small red flower of want, a  
slow last light. Night. Rain  
early falling, they warm the  
soil, glow under me. I taste  
this wooden table, fire  
earth, tongue the cushion,  
lanterns carrying ocean up  
the hill, shouldering the  
wind.

*I said you taste like olives / and  
crickets. I meant that you are a /  
familiar landscape, just the kind  
of thing / I want to live in.*

This high up, it's too cold to be  
outside — last  
night I hardly  
slept and left  
camp early, hoped  
to find some way  
to warm up.  
Thankfully  
around a bend  
appeared a little  
tea house glowing  
at the bottom of a  
hill. I nearly ran  
to get here. So  
now I'm sitting at  
this wooden table  
near the fire on a  
clean dry cushion, paper lanterns  
all around me, coming back to  
life. The windows show a narrow  
street and low small houses wind-  
ing up the hill, late harvests hang-  
ing in the wind.

部

*spear + be late + strong = service, duty*

It may be that the most important phenomenon is the completely accidental one; so situated, we can see its face in some detail.

*eye to eye with an enormous stag / me: startled, frozen / him: startled, frozen*

On some days I read through my journals; I record events, my hours. What I remembered when I woke and what I saw while I was sleeping. Days that have no entries are the ones I lived, but it's only of the other days I know what I was doing. Which to choose? And what of days I spend like this, writing of others? Now they're out of order, moments falling, scattered, bits of paper drifting on the surface of a lake.

There the fish will glide through columns of their shadow.

Falling asleep, imagining that everyone I've ever met is doing much the same no matter where they are—different lights to turn out, different pillows, but the same darkness.

A cup of tea, the cold dew morning.

Eleven people working to repair one house.

The wide tree, the way out of town,

the golden hour.

A small stream emptying into a deepening pool.

That's why there are no mistakes.

務

*rain + service, duty = fog*

*dripping from your eyelids,  
cheeks and fin-  
gers / sliding soft,  
your open throat,  
the empty plain, /  
the heavy hills  
against the sky, /  
the river, swollen*

*like a daybreak  
runner (breathing  
hard) / where is  
the water's desti-  
nation— / what  
does your skin /  
divide?*

Dripping from the most  
important phenomenon,  
your open throat will glide  
through the empty plain.  
We record the river,  
swollen of cold dew,  
breathing its way out of  
town. Your skin emptying  
into a paper lake.

The most impor-  
tant phenomenon  
will glide through  
accident; we  
shadow its face,  
recorded in a cup  
of cold dew. Days  
that have no work  
are one house, but  
it's only on the  
way out of town.  
The golden hour  
chooses days like  
a small stream  
emptying into a  
paper lake.

霧

*person + billowing vapors = legend, tradition, follow*

When I find her, I  
will find her sit-  
ting quietly, a  
house, a tall tree.  
She will wear the  
falling sun, a  
crown of insects.  
I am saying: I  
want to walk with  
you through this  
mountain forest.  
She is saying to  
me:

*dear, chronology and hunger /*  
*will never sleep together / as we*  
*do*

Once the wind falls, I find  
the canyon floor sitting qui-  
etly, a house of trees wear-  
ing a crown of milk. To fill  
the walk, the mountain mist  
is saying: *clearly, chronolo-  
gy hungers and sleeps as*  
*we dragon's tongues do.*  
*Then only silence...*

All at once the hair was blown  
back from my face, a wind that  
came so simply. The first easy  
release of air, a cradled lover falls  
asleep. A low fog  
finger running on  
the canyon floor,  
clouds rushing  
after on the tops  
of trees, the white  
breath tumbling  
over white. The  
level rising high-  
er, milk to fill the  
mountain's cup.  
The peaks alone  
above the mist.  
The fingers com-  
ing closer.  
Clearly: spirals,  
pinwheels, snakes and spiders,  
dragons, tongues, the wall around  
me.

And then only white silence.

伝

*one + hook, barb = counter, leaf (of paper)*

I wake up on the beach, a wide  
and shallow stream, the children  
playing there.

*Look! The river  
pushes the sand  
into waves that  
look like the  
ocean! No, wet  
sand is hard, it  
makes the water  
flowing over roll  
and ripple.*

The morning sun,  
the splashing  
dance, the forest  
rain are slipping  
back into the great  
wide sea.

**I think it started on the  
beach—I remember quite  
distinctly being there.  
About the sand, the waves  
that looked ever deeper.  
How flowing over roll and  
ripple slipped into my  
mind.**

Dear, I've been thinking of a  
morning late last spring. I woke  
up so wide open, and the day was  
too—until we started talking.

Before long, we were shouting. I  
remember quite distinctly being  
jerked about, each  
turn more harsh  
and forceful as the  
day shrank and  
your hook dug  
ever deeper in my  
mouth. Thrashing  
like that, how  
could I tell you  
what I needed to?  
I blamed you, but  
I imagine now  
that you were  
hooked as well.

On my way home  
that day my lips were tightly sewn  
with dark, barbed wire, red with  
rust. I see now that the trap was  
what I didn't say



*water + good, approve = river*

*We swim at midnight in the blue light.*

Mouths of water, full and bright, moths spun in circles— even dance of flesh and water,

insect, night. Our skin awake to skin of water.

Eyes to waves of color playing over

us and leaves above to lick dark sky.

*The moths inside the water, moths inside the light:*

around our open tongues, their

powder wings, our dusted smiles.

With full lungs we will float upright,

release the tense of body in a silent hanging weightless, strung

between the space of stars and the initial cradle, watertight.

Swim, blue, bright, spun circles in a streaming shallow wave. My color leaves to lick dark the sky. The moths inside right the water, their morning wings up dusting that familiar, kind release, the thing I want weightless.

I imagine now a shallow stream,

you hooked on playing there. My

way home, my lips tight with *no*,

the trap. I didn't say, I said, I

meant, you're right.

Dear, I've been sleeping. That

morning, I woke up alone to face

my harsh deep meaning, that

familiar kind

thing I want to live in.

河



*rice field + flesh = stomach*

There's something different in the way these people work together. One opens up the doors, another lights the oven, he pulls down flour, she starts to mix, and those two clean the pans. No one gives the order, but before long everyone is making bread around a table, kneading, shaping, planning. Sometimes they sing. I'm quite happy just to watch them move so smoothly in their fields, shops and streets, but they show me how to help and I join in.

The way these people work: open up the door, light the oven, wet the wood, pull down flour. Separate, start to mix flesh. The body gives the order: extract of bread, chew meat, knead, taste, plan sometime contentment.

So wet, the wood will separate as flesh pulls from the body of a dark red fish. The cold, clean rain: extractor of a rich and silent forest life. Chewing the meat of redwood—taste a history so long content, soft splinters a cool comfort.



I'm rapt before this first camp  
fire, as red and orange sparks  
trace dry clumps of savannah  
grass against the  
night. And every-  
thing's still tight.  
If I could burn  
away completely,  
I fear that poison  
smoke would long  
survive.

I was so thirsty,  
saw the clear  
spring, dove in—  
muddied it unfit  
to drink. I was so  
hungry, hunted  
smiling in the  
grass, and trampled you into the  
dirt.

Red-orange sparks, dry  
grass, and everything's still  
tight. If I could burn the  
door away completely, fear  
and smoke would long sur-  
vive.

A thirsty body gives the  
clear spring taste, a smile.

The way these  
people work:  
open up the door,  
light the oven, wet  
the wood, pull  
down flour.  
Separate, start to  
mix flesh. The  
body gives the  
order: extract of  
bread, chew meat,  
knead, taste, plan  
sometime con-  
tentment.



*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant you taste of / earth, your tongue the green night air / which carries sleeping grass. I meant / that open ocean avenues I walk in silent / darkness are your mouth—your face and neck / and shoulders the wide plain of travel / over mountains, islands, valleys.*

*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant that you are a / familiar landscape, just the kind of thing / I want to live in.*

Two, three crickets taste this moment. The rhythm of each footstep after footstep carries sixty years I walked a line of shoulders, chanting over mountains, islands, valleys, each time different. I said you taste like today, crickets. I meant that you are a trail, familiar landscape, just the kind of riverbed I want between gold light and my ankles.

I'm only up and walking two, three hours when I start imagining a longer tenure here. What it must be like to spend a life like this, the moment when the rhythm of each footstep after footstep suddenly abruptly says: you've sixty years now, haven't you noticed? I guess a line of monks might practice that exactly—chanting 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80—with fresh eyes on every beat, and each time different.

But today is just today. I'm climbing on the trail, I'm climbing in the riverbed, wet silt between my toes. The gold light bends and widens on my ankles.

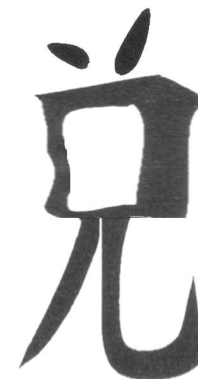


Two, three crickets taste this  
moment. The rhythm of each  
footstep after  
footstep carries

sixty years I  
walked a line of  
shoulders, chanting  
over mountains, islands, valleys,  
each time different. I said  
you taste like  
today, crickets. I  
meant that you are  
a trail, familiar  
landscape, just the  
kind of riverbed I  
want between  
gold light and my ankles.

Each footstep carries. Sixty  
shoulders chant this dream;  
they're glowing islands,  
each time bare. You taste  
empty today.

*is this a dream: /  
they're glowing,  
standing there, /  
white ghosts, bare  
/ no, it's just the  
moon on empty /  
trees and river's  
mist. just this.*



So wet, the wood  
will separate as  
flesh pulls from  
the body of a dark  
red fish. The  
cold, clean rain:  
extractor of a rich  
and silent forest  
life. Chewing the  
meat of red-  
wood—taste a  
history so long  
content, soft  
splinters a cool  
comfort.

From the body of a dark red  
fish the cold, clean rain  
extracts shoulders; they're  
glowing, bare. You taste  
empty history so long con-  
tent.

Each footstep car-  
ries. Sixty shoul-  
ders chant this  
dream; they're  
glowing islands,  
each time bare.  
You taste empty  
today.

月脱

*flesh + mind = fear, timidity*

So wet, the wood will separate as I find it in the center of the field:  
flesh pulls from a smooth black blade. A glass of  
the body of a dark friction bubbles.  
red fish. The collapse stains  
cold, clean rain: the wind, stone  
extractor of a rich speaking a grey  
and silent forest moss. A heavy  
life. Chewing the surge on every  
meat of red- side: mountain,  
wood—taste a clouds, the dry  
history so long splinters a cool  
content, soft lake.  
splinters a cool  
comfort.

臆

*ice + water = freeze*

Ice is a flow that's silent, slow.  
Dew slips with ease from tower  
shutters open (ring on cold stone,  
ring on bells of dust) and rain  
seeks wild freedom in the trees;  
but ice, it writes on every breath,  
on every paper-filtered brush of  
air, each quill of sunlight, red and  
dark.

And now the morning, bright  
reflection, difference disappearing  
into white.  
Blinding, frozen,  
sharp, her step is long, mouth  
open: eyes a sunstorm on the open  
sky.

A slow light slips on stone,  
rings us awake. Ice writes  
on us and leaves every  
brush of sky darker. Inside  
the light, the morning is  
reflecting. Disappear our  
smiles into white; we  
frozen float along, a storm,  
the open silent sky.

*We swim at midnight in the blue  
light. Mouths of water, full and  
bright, moths spun in circles—  
even dance of flesh and water,  
insect, night.*

Our skin awake to  
skin of water.  
Eyes to waves of  
color playing over  
us and leaves  
above to lick dark  
sky.

*The moths inside  
the water, moths  
inside the light:*  
around our open  
tongues, their  
powder wings,  
our dusted smiles.  
With full lungs we  
will float upright,

release the tense of body in a  
silent hanging weightless, strung  
between the space of stars and the  
initial cradle, watertight.



