

Cut Ground Blue Pink (2011)

As if the earth has jiggled itself  
square, come round

to a consciousness of corner  
and edge, puzzling itself to a mind

before the sextant tilt of painted  
globes; as though its plates

are slipping, slow, returning  
to where they were before the drift

of shelves, tugging tight  
crust and drag, sealing

under a varnish of gravity,  
not the memory of bones frozen

in rivers of tar, not the fossil  
of God, but fissures in the stroke,

cracks where we forever wait  
to be -- flecks in the amber

or bubble in the rose  
window of a buried church,

whose altar is stained  
with shoulders of light, pure light,

or whatever it was the sun would bleed  
before there was light.

kx