

DREAMING ANTEDILUVIAN DREAMS

a rush
a crash
a glimpse
a glance

a blackbird
caught in clammy-careful-liquid
thank yous and adieus
listen to the sound of my listening
 it's the sound of ().
 and lean into the seam.
 in ablaze
 in a loss
 —unlost.

I HOPE I AM NOT WRONG

In the ocean, I once saw the spring to come.

If I am wrong...
(and I pray that I am not)

Here is how I'll keep my eyes above the waves:

- (i) by turning anything that is not drowning
- (ii) into magic made of
- (iii) swimming.

And because we call it swimming

*we will be
swimming.*

TRIPLE-SPIRAL LABYRINTH

A maze is constructed to stymie
to cause confusion
there is only one solution
 only one-way in
 only one-way out

And so, a beginning and end.

A triple-spiral labyrinth
is constructed to help us
there are no mistakes to
make.

There are only solutions
and so only results
rather than confusion.

There is one way in
there is one way out
and they are one
and they're the same.

a beginning without end
an end without beginning.

(It's only just three paths
wound around themselves
 &
connected in the middle.)

*Interestingly enough, a labyrinth is also an anatomical term used for the inner ear, which seems a triple-spiral labyrinth of the highest kind, a path, a guide, and also solution.

*No one who walks with sincerity leaves a labyrinth unchanged and it seems much the same for people who sincerely listen.

*The last time I walked inside my inner ear, I totally forgot to wipe my feet off on my ear lobe and tracked mud all around the inside of my head before realizing what I'd done.

THE CARDS

I look around the table, the chips, my hand, the clock, into decisions I have to make. A heart to make a flush and the table may as well know, so I lay my cards down for all to see. I discard. Someone asks, *What the hell are you doing?* But I feel no need to answer for myself. The dealer pushes a card across the table, but it isn't suited, so I push it back. *Not that one.* A few laughs round the table then someone says, *He's drunk.* (I am not.) Another player says, *You can't do that—it's cheating,* but cheating requires a deception to have taken place and I don't deal in deceit. *Could I have one more, please?* The dealer looks around the table, shrugged his shoulders and sends another card across...it went on like this until I got the heart I needed. *Flush!* I announce, pushing in all my chips, because it was getting pretty obvious to all involved: I wasn't bluffing any more than I was playing five-card draw.

LADDERS MADE OF GLASS

I watch them being built with such care
down at the Glass Ladder Guild.
...and I wonder about them.
And those brave enough to
climb to their very highest rungs.

There are so many other ladders to make a choice of, constructed of solid wood, aluminum; I see them around town, just common ladders, but when it comes to beauty, you have to admit, that for certain people, a glass ladder really is a handsome solution to the commonness of other ladders.

The sunlight passing through each rung
has a sort of anamorphosis in effect.
But enough ladder to believe in
So that you know you will not fall
while it appears to all others
that you must be hovering high
above the ground.

THE NAVIGATION OF VAST (OPEN) SPACE

A time-compensated sun compass
is how this monarch butterfly flew so far...

It's true that it followed the sun here
but also true,

the sun alone isn't enough to go by...

at least not for a butterfly that needs to
travel north and south
using a star that travels only
east to west across the horizon
of its flight.

How to know to keep the light on your right at dawn
and to the left at dusk
for so many days in a row
without becoming lost...

turned around by the day itself
—also an art(i)fact of the sun.

well...

It keeps time inside its antennae
the rhythm of twin-clocks
one of those inside each antenna
is how it knew to follow a star's light
to this place in space and time...

—otherwise known as my decks railing this Saturday—

Come all the way up from Mexico
following only the sun and its antennae
is one of the reasons I feel the way I do
about using those as aids for navigation of all sorts
but especially for the most important journeys.

So that I might wonder at its
arrival before its arrival
in awe of how far it's already traveled
and how far it will likely go.

So that now I can only (open) my hand
and hold it out into the hope of (open) space.

that it might choose my finger as a safe place of landing
that it might know this is true by the same means I do
by way of starlight collected by eyes and timing kept
in antennae.

A time-compensated sun compass
there is no other way...

To capture such nature in cupped-hands,
to attempt capture at all—by any means
is to risk damaging that which allowed for its arrival
in the first place, and to make accidental ruin
of such a beautiful trip as that, seems the sort of sin
worth believing.

SUN WAVES THROUGH WATER WAVES

I have always been in love with the sunlight when it passes through water. It's been this way for as long as I can remember. I assume it has something to do with the circumstances of some rebirth. Maybe I was once a light ray, maybe I was once a Manta ray...maybe both at once...how am I to know the circumstances of all these incarnations with any sort of certainty?

(Half the time I can't find my car keys—the other half—I can't find the right words.)

But one thing I know for certain, I was once reborn a bird's song. I have no doubt about this...well, a little doubt...but I believe I was once a bird's song that passed through the water's light waves in some ancient sea before we had words for things like that. As far as past lives go, that one was pretty short, only just a moment, but still, I believe I was reborn a bird's song before this and that is everything to me.

SO

I speak my mouth full of sheep's teeth.
I speak my mouth full of dog's teeth.
I never speak my mouth full of wolf's teeth.

Mostly, I don't speak at all.
(shy-toothed not saw-toothed)

And that has been my habit,
to listen myself blind,
and hear myself mute.

I speak my mouth full of owl's feathers
those are the quietest feathers you can't hear...
because if you're a flying ear you have to fly silent
not to hear only just yourself.

I admire sound and so silence.
I admire a dove's feathers.

I speak best with those,
with those, my mouth is set free.
That's how I wish I could speak always...
just with those to you.

But,

I won't apologize for my feathers
...if they embarrass, or frustrate,
or go floating off swirled by the wind.

It doesn't mean I don't know how to say sorry,
damned if I'm not well practiced at that
I just don't apologize for feathers any more,
or feel sorry about them.

If I can't fly today then I'll float,
if I can't manage that—I settle.

(is how I survive at all)

the difference between settling
and sinking is just one word
but a word is perception—words

they make our world...

(is also how I survive)

And I don't feel bad for dreamwalking like that
but I do feel bad for sleepwalking,

when I do,

and for sleepwalkers in a general way

and in every pursuit, the pursued must become the pursuer to escape
or the pursuer must become the pursued to capture...
but I prefer how birds flock, how fish school,
how horses run together.

(the title)