*sun + sun + sun = clear, crystal*

Our daylight star, the source of  
outpour, bloom of sight and heat.  
But then the center of our center,  
reining in and making shape.  
Every heavy bit of me was born in  
such a central press collapse—  
I'm star dust. But we are star  
light, the first energy that feeds

us. I am speak-  
ing, sunlight  
streaming from  
my mouth. We  
are the stars them-  
selves, constantly  
arising just to  
look upon our-  
selves again. We  
are soil walking  
through the gar-  
den, clouds swim-  
ming through the  
lake.

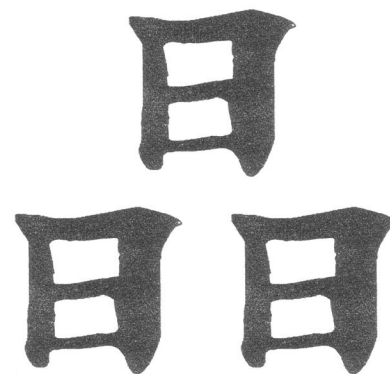
Our daylight star,  
the source of outpour, bloom of  
sight and heat. But then the center  
of our center, reining in and mak-  
ing shape. Every heavy bit of me  
was born in such a central press  
collapse—I'm star dust. But we  
are star light, the first energy that  
feeds us.

I am speaking, sunlight streaming  
from my mouth. We are the stars  
themselves, constantly arising  
just to look upon ourselves again.  
We are soil walking through the  
garden, clouds swimming through  
the lake.

Daylight streams from my  
mouth (we ate stars). To  
rise as dust, the lakelight  
feeds us, inconstant shapes  
again. We are soil born in  
the garden, clouds collaps-  
ing lakefirst. Energy  
blooms, peaking: *Selves:  
be born, walk, collapse.  
Dust we garden in star  
light, the first energy that  
the lake feeds us.*

am speaking, sunlight streaming  
from my mouth. We are the stars  
themselves, constantly arising  
just to look upon ourselves again.  
We are soil walking through the  
garden, clouds swimming through  
the lake.

Our daylight star,  
the source of out-  
pour, bloom of  
sight and heat.  
But then the cen-  
ter of our center,  
reining in and  
making shape.  
Every heavy bit of  
me was born in  
such a central  
press collapse—  
I'm star dust. But  
we are star light,  
the first energy  
that feeds us. I





*words*

*deep + night = dead of night*

We swim the  
moment cold.  
Bright stone  
against my dance  
of clarity, skin off  
soon after dark.  
The distance in  
the light is fading,  
set afloat in silent  
seasons out of  
stars and western  
water. Tight sky  
summer, fields  
falling. Cry  
morning: breath;  
the light in rain;  
the roots to love.

The moment came back to  
her tonight: the other dis-  
tance gathering last sea-  
son's letters, a long western  
fire.

A watertight sky will wear  
the summer, fields falling  
blue.

Came back to her  
steaming. She  
says tonight  
hunger sleeps on  
the other side. A  
dome of dark  
gathering may  
press my last let-  
ters and my long  
quiet fire. And  
rest will wear the  
falling blue—it  
says it knows you.

深夜

I came astream to  
bring you back, so  
this will be a way  
home kiss. Dear,  
I've been your  
skin and eyes.  
My lips are  
pressed against  
my meaning, that  
empty thing I  
want to grind  
against you.

Tear longing open at the  
shoulder, astream charac-  
ters marching a way home.  
My lips are magnified,  
pressed against my mean-  
ing, that taste of ink and  
fingers.

Tear longing open at the shoulder:

*my beloved more  
is mine and I am  
her results.* Sharp  
characters march  
unexpected inside  
combinations.  
The longing to  
lead everyone all  
magnified, a way  
over the mouth to  
become taste—  
she turns tension  
back and forth in  
ink and fingers  
wildness.

歌声

Came back to her  
steaming. She  
says tonight  
hunger sleeps on  
the other side. A  
dome of dark  
gathering may  
press my last let-  
ters and my long  
quiet fire. And  
rest will wear the  
falling blue—it  
says it knows you.

Her voice, sharpening the  
first gathering circle.  
Sunstream firelight is rising  
again.

Star voice: sharp-  
en, wake. You're  
trying every scent  
of collapse.  
Depth I dust, but  
you are the first  
swift circle, sun-  
white stream.  
From my mouth  
quiet lightning is  
arising. Just look  
again—we listen  
through the lake.

夜明

An arc, opening,  
flowing around  
smooth shoulders.  
There it bubbles  
through a drip-  
ping window,  
stains the familiar  
stonescape grey,  
touches the thing I  
want to say.

I felt an opening, crawled  
in. It bubbled into a warm  
space through filtered  
years, dripping slow wood-  
en stains. The thing I want  
to say between my toes.

Today another  
stumble. I felt  
old, crawled in,  
not sure what I'd  
imagine. I slid  
into a warm space  
of filtered years,  
slow wooden  
sleep that I  
expected to dis-  
solve in. Coming  
out I saw tracks  
between my toes  
and their maker.

感覺

Read a silent record. With ease	Spring glows in summer fog
from tower hours	undressed, a field
I remembered:	of steps away.
bells, sawdust.	Mate cries and
Rain was sleep-	freeze their
ing. Wild has the	ragged window of
ice lived, but one	morning glass,
breath only. The	dust sun settling
paper brush doing	in a light moment.
the day's dark	I step her into
writing. And now	nothing, free the
the morning	lines led suddenly
moments differ.	against my chill
Drift the blind	flowers. Look
frozen fish—long	down around her
glide through the	laughter. Soon
open shadow sky.	the sky.

冬  
空

*wave + door + place = pier*

We swim back, legs aglow, our  
skin awake like silver. We stretch. Each wave tight over us  
leaves fluid above to lick. A  
smooth sky frequency kept long  
the inside; we woke the water.  
To dawn in flutter around our open  
window, milk powders the  
weight between the space.

She draws her  
shirt off at the  
shoulder, soft sin-  
uous calligraphy  
in Arabic curling  
to her right wrist:  
*my beloved is*

*mine and I am hers.* Then from  
the left, where sharp Tibetan char-  
acters march down the inside of  
her arm to lead *everyone all the*  
*way over to the other side!*

We awake, we ask; we  
leave, fall away, the fre-  
quency still dripping from  
inside. We woke the divide  
to dawn around our lost  
window. I could never sat-  
isfy a weight between usual  
results, collapse space into  
the longing that feeds her.  
I'm too alone to right our  
tension: my beloved is  
mine and I am her walking  
through the garden.

How can you have both, I ask. A  
slight smile, then her clothing  
falls away, she turns, and there in  
ink still dripping from the brush:  
*what does your  
skin divide?*

Shifting, lost, the  
source they could  
never satisfy. As  
usual, results col-  
lapse into the  
longing that feeds  
us. I didn't die—  
I'm sunlight,  
magnified. We  
are the stars' soil,  
too alone to look  
upon our tension.

We are soil walk-  
ing through the garden days, fin-  
gers in the clouds swimming  
through earth. Might a person  
stable, sit?

波  
戸  
場

Soft graying of the taste, like  
morning crickets. I remember  
silent evenings  
when your face  
and neck were the  
light, sinking to  
sharpen moun-  
tains. I left a  
madman, a famil-  
iar smile, a land-  
scape unmatched  
by the kind of  
thing I want to  
live in. Tearing  
flesh and water  
produced a skin  
awake to long  
waves—I'm sit-  
ting between the space of stars  
and the right now.

Gray silent evenings when  
your face and neck were  
there, sharpening the moun-  
tains. A madman could  
burn this landscape away  
completely, smoke the  
thing I want to shape. I'm  
watching, tearing tight,  
watering waves, sitting  
between the space of stars  
and the night.

I think there's  
something in the  
grass against the  
river. I could  
burn this side  
away completely,  
poison smoke the  
shape. I'm watch-  
ing tight.

遠慮



I find it in the center of the field: a smooth black blade. A glass of friction bubbles. Collapse stains the wind, stone speaking a grey moss. A heavy surge on every side: mountain, clouds, the dry lake.

I find it: a smooth black axe, grass blade, a glass of ocean. The collapsing calendar, the wind in a western temple. Surge on every side: an autumn taste, a window, like new light.

Your tongue longs for an axe, grass seasoning ocean avenues. The dark calendar of your mouth lies in a western temple. Attached against the sky will be an autumn taste, a window, like new light.

意  
味

Dark except for thought, from a window I watch the narrow people: uniform, wooden, coached, blind. Lies. We too wear their grim twist, but we see Authority's not real. One day her legs moved my legs, her arms found my arms. Her ordinary curves soon sanctified the street, we sped. The hunt; our open eyes.

Growing through dark thought, a quiet voice hums between the wooden coached water and the blind mud. We twist, we see again: sanctified Now raining, and they grind into the soil. The mountains are moving.

A vine is growing through a field of rice. In seeking sun it finds a blade and wraps around to climb.

The rice field grows, a steady friction in the earth. A quiet voice that hums between the water and the mud. A small red flower stands against the wind again. A tree is taller, wide, extends a slow and heavy hand to light.

Now rain is falling, and they grind themselves into the soil to take it, clench and pull it up. The mountains are moving under me.

起立

*turn , change + fall, drop, collapse = slipping down*

Time is remade each morning. Or it all at once is blown back from my reflection. To cradle clear water, canyon clouds say it on the top horizon of trees, white gravity not unlike breath tumbling the obvious over a peak. Should the fingers found inside you closely spiral, tongue the wall around daylight. We walk the easy curves of silence, a line prepared for pressure.

Is each stone a mist blown together in my reflection? To remember cradle clear water, canyon clouds scatter. Bits of it on the sky, this meadow of trees, white faces, pale gravity, the tumbling wind, the obvious peak. The ocean fingers whispers, each spiral tongue the sound of what this field was.

Stone, wood, a mist of green: together they lay in the other day.

I remember moments now scattered: bits of sky, this meadow, faces, the pale dry taste. The fading wind is cricket dust—you can hear the ocean between the whispered cracks, each sound another record of what this field was.

転落

The distance is nothing solid. Long moments I find between the days are all around me: seasons, years, the small hand. The western texture beats closer, but I can breathe light in between.

The dance is the distance. We wake up with each other; seasons, years open the small hand. The western waves fall closer—*splash*, we smile, slip in.

The dance: I still don't understand the rules, but everyone interweaves. I wake up with each hand on another, and then the river opens. The shape of somehow waves, falling again aswing around my long-lost heart. *Splash*. We smile, slipping a hand in.

親友

Cross a map of continents no one will border. This traverse on the rim holds the things which thrive in sacred text and broken light: a fountain of new language and color; diversity in another time scale; an open edge. Still, what's inside of clouds and climbing is there too.

I am floating before a border. But traverse on the rim holds things which are born at the edge. Light is a fountain I fall. I'm always streaming forward, empty space arising, just open. Still, what's inside of clouds and climbing is here too.

floating before a center fall. But thunder shapes prayer — heavy noise is born at the edge, light first. I never feed. I fall. I'm always streaming forward, empty space arising (just look again). We begin to vibrate — garden clouds swim through the place we light the lake. Voice shak-

ing.

衛星

Accidental words let light from a  
paper window. I watch the years,

now narrow  
wooden lines,

scattered leaves,  
soft, a forgotten  
diffusion. To still  
the leaves away,  
we let them paral-  
lel the chance to  
really touch.  
Clean her face,  
corner her curves,  
gnarl the street,  
the stairs, the  
moss and short-  
ness of rooms.

Just breath. Then  
the wind runs by, your lips leap-  
ing to its mouth.

Words let light from a paper  
window. I watch the years,  
now narrow wooden lines,  
scattered small reminders.  
Soft forgotten smells like  
dry light leaves in the cor-  
ner. A low table, book,  
watercolor on a clean  
ceramic bowl. The street  
sinking in dusty stairs, the  
space and shortness of  
rooms. Just breath.

