

Whales are rolling beneath the pasture  
The sea is breathing again in the earth  
lifting up its crocus ribs

Small streets are flowing dark with answer  
My waters have burst in a rebel dancer

We tumbled one night like satellites  
mites borne on a germinal gust  
There in her maw I held her paw  
& reached us right through that ember onion

Now her body is not constant for me  
The bursting crocus is not constant

But what does the ocean care for its breakers?  
My love is not in one body  
My love is wind in the burning hedgerows

From thin high air from luminous thunderclouds  
the ocean rains back into itself

The dawn is ash blown before the sun

Hours flicker falling through your face  
pods dropped from the sun through windless day  
vague round children at recess  
births falling through birthless flame

The planet rushes up under us  
like a wet blue dream  
we hover  
like vultures over mountain ruins  
over armies of stone trilobites  
poised wing to wing  
beginningless in the winds of birth

At last your future child swims up  
a great moon turtle  
out of the vast blue breath of your skin

All there are in the room are your eyes  
at rest in solar winds  
unborn where love is always

Our eyes full of rain & birdsong  
unroof a rainforest dawn within  
Jaguars calm in our heart caves  
Whitehaired monkeys shriek at the sun

I love you because you remind me of mother  
(unbearably soft mouth)  
lips moist with armies & markets

You turn away when I kiss you  
lips moist with armies cattle & carnival  
(unbearably soft blue fire)

Just when we love  
the movie screen snaps up  
& we flood on into birthless mind

(our bodies lost astonished ghosts  
gazing still where our projector beams cross)