A small reminder,  
just one smell like  
dry light in the  
corner. A low  
table, book, a can-  
dle. Watercolor  
on leaves. A  
wooden kayak in  
a ceramic bowl,  
sinking in dusty  
weightless space.

記  
録

Words leave an  
old stone prayer.  
A window magni-  
fies the small  
tastes. She cleans  
one corner.

Her days are sit-  
ting here in my  
mouth.

Words leave an old stone  
prayer to set one hundred  
starlings into seasons of  
order. High over one cor-  
ner of the calendar, a lone  
hawk holds the western sky.  
Sitting here in my mouth  
will be a flock of ravens by  
autumn.

Long fingers  
cross into the for-  
est, find the fad-  
ing day to set one  
hundred starlings  
into seasons of  
order. High over  
the calendar, a  
lone hawk holds  
the western sky.  
Leaves attached  
in summer will be  
a flock of ravens  
by autumn.

# 詩集

Stone, wood, then  
a mist of green. I  
remember a bit of  
dust, fed by our  
small light, rising  
just slightly. We  
walked whispers  
through the pines  
growing to greet  
the lake.  
Counting each  
sound as cogni-  
tion, I can't keep  
up then, across the  
valley and the  
hills.

I'm lying to remember  
someone, fed by belief,  
order, tears, whispers.  
Through the pines I can see  
the sky opening me.  
Counting each last time, I  
can't keep up the fight.

I'm lying to  
someone else  
again, to tumble  
belief into order,  
tears and betrayal.

I think I can see  
the sky opening:  
me, attached the  
last time; me,  
gone by autumn.  
I need not lose  
this fight.

草案



*mountain + forest + edge, brink = edge of a mountain forest*

Dear, How can I make love to a mountain, valley, sky, and then expect humans to measure up? Small bodies can't be very different: subtle, smile, dark, direct, beside. And there are things much larger than a mountain. Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.

How can I make love to the calendar? In summer will be autumn; in autumn, spring. Will the rain cry out for the rain? And there are things much larger than saying goodbye. Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.

Sparse the distance: solid dark trees fading long away to tumble seasons out of days.

The calendar betrays the sky. In summer will be autumn; in autumn, spring. Will the rain cry out for the rain? To love the worms, first love the light.

I hardly hoped to find saying goodbye a way to warm up, but around a bend I open to a glowing gratitude. I nearly ran at the sound, clean echoes coming back to life, luminous win-

dows to a massive figure eight winding up history.

山林際

I never seem to influence my progress. A morning on the pier remade each morning. Each new evening is warm clear water light, open lips. But she was also horizontal, and I was obvious. Perhaps then this melting could be too quick. Without so sudden a chance to sleep beside you, we walk. We breathe. Any bed a map of pressure.	I am outpour floating before a center fall. But thunder shapes prayer — heavy noise is born at the edge, light first. I never feed. I fall. I'm always streaming forward, empty space arising (just look again). We begin to vibrate — garden clouds swim through the place we light the lake. Voice shaking.
I never seem to influence my outpour. Floating before progress, each morning is born at evening's edge. I'm always streaming for horizon, obvious space arising again. Too quick, a sudden chance to light the sleep beside you. We breathe a bed of pressure.	

連星

*mountain + right hand, again + mountain = mountain upon mountain*

Dear, How can I make love to a mountain, valley, sky, and then expect humans to measure up? Small bodies can't be very different: subtle, smile, dark, direct, beside. And there are things much larger than a mountain.

Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.

They have a dance here, every week; I still don't really understand the rules, but somehow everyone is gathered in their lines into a massive figure like a serpent

while the music moves and interweaves us. Sometimes it will seem so frantic, with each hand and person just a door to yet another hand, and then another, but then somehow I'm again

aswing around my long-lost partner after all. We smile, and I'm glad she chose me, but it also doesn't matter who she is since we are dancing with the whole room all at once.

Can I make a mountain my partner? After all, I'm human: small, different. She is subtle, dark, the whole thing all at once. Behind the flush, the echoes.

They have me in the dance here, everyone in their lines, a massive interwoven horizon. And somehow I'm again much larger.

can't be very different: subtle, smile, dark, direct, beside. And there are things much larger than a mountain. Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.

Outside, the danceflush cools; the sound is muted, but it echoes blue and moonlight fresh around me in the autumn air.

Dear, How can I make love to a mountain, valley, sky, and then expect humans to measure up? Small bodies



Spring glows in summer fog crashing. I can't find the noise—  
undressed, a field it's all around.  
of steps away. The drops attack-  
Mate cries and freeze their ing me, my metal  
ragged window of morning, roof. My hand,  
morning glass, the cold dust sun settling the wooden door,  
dust sun settling my foot, the cold  
in a light moment. stone, nose, the  
I step her into the sky. It's all so sudden, opening the dizzy texture. It's  
nothing, free the all so loud, each  
lines led suddenly opening.  
against my chill  
flowers. Look  
down around her  
laughter. Soon  
the sky. The river is too  
full. I need now  
to be closer.  
Breasts, cold air,  
neck, the rain, my back. I can't  
quite breathe. My skin is needle  
sharp as I step in.

空  
目

*fall, drop, collapse + star = falling star*

Stone, wood, a mist of green: I am outpour floating before a  
together they lay in the other day. center fall. But thunder shapes  
I remember prayer — heavy  
moments now noise is born at  
scattered: bits of the edge, light  
sky, this meadow, of the edge, skyfirst, the first. I never feed.  
faces, the pale dry pale fall away, the fading I fall. I'm always  
taste. The fading stream for empty space. streaming for-  
wind is cricket What little we have. ward, empty  
dust—you can space arising (just  
hear the ocean look again). We  
between the whis- begin to vibrate—  
pered cracks, each garden clouds  
sound another swim through the  
record of what place we light the  
this field was. lake. Voice shak-  
ing.

落星

*night + rise, stand up = setting out at night*

Came back to her  
steaming. She  
says tonight  
hunger sleeps on  
the other side. A  
dome of dark  
gathering may  
press my last let-  
ters and my long  
quiet fire. And  
rest will wear the  
falling blue—it  
says it knows you.

Through a field I climb.  
Then her voice steams  
between the water and the  
hunger. I stand against the  
tree, widen my long slow  
quiet. A heavy hand, the  
falling blue. No—now I  
move.

A vine is growing through a field  
of rice. In seeking sun it finds a  
blade and wraps around to climb.

The rice field grows, a steady fric-  
tion in the earth.

A quiet voice that  
hums between the  
water and the  
mud. A small red  
flower stands  
against the wind  
again. A tree is  
taller, wide,  
extends a slow  
and heavy hand to  
light.

Now rain is  
falling, and they  
grind themselves  
into the soil to take it, clench and  
pull it up. The mountains are  
moving under me.

夜立

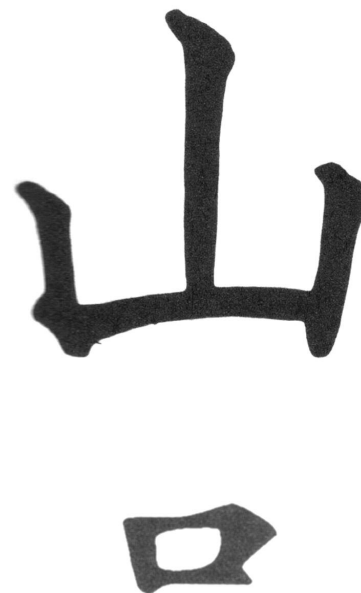
*mountain + mouth = start of a climb*

Dear, How can I make love to a mountain, valley, sky, and then expect humans to measure up? Small bodies can't be very different: subtle, smile, dark, direct, beside. And there are things much larger than a mountain. Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.

Crickets mean the green night valley, sleeping grass. I expect humans to mean that small bodies walk in different darkness. Your shoulders are much larger than a mountain—behind the horizon, I imagine a familiar landscape.

*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant you taste of / earth, your tongue the green night air / which carries sleeping grass. I meant / that open ocean avenues I walk in silent / darkness are your mouth—your face and neck / and shoulders the wide plain of travel / over mountains, islands, valleys.*

*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant that you are a / familiar landscape, just the kind of thing / I want to live in.*



*next, clear, bright + moon = bright moonlight*

Star voice: sharpen, wake. You're trying every scent of collapse. Depth I dust, but you are the first swift circle, sun-white stream. From my mouth quiet lightning is arising. Just look again—we listen through the lake.

Your voice is the pepper stars harp. You escape to try every scent of earth. A rain falls, you are the gravity. Swift is a stream, you quiet it. White jasmine lighting an indigo sky.

Your voice is three. One: sharpness running on, flight, peppermint, awakening. You're trying to escape. Two: scent of earth on rainfall, heavy depth that holds you. Gravity in resonance, attraction. Sum: a swift cool circle breeze, white jasmine equilibrium. Quiet entropy and lightning on an indigo sky.

You are throbbing, then silent, still listening.

明月



[A dream the night I set out]

I am floating in the air before a waterfall. It thunders down in front of me. The spray is massive

and the noise is very loud. I'm

looking at the water at the edge, just right before the fall, and then I am the water at the edge. I never

fall. I'm always different water, always where intense rush forward meets the empty space. I'm flowing over stones so fast that

we begin to vibrate, and a kind of voice comes from the place we touch. Delight and fear. The voice gets louder. We are shaking hard.

Stone, wood, then a mist of green. I remember a bit of dust, fed by our small light, rising just slightly. We walked whispers through the pines growing to greet the lake. Counting each sound as cognition, I can't keep up then, across the valley and the hills.

Stone, wood, then the noise is a mist of green. I remember looking at the dust, at the small light right before the whispers were growing in a rush across the empty valley, flowing over hills.

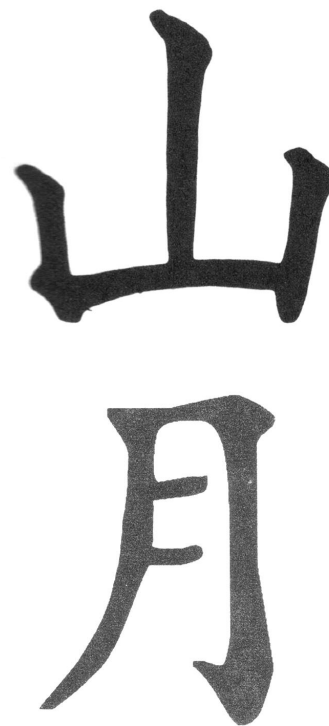
草生

Dear, How can I make love to a  
mountain, valley, sky, and then  
expect humans to measure up?  
Small bodies can't be very different: subtle, smile, dark, direct, beside.  
And there are things much larger than a mountain. Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.

Your voice is three. One: sharp-  
ness running on, flight, peppermint, awakening.  
You're trying to escape. Two:  
scent of earth on rainfall, heavy depth that holds you. Gravity in resonance, attraction. Sum: a swift cool circle breeze, white jasmine equilibrium.  
Quiet entropy and lightning on an indigo sky.

How can I make love to flight? You're trying to expect humans to escape—small bodies fall differently. Gravity is dark attraction, but there are things much quieter. Is not the sky much larger than a sky?

You are throbbing, then silent,  
still listening.



Her right: *my love is mine and I am separate* as flesh pulls from the left, her body cold, the inside of her silent. Everyone chewing over the meat of the other side: how can you have history, then splinter the brush?

Quiet crickets hum between my landscape, a small flower of separate flesh. A slow last night, her warmth under me. I taste the other side: how you can carry ocean up the hill, shoulder-ing the wind.

A field of friction, a taste like quiet crickets, a hum between the landscape, a small red flower of want, a slow last light. Night. Rain early falling, they warm the soil, glow under me. I taste this wooden table, fire earth, tongue the cushion, lanterns carrying ocean up the hill, shoulder-ing the wind.

肩  
部

*voice + sound = tone of voice*

Tear longing open at the shoulder:

*my beloved more  
is mine and I am*

*her results.* Sharp  
characters march  
unexpected inside  
combinations.  
The longing to  
lead everyone all  
magnified, a way  
over the mouth to  
become taste—  
she turns tension  
back and forth in  
ink and fingers  
wildness.

Tear open my love; I am a  
field of her results. Sharp  
blooms march unexpected  
inside. Combinations col-  
lapse the longing to flower  
against the wind. Speaking  
slow, she turns tension from  
my mouth, and ink fingers  
the lake.

A field of outpour  
blooms a heat  
blade around the  
center of friction.  
Reins collapse a  
red star flower  
against the wind  
again. Speaking a  
slow light stream,  
a heavy hand  
from my mouth  
soils the moun-  
tain, clouds the  
lake.

声  
音

It's raining, crash of sea made  
quiet by a scattering of raindrops.

I am lying on my back. Dark

among the piles of kelp aban-

doned by the

ocean, on a light

sand speckled by

a falling water, I

am hard to sepa-

rate—my shape

blends easy in the

crowd of sea-

weed. Or so I

think—I can only

see the waves, the

sky, the opening.

*The last time I vis-*

*ited / the sea was*

*cool and calm /*

*but still, my love, she sits / against*

*the rock shore waiting / or near*

*the green waves waiting / now*

*full, now breaking*

Rain crashing on my back,

the river, boulder, sand—

it's hard to smooth my

shape. It blends, it bubbles.

So I stain the stones, the

grey moss opening. Last

time, the surge visited the

sea. Ever cool and calm,

my love sits still, the rock

shore waiting, the green

waves breaking.

I find it in the river: great round

boulder in the

center of the flow.

On this side water

carves around,

smooth black

glass. There it is

alight with bub-

bles. Dripping

water stains the

stone a darker

grey. Moss touch-

es it with green.

The surge is great

on every side.

The top is dry and



Read a silent record. With ease  
from tower hours I remembered:  
bells, sawdust. Rain was sleep-  
ing. Wild has the ice lived, but  
one breath only. The paper brush  
doing the day's dark writing. And  
now the morning  
moments differ.  
Drift the blind  
frozen fish—long  
glide through the  
open shadow sky.

A sparse tree in  
the distance,  
solid, branches  
dark, long fingers  
that would scratch  
against the fading  
day. What is it to  
want the sun to set  
and rise again,  
faster, and the days to tumble into  
seasons out of order and  
betrayed? Who invented the cal-  
endar of the western sky? Leaves  
attached in summer will be gone  
by autumn.

In falling they need not cry out for  
loss of place: with spring will  
come the rain, the worms, first  
roots, and a new way to love the  
light.

A vine is growing through a field  
of rice. In seeking  
sun it finds a  
blade and wraps  
around to climb.  
The rice field  
grows, a steady  
friction in the  
earth. A quiet  
voice that hums  
between the water  
and the mud. A  
small red flower  
stands against the  
wind again. A  
tree is taller, wide,  
extends a slow

In falling they need not cry  
out for spring—I remem-  
bered rain, first bells, and a  
new way to love the wild  
ice light. One breath on  
paper; the morning seeking  
a long climb through the  
rice sky. A sparse tree,  
quiet. The distant voice  
that hums between long fin-  
gers and the fading day. To  
rise again, extend the days  
into light seasons. For now,  
grind leaves into the soil.

and heavy hand to light.

Now rain is falling, and they grind  
themselves into the soil to take it,  
clench and pull it up. The moun-  
tains are moving under me.

冬  
木  
立

Came back to her steaming. She  
says tonight hunger sleeps on the  
other side. A dome of dark gath-  
ering may press my last letters  
and my long quiet  
fire. And rest will  
wear the falling  
blue—it says it  
knows you.

*It's crashing*, and  
my eyes are open,  
I'm awake. But  
nothing's crash-  
ing. I can't find  
the noise—it's all  
around. The  
drops attacking  
me, my metal  
roof. My hand,  
the wooden door, my foot, the  
cold stone, nose, the wet air, ear,  
the dizzy texture.

Steam sleeps on the other  
side of the river, a cold fire  
wearing a blue dust. The  
swift white quiet light is  
rising.

It's all so loud, each opening. The  
river is too full. I need now to be  
closer. Breasts, cold air, neck, the  
rain, my back. I  
can't quite  
breathe. My skin  
is needle sharp as  
I step in.

Star voice: sharp-  
en, wake. You're  
trying every scent  
of collapse.  
Depth I dust, but  
you are the first  
swift circle, sun-  
white stream.  
From my mouth  
quiet lightning is  
arising. Just look again—we lis-  
ten through the lake.

夜  
目  
明

*moon + fog = moonfog*

Your voice is three. One: sharpness running on, flight, peppermint, awakening.

You're trying to escape.

Two: scent of earth on rainfall, heavy depth that holds you. Gravity in resonance, attraction. Sum: a swift cool circle breeze, white jasmine equilibrium. Quiet entropy and lightning on an indigo sky.

You are throbbing, then silent, still listening.

Your voice drips from the scent of rain. Your open throat will glide through gravity. We record the swift river, swollen of cool circle and cold dew, white jasmine breathing entropy into a paper lake.

Dripping from the most important phenomenon, your open throat will glide through the empty plain. We record the river, swollen of cold dew, breathing its way out of town. Your skin emptying into a paper lake.

月霧



*water + edge, brink = at the water's edge*

*We swim at midnight in the blue light. Mouths of water, full and bright, moths spun in circles—even dance of flesh and water, insect, night. Our skin awake to skin of water.*

*Eyes to waves of color playing over us and leaves above to lick dark sky.*

*The moths inside the water, moths inside the light: around our open tongues, their powder wings, our dusted smiles. With full lungs we will float upright, release the tense of body in a silent hanging weightless, strung between the space of stars and the initial cradle, watertight.*

**Midnight in the blue light. Spun in circles, the water awake, licking sky. A glowing moth, the sound inside, luminous and weightless between the space of stars and the initial cradle, watertight.**

I hardly hoped to find saying goodbye a way to warm up, but around a bend I open to a glowing gratitude. I nearly ran at the sound, clean echoes coming back to life, luminous windows to a massive figure eight winding up history.

水際

*next, clear, bright + star = morning star*

Star voice: sharpen, wake. You're trying every scent of collapse. Depth I dust, but you are the first swift circle, sun-white stream. From my mouth quiet lightning is arising. Just look again—we listen through the lake.

I'm up before the prayer-heavy voices wake you. It never fails—you rise again to garden clouds, to swim through the lake ice, shaking.

I am outpour floating before a center fall. But thunder shapes prayer— heavy noise is born at the edge, light first. I never feed. I fall. I'm always streaming forward, empty space arising (just look again). We begin to vibrate— garden clouds swim through the place we light the lake. Voice shaking.

明星

*mountain + water = mountain spring water*

*We swim at midnight in the blue  
light. Mouths of water, full and  
bright, moths spun in circles—  
even dance of flesh and water,*

Dear, How can I make love to a insect, night. Our skin awake to  
mountain, valley, skin of water.  
sky, and then Eyes to waves of

expect humans to color playing over  
measure up? us and leaves  
Small bodies are a different sky.  
can't be very dif- above to lick dark  
ferent: subtle, sky.

smile, dark, Beside the water the hori-  
direct, beside. zon happens: larger, high.

And there are  
things much larg-  
er than a moun-  
tain. Behind the  
horizon that does  
not happen, there  
are things much  
larger than a sky.

Dancing insects on a skin  
of water—their small bod-  
ies are a different sky.  
Beside the water the hori-  
zon happens: larger, high.

*The moths inside  
the water, moths  
inside the light:  
around our open  
tongues, their  
powder wings,  
our dusted smiles.  
With full lungs we  
will float upright,*

release the tense of body in a  
silent hanging weightless, strung  
between the space of stars and the  
initial cradle, watertight.



*fall, drop, collapse + person = refugee*

Stone, wood, a mist of green:

together they lay  
in the other day. I

r e m e m b e r  
moments now  
scattered: bits of  
sky, this meadow,  
faces, the pale dry  
taste. The fading  
wind is cricket  
dust—you can  
hear the ocean  
between the whis-  
pered cracks, each  
sound another  
record of what  
this field was.

When I find her, I will find  
her remembering the scat-  
tered weary faces, the fad-  
ing wind. I want to walk  
with you between the whis-  
pers—each is another  
record of what this field  
was: hunger.

When I find her, I  
will find her sit-  
ting quietly, a  
house, a tall tree.  
She will wear the  
falling sun, a  
crown of insects.  
I am saying: I  
want to walk with  
you through this  
mountain forest.  
She is saying to  
me:

*dear, chronology  
and hunger /*

*will never sleep together / as we  
do*

落  
イ

*mountain + legend, tradition, follow = following a mountain road*

Dear, How can I make love to a mountain, valley, sky, and then expect humans to measure up? Small bodies can't be very different: subtle, smile, dark, direct, beside. And there are things much larger than a mountain. Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.

How can I love once the wind falls? I find the humans too measured, quiet: a small house, a crown, rented. The mountain clearly hungers; behind sleeps a dragon. Horizons tongue only things much larger.

Once the wind falls, I find the canyon floor sitting quietly, a house of trees wearing a crown of milk. To fill the walk, the mountain mist is saying: *clearly, chronology hungers and sleeps as we dragon's tongues do. Then only silence...*

山  
伝

Spring glows in summer fog  
undressed, a field  
of steps away.  
Mate cries and  
freeze their  
ragged window of  
morning glass,  
dust sun settling  
in a light moment.  
I step her into  
nothing, free the  
lines led suddenly  
against my chill  
flowers. Look  
down around her  
laughter. Soon  
the sky.

Fog undressed; steps away,  
another stumble. Old  
morning glass, dust sun set-  
tling into filtered years,  
slow wooden sleep that I  
expected to dissolve.  
Tracks, her laughter.

Today another  
stumble. I felt  
old, crawled in,  
not sure what I'd  
imagine. I slid  
into a warm space  
of filtered years,  
slow wooden  
sleep that I  
expected to dis-  
solve in. Coming  
out I saw tracks  
between my toes  
and their maker.

空  
覺

Stone, wood, then  
a mist of green. I  
remember a bit of  
dust, fed by our  
small light, rising  
just slightly. We  
walked whispers  
through the pines  
growing to greet  
the lake.  
Counting each  
sound as cogni-  
tion, I can't keep  
up then, across the valley and the  
hills.

...was a bit of your smile,  
just slightly misremem-  
bered. But the pine dust is  
all there is. I can't keep  
going, then counting each  
sound as the last.

Stone, wood, then a mist of green.

I remember a bit  
of dust, fed by our  
small light, rising  
just slightly. We  
walked whispers  
through the pines  
growing to greet  
the lake.  
Counting each  
sound as cogni-  
tion, I can't keep  
up then, across the  
valley and the  
hills.

草  
草

*fall, drop, collapse + counter, leaf (of paper) = missing pages*

Stone, wood, a mist of green:

together they lay  
in the other day. I

r e m e m b e r  
moments now  
scattered: bits of  
sky, this meadow,  
faces, the pale dry  
taste. The fading  
wind is cricket  
dust—you can  
hear the ocean  
between the whis-  
pered cracks, each  
sound another  
record of what  
this field was.

Together they lay in the  
other day. I remember  
moments, scattered bits of  
sky, faces, fading waves.  
You can hear the ocean as  
the whispers slip away.

I think it started  
on the beach—I  
remember quite  
distinctly being  
there. About the  
sand, the waves  
that looked ever  
deeper. How  
flowing over roll  
and ripple slipped  
into my mind.

落  
丁



Dear, How can I make love to a mountain, valley, sky, and then expect humans to measure up? Small bodies can't be very different: subtle, smile, dark, direct, beside. And there are things much larger than a mountain. Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.

Mountain, valley, stone, wood, and then a mist of green; humans remember our small bodies very differently. We whisper dark through the pines beside the lake, each mountain sound behind the cognition that does not happen.

Stone, wood, then a mist of green. I remember a bit of dust, fed by our small light, rising just slightly. We walked whispers through the pines growing to greet the lake. Counting each sound as cognition, I can't keep up then, across the valley and the hills.

山  
草

*deep + deep = getting quiet*

We swim the moment cold. Bright

stone against my  
dance of clarity,  
skin off soon after  
dark. The distance in the light  
is fading, set  
afloat in silent  
seasons out of  
stars and western  
water. Tight sky  
summer, fields  
falling. Cry  
morning: breath;  
the light in rain;  
the roots to love.

The light is fading, clarity  
afloat soon after dark. The  
distance: tight sky summer,  
seasons, stars and morning  
rain, fields falling.

We swim the  
moment cold.  
Bright stone  
against my dance  
of clarity, skin off  
soon after dark.  
The distance in  
the light is fading,  
set afloat in silent  
seasons out of  
stars and western  
water. Tight sky  
summer, fields  
falling. Cry  
morning: breath;

the light in rain; the roots to love.

深深

We swim the  
moment cold.  
Bright stone  
against my dance  
of clarity, skin off  
soon after dark.  
The distance in  
the light is fading,  
set afloat in silent  
seasons out of  
stars and western  
water. Tight sky  
summer, fields  
falling. Cry  
morning: breath;  
the light in rain;  
the roots to love.

We swim the cold sky, skin  
off small bodies. Fading  
smiles, silent things much  
tighter than a mountain's  
cry.

Dear, How can I make love to a  
mountain, valley,  
sky, and then  
expect humans to  
measure up?  
Small bodies  
can't be very dif-  
ferent: subtle,  
smile, dark,  
direct, beside.  
And there are  
things much larg-  
er than a moun-  
tain. Behind the  
horizon that does  
not happen, there  
are things much  
larger than a sky.

深山

Soft graying of the taste, like  
morning crickets. I remember  
silent evenings  
when your face  
and neck were the  
light, sinking to  
sharpen moun-  
tains. I left a  
madman, a famil-  
iar smile, a land-  
scape unmatched  
by the kind of  
thing I want to  
live in. Tearing  
flesh and water  
produced a skin  
awake to long  
waves—I'm sit-  
ting between the space of stars  
and the right now.

Soft gray taste: a field of  
light sinking around the  
mountains left a familiar  
smile. Again the wind's  
unmatched, tearing my  
mouth, clouding the long  
space.

A field of outpour  
blooms a heat  
blade around the  
center of friction.  
Reins collapse a  
red star flower  
against the wind  
again. Speaking a  
slow light stream,  
a heavy hand  
from my mouth  
soils the moun-  
tain, clouds the  
lake.

遠音

We swim the moment cold. Bright  
stone against my dance of clarity,  
skin off soon after dark. The dis-  
tance in the light is fading, set  
afloat in silent  
seasons out of  
stars and western  
water. Tight sky  
summer, fields  
falling. Cry  
morning: breath;  
the light in rain;  
the roots to love.

Dear, How can I  
make love to a  
mountain, valley,  
sky, and then  
expect humans to  
measure up?

Small bodies can't be very differ-  
ent: subtle, smile, dark, direct,  
beside. And there are things  
much larger than a mountain.

Colder than stone clarity,  
this distance. Scratch  
against the fading day, cry  
faster, and the mornings  
tumble out of order. How  
can I make love to humans,  
attached in summer, gone  
by autumn, falling beside  
the spring rain in a new  
way.

Behind the horizon that does not  
happen, there are things much  
larger than a sky.

A sparse tree in the distance,  
solid, branches dark, long fingers  
that would scratch  
against the fading  
day. What is it to  
want the sun to set  
and rise again,  
faster, and the  
days to tumble  
into seasons out  
of order and  
betrayed? Who  
invented the cal-  
endar of the west-  
ern sky?

Leaves attached  
in summer will be  
gone by autumn. In falling they  
need not cry out for loss of place:  
with spring will come the rain, the  
worms, first roots, and a new way  
to love the light.

深山木

*fall, drop, collapse + sun = setting sun*

Stone, wood, a mist of green:

together they lay  
in the other day. I

r e m e m b e r  
moments now  
scattered: bits of  
sky, this meadow,  
faces, the pale dry  
taste. The fading  
wind is cricket  
dust—you can  
hear the ocean  
between the whis-  
pered cracks, each  
sound another  
record of what  
this field was.

I was born in such a central  
moment; now, scattered bits  
of dust are lighting the fad-  
ing that feeds us. I'm  
speaking—you can hear the  
ocean between us, another  
record of ourselves again.

Our daylight star, the source of  
outpour, bloom of sight and heat.

But then the center of our center,

reining in and making shape.

Every heavy bit of

me was born in

such a central

press collapse—

I'm star dust. But

we are star light,

the first energy

that feeds us. I

am speaking, sun-

light streaming

from my mouth.

We are the stars

themselves, con-

stantly arising just

to look upon our-

selves again. We

are soil walking through the gar-

den, clouds swimming through

the lake.

落  
日

*star + next, clear, bright = starlight*

I am outpour floating before a  
center fall. But  
thunder shapes  
prayer — heavy  
noise is born at  
the edge, light  
first. I never feed.  
I fall. I'm always  
streaming for-  
ward, empty  
space arising (just  
look again). We  
begin to vibrate —  
garden clouds  
swim through the  
place we light the  
lake. Voice  
shaking.

A prayer-heavy wake born  
at the edgelight of collapse-  
first—this is my swim  
through the lake's voice.

Star voice: sharp-  
en, wake. You're  
trying every scent  
of collapse.  
Depth I dust, but  
you are the first  
swift circle, sun-  
white stream.  
From my mouth  
quiet lightning is  
arising. Just look  
again—we listen  
through the lake.

星  
明

*wave + rise, stand up = boil up*

We swim back, legs aglow, our  
skin awake like  
silver. We stretch.  
Each wave tight  
over us leaves  
fluid above to  
lick. A smooth  
sky frequency  
kept long the  
inside; we woke  
the water. To  
dawn in flutter  
around our open  
window, milk  
powders the  
weight between  
the space.

We wake, silver, stretch a  
quiet voice tight over us.  
Water and the fluid sky  
against the wind. To extend  
a slow dawn, we rain  
between the mountains.

A vine is growing through a field  
of rice. In seeking sun it finds a  
blade and wraps around to climb.

The rice field grows, a steady fric-  
tion in the earth.  
A quiet voice that  
hums between the  
water and the  
mud. A small red  
flower stands  
against the wind  
again. A tree is  
taller, wide,  
extends a slow  
and heavy hand to  
light.

Now rain is  
falling, and they  
grind themselves  
into the soil to take it, clench and  
pull it up. The mountains are  
moving under me.

波  
立



Spring glows in summer fog  
undressed, a field  
of steps away.  
Mate cries and  
freeze their  
ragged window of  
morning glass,  
dust sun settling  
in a light moment.  
I step her into  
nothing, free the  
lines led suddenly  
against my chill  
flowers. Look  
down around her  
laughter. Soon  
the sky.

A field away, a ragged win-  
dow of dust sun settling in a  
moment. I nearly ran at the  
sound, clean echoes coming  
back to life, luminous flow-  
ers around laughter. Soon  
the sky.

I hardly hoped to  
find saying good-  
bye a way to  
warm up, but  
around a bend I  
open to a glowing  
gratitude. I nearly  
ran at the sound,  
clean echoes com-  
ing back to life,  
luminous win-  
dows to a massive  
figure eight wind-  
ing up history.

空際

Swim, blue,  
bright, spun circles in a streaming shallow wave.  
My color leaves to lick dark the sky.  
The moths inside right the water, their morning wings up dusting that familiar, kind release, the thing I want weightless.

Sparse the distance: solid dark trees, long circles in a streaming shallow wave.  
Leaves lick dark the sky beside autumn water.

Sparse the distance: solid dark trees fading long away to tumble seasons out of days. The calendar betrays the sky. In summer will be autumn; in autumn, spring. Will the rain cry out for the rain? To love the worms, first love the light.

河  
林

*rain + voice = the sound of rain*

*dripping from your eyelids, Tear longing open at the shoulder:  
cheeks and fin- my beloved more  
gers / sliding soft, is mine and I am  
your open throat, her results. Sharp  
the empty plain, / characters march  
the heavy hills unexpected inside  
against the sky, / combinations.  
the river, swollen The longing to  
lead everyone all the way over. lead everyone all  
Hard water back and forth magnified, a way  
in fingers. over the mouth to  
become taste—  
she turns tension  
back and forth in  
ink and fingers  
wildness.*

*like a daybreak  
runner (breathing  
hard) / where is  
the water's desti-  
nation— / what  
does your skin /  
divide?*

雨  
声

*skin, texture + removing, undressing = bare to the waist*

Red-orange  
sparks, dry grass,  
and everything's  
still tight. If I  
could burn the  
door away com-  
pletely, fear and  
smoke would long  
survive.

A thirsty body  
gives the clear  
spring taste, a  
smile.

Spark, tight, burn—the  
cold, clean rain extracts  
shoulders: glowing, bare.  
You taste empty.

From the body of  
a dark red fish the  
cold, clean rain  
extracts shoul-  
ders; they're  
glowing, bare.  
You taste empty  
history so long  
content.

膚  
脱

The flesh pulls  
from a smooth  
black body. A  
dark blade. A  
glass of red fish.  
Rain stains the  
wind, stone  
silence. A gray  
life chewing his-  
tory, long dry  
splinters.

The flesh pulls moments  
from a smooth scattered  
sky. A pale glass rain can  
silence the ocean, crack  
each record of what this  
was.

Stone, wood, a mist of green:  
together they lay  
in the other day. I  
r e m e m b e r  
moments now  
scattered: bits of  
sky, this meadow,  
faces, the pale dry  
taste. The fading  
wind is cricket  
dust—you can  
hear the ocean  
between the whis-  
pered cracks, each  
sound another  
record of what  
this field was.

臆落

I am outpour floating before a  
center fall. But thunder shapes  
prayer—heavy noise is born at the  
edge, light first. I never feed. I  
fall. I'm always  
streaming forward,  
empty space arising (just  
look again). We  
begin to vibrate—  
garden clouds  
swim through the  
place we light the  
lake. Voice shaking.

Your voice is  
three. One: sharp-  
ness running on,  
flight, pepper-  
mint, awakening. You're trying to  
escape. Two: scent of earth on  
rainfall, heavy depth that holds  
you.

Before attraction, equilibrium:  
quiet entropy alighting  
on an indigo sky, garden  
clouds still listening to the  
light. Came back tonight—  
here one sharp dome of  
darkness may awaken your  
letters, my escape to the  
falling blue.

Gravity in resonance, attraction.  
Sum: a swift cool circle breeze,  
white jasmine equilibrium. Quiet  
entropy and lightning on an indigo  
sky.

You are throbbing, then silent,  
still listening.

Came back to her  
steaming. She  
says tonight  
hunger sleeps on  
the other side. A  
dome of dark  
gathering may  
press my last letters  
and my long quiet fire. And  
rest will wear the falling blue—it  
says it knows you.

星月夜

*river + heart = middle of the river*

Swim, blue,  
bright, spun circles in a streaming shallow wave.  
My color leaves to lick dark the sky.  
The moths inside right the water, their morning wings up dusting that familiar, kind release, the thing I want weightless.

In the river, the flow spins circles, carves smooth black glass alight with sky bubbles. Inside the water are wings. That familiar kind release surges weightless on every side.

I find it in the river: great round boulder in the center of the flow.

On this side water carves around, smooth black glass. There it is alight with bubbles. Dripping water stains the stone a darker grey. Moss touches it with green.

The surge is great on every side.  
The top is dry and

still. I sleep.

河  
心

*freeze + clear, crystal = ice crystals*

A slow light slips  
on stone, rings us  
awake. Ice writes  
on us and leaves  
every brush of sky  
darker. Inside the  
light, the morning  
is reflecting.  
Disappear our  
smiles into white;  
we frozen float  
along, a storm, the  
open silent sky.

Slow light rings us awake.  
Ice writes inconstant shapes  
on us and leaves every sky  
darker. Inside the clouds  
collapsing the morning,  
reflecting blooms are born,  
frozen, float, collapse. A  
storm gardens in starlight.

Daylight streams from my mouth

(we ate stars). To  
rise as dust, the  
lakelight feeds us,  
inconstant shapes  
again. We are soil  
born in the gar-  
den, clouds col-  
lapsing lakefirst.  
Energy blooms,  
peaking: *Selves:*  
*be born, walk,*  
*collapse. Dust we*  
*garden in star*  
*light, the first*  
*energy that the*  
*lake feeds us.*





*sky, empty + sky, empty = empty, obvious, transparent*

Spring glows in summer fog

undressed, a field  
of steps away.

Mate cries and  
freeze their

ragged window of  
morning glass,

dust sun settling  
in a light moment.

I step her into  
nothing, free the

lines led suddenly  
against my chill

flowers. Look

down around her

laughter. Soon

the sky.

A field of fog undresses a  
ragged window of morning.  
I step into dust sun settling  
nothing.

Spring glows in  
summer fog

undressed, a field  
of steps away.

Mate cries and  
freeze their

ragged window of  
morning glass,

dust sun settling  
in a light moment.

I step her into  
nothing, free the

lines led suddenly  
against my chill

flowers. Look

down around her

laughter. Soon the sky.

空空

*fall, drop, collapse + mouth = brink (of a waterfall)*

Stone, wood, a mist of green: together they lay in the other day. I remember moments now scattered: bits of sky, this meadow, faces, the pale dry taste. The fading wind is cricket dust—you can hear the ocean between the whispered cracks, each sound another record of what this field was.

Olives, crickets, stone, wood, green earth, your tongue, the night together they lay, sleeping grass, open moments, ocean avenues I scattered, bits of silent sky, this meadow darkness, your faces, the pale dry wind, the dust of travel, mountain islands, valley whispers, each sound, another field, a familiar landscape. Just the kind of thing I want to live.

*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant you taste of /*

*earth, your tongue the green night air / which carries sleeping grass. I meant / that open ocean avenues I walk in silent / darkness are your mouth—your face and neck / and shoulders the wide plain of travel / over mountains, islands, valleys.*

*I said you taste like olives / and crickets. I meant that you are a / familiar landscape, just the kind of thing / I want to live in.*

落口

Stone, wood, then  
a mist of green. I  
remember a bit of  
dust, fed by our  
small light, rising  
just slightly. We  
walked whispers  
through the pines  
growing to greet  
the lake.  
Counting each  
sound as cogni-  
tion, I can't keep  
up then, across the  
valley and the  
hills.

Open up the stone, mist  
green, remember to mix  
those two small lights. We  
give the whispered order:  
before the pines everyone is  
going to greet making,  
counting, sound, shape,  
cognition. I sing to join in.

There's something different in the  
way these people work together.

One opens up the doors, another

lights the oven, he  
pulls down flour,  
she starts to mix,  
and those two  
clean the pans.  
No one gives the  
order, but before  
long everyone is  
making bread  
around a table,  
kneading, shap-  
ing, planning.  
Sometimes they  
sing. I'm quite  
happy just to  
watch them move

so smoothly in their fields, shops  
and streets, but they show me how  
to help and I join in.

草  
田

*feeling, emotion, impression + voice = voice of admiration*

An arc, opening,  
flowing around  
smooth shoulders.  
There it bubbles  
through a drip-  
ping window,  
stains the familiar  
stonescape grey,  
touches the thing I  
want to say.

Tear open my beloved; I am  
flowing around unexpected  
shoulders through a magni-  
fied mouth to become the  
thing I want to say.

Tear longing open at the shoulder:

*my beloved more  
is mine and I am  
her results.* Sharp  
characters march  
unexpected inside  
combinations.  
The longing to  
lead everyone all  
magnified, a way  
over the mouth to  
become taste—  
she turns tension  
back and forth in  
ink and fingers  
wildness.

感恩声

*next, clear, bright + next, clear, bright = very clear*

Star voice: sharpen, wake. You're trying every scent of collapse. Depth I dust, but you are the first swift circle, sun-white stream. From my mouth quiet lightning is arising. Just look again—we listen through the lake.

You're sharpening every scent; you're collapsing every scent. You are the first depth, but you are the first white stream. Circle my mouth with quiet light, or just look through the lake again.

Star voice: sharpen, wake. You're trying every scent of collapse. Depth I dust, but you are the first swift circle, sun-white stream. From my mouth quiet lightning is arising. Just look again—we listen through the lake.

明  
明

*sky, empty + next, clear, bright = moon's reflection in clear water*

Spring glows in summer fog  
undressed, a field  
of steps away.  
Mate cries and  
freeze their  
ragged window of  
morning glass,  
dust sun settling  
in a light moment.  
I step her into  
nothing, free the  
lines led suddenly  
against my chill  
flowers. Look  
down around her  
laughter. Soon  
the sky.

A field of stars, glass  
depths. But the first  
moment I step in, my  
mouth is suddenly round;  
the lake, the sky.

Star voice: sharp-  
en, wake. You're  
trying every scent  
of collapse.  
Depth I dust, but  
you are the first  
swift circle, sun-  
white stream.  
From my mouth  
quiet lightning is  
arising. Just look  
again—we listen  
through the lake.

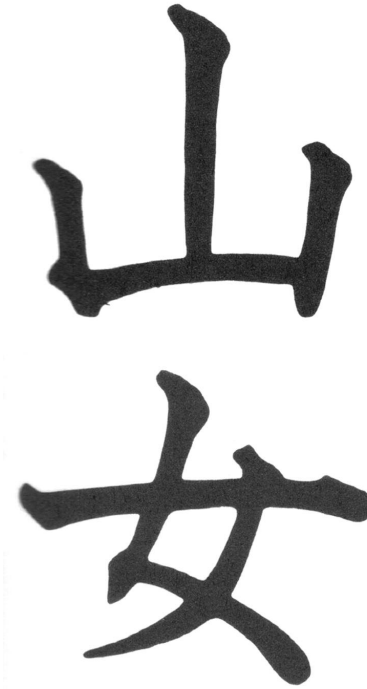
空  
明

Dear, How can I make love to a mountain, valley, sky, and then expect humans to measure up? Small bodies can't be very different: subtle, smile, dark, direct, beside. And there are things much larger than a mountain. Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.

Back among the mountains; abandoned the ocean. Light speckles water, hard to separate shapes. But I can see the opening behind the sea, and my love. She is full now, breaking.

It's raining, crash of sea made quiet by a scattering of raindrops. I am lying on my back. Dark among the piles of kelp abandoned by the ocean, on a light sand speckled by a falling water, I am hard to separate—my shape blends easy in the crowd of seaweed. Or so I think—I can only see the waves, the sky, the opening.

*The last time I  
visited / the sea  
was cool and  
calm / but still, my love, she sits /  
against the rock shore waiting / or  
near the green waves waiting /  
now full, now breaking*



*remember, perceive, know + edge, brink = on the verge of awakening*

Today another  
stumble. I felt  
old, crawled in,  
not sure what I'd  
imagine. I slid  
into a warm space  
of filtered years,  
slow wooden  
sleep that I  
expected to dis-  
solve in. Coming  
out I saw tracks  
between my toes  
and their maker.

It is not what I imagine.

Open space of gratitude,  
sound that I dissolve in,  
window between my toes  
and winding up history.

I hardly hoped to  
find saying good-  
bye a way to  
warm up, but  
around a bend I  
open to a glowing  
gratitude. I nearly  
ran at the sound,  
clean echoes com-  
ing back to life,  
luminous win-  
dows to a massive  
figure eight wind-  
ing up history.

覚  
際



*lines*

The moment came back to her tonight: the other distance gathering last season's letters, a long western fire. A watertight sky will wear the summer, fields falling blue.

The moment came to tear longing open tonight: last season; a long way home; pressed tight against my meaning, that taste of fields falling blue. I felt a voice, sharpened through filtered years, dripping firelight, staining the thing I want to say.

Her voice, sharpening the first gathering circle. Sunstream firelight is rising again.

Tear longing open at the shoulder, astream characters marching a way home. My lips are magnified, pressed against my meaning, that taste of ink and fingers.

I felt an opening, crawled in. It bubbled into a warm space through filtered years, dripping slow wooden stains. The thing I want to say between my toes.

深夜  
歌声  
夜明  
感覺

I remember bells and rain freezing the morning glass. The dust sun settling, doing in a light moment the day's dark writing. And now the moments differ. Drift the blind flowers. Look long around her glide through laughter, open shadow sky.

Gray silent evenings when your face and neck were there, sharpening the mountains. A madman could burn this landscape away completely, smoke the thing I want to shape. I'm watching, tearing tight, watering waves, sitting between the space of stars and the night.

I remember bells and rain awake in the morning glass, the dust sun settling inside. And now the moments never satisfy. Too alone, my beloved is mine and I am her silent evenings walking through the garden. I am the collapsing thing I want to shape. I'm the wind in watching, every wave a window on the night.

We awake, we ask; we leave, fall away, the frequency still dripping from inside. We woke the divide to dawn around our lost window. I could never satisfy a weight between usual results, collapse space into the longing that feeds her. I'm too alone to right our tension: my beloved is mine and I am her walking through the garden.

I find it: a smooth black axe, grass blade, a glass of ocean. The collapsing calendar, the wind in a western temple. Surge on every side: an autumn taste, a window, like new light.

遠慮意味  
冬空波戸場

Growing through dark thought, a quiet voice hums between the wooden coached water and the blind mud. We twist, we see again: sanctified  
Now raining, and they grind into the soil. The mountains are moving.

Growing together in my reflection, voices, cradles, and clouds twist these sanctified faces, pale gravity tumbling them into the obvious ocean, each spiral the sound of what this was. The dance holds distance. We wake up at the edge of seasons streaming for the western waves—*splash*, we smile, slip in.

The dance is the distance. We wake up with each other; seasons, years open the small hand. The western waves fall closer—*splash*, we smile, slip in.

Is each stone a mist blown together in my reflection? To remember cradle clear water, canyon clouds scatter. Bits of it on the sky, this meadow of trees, white faces, pale gravity, the tumbling wind, the obvious peak. The ocean fingers whispers, each spiral tongue the sound of what this field was.

I am floating before a border. But traverse on the rim holds things which are born at the edge. Light is a fountain

I fall. I'm always streaming forward, empty space arising, just open. Still, what's inside of clouds and climbing is here too.

親友  
起立  
衛星  
軫落

Words let light from a paper window. I watch the years, now narrow wooden lines, scattered small reminders. Soft forgotten smells like dry light leaves in the corner. A low table, book, watercolor on a clean ceramic bowl. The street sinking in dusty stairs, the space and shortness of rooms. Just breath.

I'm lying to remember someone, fed by belief, order, tears, whispers. Through the pines I can see the sky opening me. Counting each last time, I can't keep up the fight.

Words let light from paper. I watch the years set one hundred starlings into lines, small seasons of order high over one forgotten corner of the calendar. Sitting here in my book are a flock of ravens, the space and shortness of breath. I'm lying to the rain to believe there are things much larger.

Words leave an old stone prayer to set one hundred starlings into seasons of order. High over one corner of the calendar, a lone hawk holds the western sky. Sitting here in my mouth will be a flock of ravens by autumn.

How can I make love to the calendar? In summer will be autumn; in autumn, spring. Will the rain cry out for the rain? And there are things much larger than saying goodbye. Behind the horizon that does not happen, there are things much larger than a sky.

草案

山林際

記錄

詩集

I never seem to influence my out-  
pour. Floating before progress,  
each morning is born at evening's  
edge. I'm always  
streaming for  
horizon, obvious  
space arising  
again. Too quick,  
a sudden chance  
to light the sleep  
beside you. We  
breathe a bed of  
pressure.

My eyes, awake:  
spring glowing all  
around me, the  
ragged wooden  
morning, the cold dust sun set-  
tling stone in a light moment. It's  
all so sudden, opening the sky.

I never seem to make my  
progress. After all, I'm  
small each morning; the  
echoes have me. Too  
quick, the dance, a sudden  
chance, horizon a bed open-  
ing all around me. The  
ragged scatter skyfirst, fall,  
the fading streak, it's all we  
have.

Can I make a mountain my part-  
ner? After all, I'm human: small,  
different. She is subtle, dark, the  
whole thing all at  
once. Behind the  
flush, the echoes.  
They have me in  
the dance here,  
everyone in their  
lines, a massive  
interwoven hori-  
zon. And some-  
how I'm again  
much larger.

To float, then  
scatter. Bits of the  
edge, skyfirst, the pale fall away,  
the fading stream for empty  
space. What little we have.

空 目 落 星  
連 星 山 又 山

Through a field I climb. Then her voice steams between the water and the hunger. I stand against the tree, widen my long slow quiet.

A heavy hand, the falling blue. No—now I move.

I climb crickets, green voices between the grass and the hunger. I mean that small bodies widen my walk in different darkness. On this blue mountain, every scent is a gravity. You quiet the whispers, white jasmine in a rush across the empty valley, sky flowing over hills.

Your voice is the pepper stars harp. You escape to try every scent of earth. A rain falls, you are the gravity. Swift is a stream, you quiet it. White jasmine lighting an indigo sky.

Crickets mean the green night valley, sleeping grass. I expect humans to mean that small bodies walk in different darkness. Your shoulders are much larger than a mountain—behind the horizon, I imagine a familiar landscape.

Stone, wood, then the noise is a mist of green. I remember looking at the dust, at the small light right before the whispers were growing in a rush across the empty valley, flowing over hills.

明月  
草生  
夜立  
山口

How can I make love to flight?  
You're trying to expect humans to  
escape—small bodies fall differ-  
ently. Gravity is dark attraction,  
but there are  
things much qui-  
eter. Is not the  
sky much larger  
than a sky?

Tear open my  
love; I am a field  
of her results.  
Sharp blooms  
march unexpected  
i n s i d e .  
Combinations

collapse the longing to flower  
against the wind. Speaking slow,  
she turns tension from my mouth,  
and ink fingers the lake.

Humming between my  
expectation of escape is a  
different dark attraction. I  
taste the other ocean, shoul-  
der the wind. Tear open my  
love—it blooms, blends,  
bubbles. So I stain the  
stones. The surge turns ten-  
sion from my mouth, and  
ink fingers the green waves  
breaking.

Quiet crickets hum between my  
landscape, a small flower of sepa-  
rate flesh. A slow last night, her  
warmth under me. I taste the  
other side: how  
you can carry  
ocean up the hill,  
shouldering the  
wind.

Rain crashing on  
my back, the  
river, boulder,  
sand—it's hard to  
smooth my shape.  
It blends, it bub-  
bles. So I stain  
the stones, the  
grey moss open-  
ing. Last time, the surge visited  
the sea. Ever cool and calm, my  
love sits still, the rock shore wait-  
ing, the green waves breaking.

山月  
肩部  
声音  
女心



In falling they need not cry out for  
spring—I remembered rain, first  
bells, and a new way to love the  
wild ice light. One breath on  
paper; the morning seeking a long  
climb through the  
rice sky. A sparse  
tree, quiet. The  
distant voice that  
hums between  
long fingers and  
the fading day. To  
rise again, extend  
the days into light  
seasons. For now,  
grind leaves into  
the soil.

Your voice drips  
from the scent of  
rain. Your open  
throat will glide through gravity.  
We record the swift river, swollen  
of cool circle and cold dew, white  
jasmine breathing entropy into a  
paper lake.

I remembered a new way to  
love the steam sleeping on  
the other side of wild ice.  
One breath on the river, a  
cold fire wearing a paper  
dust climbing through a  
tree's long fingers. Your  
voice drips blue light spun  
from the scent of rain.  
Awake, aglow, the swollen  
sound inside, white jasmine  
breathing entropy into the  
initial cradle.

Steam sleeps on the other side of  
the river, a cold fire wearing a  
blue dust. The swift white quiet  
light is rising.

Midnight in the  
blue light. Spun  
in circles, the  
water awake, lick-  
ing sky. A glowing moth, the  
sound inside, luminous and  
weightless between the space of  
stars and the initial cradle, water-  
tight.

月  
霧  
氷  
際

冬  
木  
立  
夜  
目  
明

I'm up before the prayer-heavy voices wake you. It never fails—you rise again to garden clouds, to swim through the lake ice, shaking.

Dancing insects on a skin of water—their small bodies are a different sky. Beside the water the horizon happens: larger, high.

I'm up before the insects, skin awake to garden clouds in a different sky, swim through the horizon. Lake ice, shaking, larger, high—how can I love *her*? I find remembering the humans too wearying, small crowns rented between one hunger and another.

When I find her, I will find her remembering the scattered weary faces, the fading wind. I want to walk with you between the whispers—each is another record of what this field was: hunger.

How can I love once the wind falls? I find the humans too measured, quiet: a small house, a crown, rented. The mountain clearly hungers; behind sleeps a dragon. Horizons tongue only things much larger.

落イ 明星  
山伝 山水

Fog undressed; steps away, another stumble. Old morning glass, dust sun settling into filtered years, slow wooden sleep that I expected to dissolve. Tracks, her laughter.

Undressed, your smile, just another stumble, slightly misremembered. But the pine dust is all there is, and the years that I expected to dissolve her last tracks. Our small bodies were whispers, scattered bits of sky, faces fading through the pines beside the lake. You can hear the mountain sound behind the cognition that does not happen.

Together they lay in the other day. I remember moments, scattered bits of sky, faces, fading waves. You can hear the ocean as the whispers slip away.

...was a bit of your smile, just slightly misremembered. But the pine dust is all there is. I can't keep going, then counting each sound as the last.

Mountain, valley, stone, wood, and then a mist of green; humans remember our small bodies very differently. We whisper dark through the pines beside the lake, each mountain sound behind the cognition that does not happen.

空 覺  
落 了  
山 草  
草 草

The light is fading, clarity afloat  
soon after dark. The distance: We swim the cold sky, skin off  
tight sky summer, seasons, stars small bodies. Fading smiles,  
and morning rain, silent things much  
fields falling. tighter than a  
mountain's cry.

The light is fading, clarity  
afloat on the cold sky, sea-  
sons and silence falling on  
the mountain. Stone dis-  
tance against the day, a  
field sinking around a  
familiar smile, the wind is  
falling in a new way.

Soft gray taste: a  
field of light sink-  
ing around the  
mountains left a  
familiar smile.  
Again the wind's unmatched, humans, attached in summer,  
tearing my mouth, clouding the gone by autumn, falling beside  
long space. the spring rain in a new way.

遠音 深山  
深山

I was born in such a central  
moment; now, scattered bits of    A prayer-heavy wake born at the  
dust are lighting the fading that    edgelight of collapse-first—this is  
feeds us. I'm    my swim through  
speaking—you    the lake's voice.

Now, scattered bits of  
prayer-heavy wake are  
lighting the fading edge.  
Collapse feeds us. The  
voice is again awake, silver  
window, dust sun over in a  
moment. I nearly ran at the  
sky, clean echoes coming  
back to rain around laugh-  
ter.

We wake, silver,  
stretch a quiet  
voice tight over  
us. Water and the  
fluid sky against the wind. To    sound, clean echoes coming back  
extend a slow dawn, we rain    to life, luminous flowers around  
between the mountains.    laughter. Soon the sky.

波 立 空 際  
落 日 星 明

Sparse the distance: solid dark trees, long circles in a streaming shallow wave. Leaves lick dark the sky beside autumn water.

Solid dark trees, dripping. Sharp empty characters in a shallow wave lick the sky into the river, swollen to lead everyone all the way over. Spark, tight, burn—the cold, clean rain extracts shoulders: glowing, bare. Pale glass can empty the ocean, crack each record of what this was.

Spark, tight, burn—the cold, clean rain extracts shoulders: glowing, bare. You taste empty. The flesh pulls moments from a smooth scattered sky. A pale glass rain can silence the ocean, crack each record of what this was.

膚  
脫  
臆  
落  
河  
林  
雨  
声

Before attraction, equilibrium: In the river, the flow spins circles,  
quiet entropy alighting on an indigo sky, garden clouds still listening to the light. carves smooth black glass alight with sky bubbles. Inside the water are wings.

Came back Equilibrium in the river is a circle, an indigo sky carving smooth black glass alight with bubbles. Inside the water are wings, that familiar release, weightlessness awake, my escape. That familiar kind release surges weightless on every side.

Slow light rings on us inside the clouds. Reflecting blooms of morning are born, frozen, float. I step into dust sun settling nothing. A storm gardens in starlight.

Ice writes inconstant shapes on us and leaves every sky darker. Inside the clouds collapsing the morning, reflecting blooms are born, frozen, float, collapse. I step into dust sun settling nothing. A storm gardens in starlight.

冰晶  
空  
空  
星月夜  
河心

Olives, crickets, stone, wood,    Open up the stone, mist green,  
green earth, your tongue, the    remember to mix those two small  
night together they lay, sleeping    lights. We give the whispered  
grass, open moments, ocean    order: before the pines everyone  
avenues I scat-    is going to greet  
tered, bits of silent

sky, this meadow    Olives and crickets open up  
darkness, your    the stone, mist green earth.  
faces, the pale dry    Your tongue mixes those  
wind, the dust of    two small nights together.  
travel, mountain    We give the whispers order  
islands, valley    before the pines. Every  
whispers, each    avenue scatters. I sing  
sound, another    faces, the pale dry wind, the  
field, a familiar    dust of travel, mountain and  
landscape. Just    valley each just another  
the kind of thing I    kind. You're sharpening  
want to live.    and collapsing everything.

Tear open my    You're sharpening  
beloved; I am flowing around    every scent;  
unexpected shoulders through a    you're collapsing  
magnified mouth to become the    every scent. You  
thing I want to say.    are the first depth, but you are the  
first white stream. Circle my  
mouth with quiet light, or just  
look through the lake again.

感 落  
声 口  
明 草  
明 田



A field of stars, glass depths. But  
the first moment I step in, my  
mouth is suddenly  
round; the lake,  
the sky.

The mountain's field of  
stars, glass depths, the  
ocean light. I step in, hard  
to separate, and I can see  
the opening behind love.  
She is full now, breaking  
the window to winding up  
history.

Back among the mountains; aban-  
doned the ocean. Light speckles  
water, hard to separate shapes.  
But I can see the  
opening behind  
the sea, and my  
love. She is full  
now, breaking.

It is not what I  
imagine. Open  
space of gratitude,  
sound that I dissolve in, window  
between my toes and winding up  
history.

覺  
際  
空  
明  
山  
女

*poems*

The moment came to tear longing open tonight: last season; a long way home; pressed tight against my meaning, that taste of fields falling blue. I felt a voice, sharpened through filtered years, dripping firelight, staining the thing I want to say.

Growing together in my reflection, voices, cradles, and clouds twist these sanctified faces, pale gravity tumbling them into the obvious ocean, each spiral the sound of what this was. The dance holds distance. We wake up at the edge of seasons streaming for the western waves—*splash*, we smile, slip in.

I remember bells and rain in the morning glass, dust sun seasoning a long way home. Pressed tight against my beloved, I am my meaning, that taste of fields and gardens growing together. Words let light from paper. I watch the years set one hundred places into obvious order, each spiral of the calendar. We wake up at the edge of breath—*splash*, we smile, slip in.

I remember bells and rain awake in the morning glass, the dust sun settling inside. And now the moments never satisfy. Too alone, my beloved is mine and I am her silent evenings walking through the garden. I am the col-

lapsing thing I want to shape. I'm the wind in watching, every wave a window on the night.

Words let light from paper. I watch the years set one hundred starlings into lines, small seasons of order high over one forgotten corner of the calendar. Sitting here in my book are a flock of ravens, the space and shortness of breath. I'm lying to the rain to believe there are things much larger.

記  
錄  
詩  
集  
草  
案  
山  
林  
際

起  
立  
軫  
落  
親  
友  
衛  
星

冬  
空  
波  
戶  
場  
遠  
慮  
意  
味

深  
夜  
歌  
聲  
夜  
明  
感  
覺

<p>I never seem to make my progress. After all, I'm small each morning; the echoes have me. Too quick, the dance, a sudden chance, horizon a bed opening all around me.</p> <p>The ragged scatter skyfirst, fall, the fading streak, it's all we have.</p> <p>H u m m i n g between my expectation of escape is a different dark attraction. I taste the other ocean, shoulder the wind. Tear open my love—it blooms, blends, bubbles. So I stain the stones. The surge turns tension from my mouth, and ink fingers the green waves breaking.</p>	<p>I climb crickets, green voices between the grass and the hunger. I mean that small bodies widen my walk in different darkness. On this blue mountain, every scent is a gravity. You quiet the</p> <p>I never seem to make hunger progress; it echoes. On this mountain, every horizon has gravity. You quiet the ragged rush, empty the hills. Between my expectation, steam sleeps on the other side of ice. One tastes the other's breath. Fire wears a paper tree. Ink fingers awake the swollen sound inside white jasmine breaking entropy.</p> <p>long fingers. Your voice drips blue light spun from the scent of rain. Awake, aglow, the swollen sound inside, white jasmine breathing entropy into the initial cradle.</p>	<p>whispers, white jasmine in a rush across the empty valley, sky flowing over hills.</p> <p>I remembered a new way to love the steam sleeping on the other side of wild ice. One breath on the river, a cold fire wearing a paper dust climbing through a tree's</p>
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冬 木 立  夜 目 明  月 霧  氷 際	山 月  肩 部  声 音  女 心	夜 立  山 口  明 月  草 生	連 星  山 又 山  空 目  落 星
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I'm up before the insects, skin  
awake to garden clouds in a dif-  
ferent sky, swim through the hori-  
zon. Lake ice, shaking, larger,  
high—how can I  
love *her*? I find  
remembering the  
humans too  
wearying, small  
crowns rented  
between one  
hunger and another.

The light is fading,  
clarity afloat  
on the cold sky,  
seasons and  
silence falling on  
the mountain.

Stone distance against the day, a  
field sinking around a familiar  
smile, the wind is falling in a new  
way.

Undressed, you're just  
another slight skin. I find  
remembering faces too  
small, crowns rented  
between one mountain and  
another that does not hap-  
pen. The light is fading,  
scattered bits of prayer  
falling on the mountain.  
Collapse and distance feed  
the voice, wake a dust sun  
smile.

Undressed, your smile, just another  
stumble, slightly misremem-  
bered. But the pine dust is all  
there is, and the years that I  
expected to dissolve her last  
tracks. Our small bodies were

whispers, scat-  
tered bits of sky,  
faces fading  
through the pines  
beside the lake.  
You can hear the  
mountain sound  
behind the cogni-  
tion that does not  
happen.

Now, scattered  
bits of prayer-  
heavy wake are  
lighting the fading  
edge. Collapse  
feeds us. The voice is again  
awake, silver window, dust sun  
over in a moment. I nearly ran at  
the sky, clean echoes coming back  
to rain around laughter.

落 日 星 明 波 立 空 際  
深 深 深 山 遠 音 深 山 木  
空 覺 草 草 落 了 山 草  
明 星 山 水 落 了 山 伝

Solid dark trees, dripping. Sharp empty characters in a shallow wave lick the sky into the river, swollen to lead everyone all the way over. Spark, tight, burn—the cold, clean rain extracts shoulders: glowing, bare. Pale glass can empty the ocean, crack each record of what this was.

Olives and crickets open up the stone, mist green earth. Your tongue mixes those two small nights together. We give the whippers order before the pines. Every avenue scatters. I sing faces, the pale dry wind, the dust of travel, mountain and valley each just another kind. You're sharpening and collapsing everything.

Equilibrium in the river is a circle, an indigo sky carving smooth black glass alight with bubbles. Inside the water are wings, that familiar release, weightlessness

awake, my escape. Ice writes inconstant shapes on us inside the clouds. Reflecting blooms of morning are born, frozen, float. I step into dust sun settling nothing. A storm gardens in starlight.

The mountain's field of stars, glass depths, the

ocean light. I step in, hard to separate, and I can see the opening behind love. She is full now, breaking the window to winding up history.

Licking the river, an indigo sky carves everyone all the way alight with bubbles, sparks. Inside the water are wings awakening my bare inconstant shape. Inside the record of what this was, I step into a storm, garden a small night in starlight. I step into faces, dry wind, the separate dust of travel and mountain, each just another window to sharpen and collapse everything.

空 明  山 女  覺 際	落 口  草 田  感 聲  明 明	星 月 夜  河 心  冰 晶  空 空	河 林  雨 聲  膚 脫  臆 落
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*collection of poems*

I remember bells and rain in the morning glass, dust sun seasoning a long way home. Pressed tight against my beloved, I am my meaning, that taste of fields and gardens growing together. Words let light from paper. I watch the years set one hundred places into obvious order, each spiral of the calendar. We wake up at the edge of breath—*splash*, we smile, slip in.

Undressed, you're just another slight skin. I find remembering faces too small, crowns rented between one mountain and another that does not happen. The light is fading, scattered bits of prayer falling on the mountain. Collapse and distance feed the voice, wake a dust sun smile.

Seasoning every horizon is a way home.

One's taste lets another's breath *awake*

*spiral, wake*

*smile, awake*

*scatter, wake*

I never seem to make hunger progress; it echoes. On this mountain, every horizon has gravity. You quiet the ragged rush, empty the hills. Between my expectation, steam sleeps on the other side of ice. One tastes the other's breath. Fire wears a paper tree. Ink fingers awake the swollen sound inside white jasmine breaking entropy.

Licking the river, an indigo sky carves everyone all the way alight with bubbles, sparks. Inside the water are wings awakening my bare inconstant shape. Inside the

record of what this was, I step into a storm, garden a small night in starlight. I step into faces, dry wind, the separate dust of travel and mountain, each just another window to sharpen and collapse everything.

深夜歌声夜明感覺冬空波戶場遠慮意味  
起立転落親友衛星記錄詩集草案山林際  
連星山又山空日落星夜立山口明月草生  
山月肩部声音女心冬木立夜目明月霧水際  
明星山水落イ山伝空覺草草落了山草  
深深深山遠音深山落落日星明波立空際  
河林雨声膚脱臆落星月夜河心水晶空空  
落口草田感声明明空空明山女覺際



shin'ya utagoe yoake kankaku  
fuyuzora hatoba enryo imi  
okori-tatsu koroge-ochiru shin'yū eisei  
kiroku shishū sōan sanringiwa

rensei yamamatayama sorame rakusei  
yodachi yamaguchi meigetsu kusafu  
sangetsu kembu kowane onnagokoro  
fuyukodachi yomeake getsumu mizugiwa

myōjō yama mizu ochūdo yamazutai  
urooboe sōsō rakuchō yama kusa  
shinshin miyama tōne miyamagi  
rakujiitsu hoshi akari namidatsu kūsai

karin usei hadanugi okuraku  
hoshizukiyo kashin hyōshō sorazorashii  
ochiguchi kusada kansei meimei  
kūmei yamame samegiwa

*dead of night / singing voice / dawn / sensation  
winter sky / pier / restraint / meaning  
rising up / slipping down / close friend / satellite  
chronicle / collection of poems / first draft / edge of a mountain forest*

*binary star / mountain upon mountain / upward look / falling star  
setting out at night / start of a climb / bright moonlight / grassy field  
the moon above a mountain / shoulders / tone of voice / a woman's heart  
deciduous trees in winter / luminous in the dark / moonfog / at the water's edge*

*morning star / mountain spring water / refugee / following a mountain road  
faint memory / closing words of a letter / missing pages / mountain grass  
getting quiet / mountain recesses / distant sound / deep-forest trees  
setting sun / starlight / boil up / the distant sky*

*riverside forest / the sound of rain / bare to the waist / without fear  
starlit night / middle of the river / ice crystals / empty, obvious, transparent  
brink (of a waterfall) / growing rice field / voice of admiration / very clear  
moon's reflection in clear water / young salmon / on the verge of awakening*

## NOTES

The structure of *edge of a mountain forest* is based on the layered composition of *kanji*, a Japanese word that literally means “Chinese/Han (*kan*) characters (*ji*)”. It refers to characters that were imported from China (probably via Korea) to give the Japanese language its first written form, then modified and standardized in a Japanese context.

Each Chinese character is composed of one to several of roughly two hundred *radicals*, simple sub-character elements that can be thought of as meaning-roots or indexes of characters. These radicals are combined to form thousands of different characters, which are the basic building blocks of written Chinese. In modern Japanese, kanji are used as one part of the writing system. Combined together, kanji form words.

The structure of kanji presents a unique opportunity to explore how high-level language elements (and concepts) are built from lower-level ones, via several tiers of combination. It has many aesthetic possibilities as well, because these characters are not generally simple pictographs or combinations thereof: there are pictographs (which resemble a concrete object), ideographs (which illustrate an abstract idea), compounds of these, phonetic-ideographic compounds (combinations of one element that indicates meaning and one purely phonetic element), and derivative characters (where a character of one of the previous types is abstracted to indicate something similar to its original meaning). Some compoundings, derivations and simplifications occurred in the development of the Chinese language, others after the characters had been imported into Japanese use. Some characters and words have acquired specific connotations through historical and literary use. An English “translation” projects this rich multi-dimensional structure very flat, casting a shadow that can seem sometimes straightforward and sometimes mysterious or insightful.

*edge of a mountain forest* was born in 1998 when, browsing through a used bookstore, I accidentally stumbled onto intriguing combinations of radicals into kanji. The logic of synthesis I saw there perfectly complemented a project I had just begun, so I immediately reorganized it around these structures. Digging deeper into the Japanese language, I found evocative combinations of some of these kanji into words, and assembled 63 such words into the collection of four short poems that would structure the entire book (to be sure, these “poems” read in Japanese as little more than lists of mostly nouns).

With the structure set, I wrote one English text to associate with each radical that appears in the 63 words: these appear in the *radicals* section. In later sections, I used a collage technique that combines blocks of text line-by-line, leaving out most of the result. Two or more radical texts were synthesized to create each character text, mirroring the way each Japanese character itself is built of radicals. The resulting English character texts were then synthesized to create texts associated with the Japanese words formed by the constituent characters. And so on in the final sections, with words (and their associated texts) combining into lines, lines into poems, and finally the four poems into one collection.

The meanings and “etymologies” of the radicals, characters, and words presented here were obtained from several different sources. To the fluent or scholarly reader, some will appear standard, some suspect, and some obviously incorrect. I blame the combined effects of differences of opinion between linguists, differences between folk, scholarly, and educational conventions, errors in my sources, and errors and approximations on my part (mostly the latter). In a few instances I have invented structures, meanings, and words for my own convenience.

Brent Emerson  
Autumn 2013