

it takes mastery to wait within the centuries

not to enter      is against our nature

thus we all begin as trapped      rule without grace

be without escape

to have the source rain here alight

slide the bone blade down

facing forward      very still

waiting here      where what might happens

empty      called human      under the source like rain

alight the sleeping and the dead      the waiting

those who have just boarded

listen

say back broken-riddle piece

broken-wheeled dawn      speak in our voice  
here the wind gives      here the river gives  
here the lots are cast and the riders take a lane  
scattered field      bodies listen  
ribbon of speech      unspool

speaking upon what leaves      say into order  
here we place the leaves in order  
still the wind finds us      still it comes to tangle us along  
scatter watching is our fate

ever we rise for the still to do      ever we slowly from the table  
haul the laid out      make the small surprise  
never in haste do we spell the day  
now we watch the basin fill      now we watch the water empty  
now we wash the likeness clean

story strand wound around the living

first the spinning      then the measure      then we sever

like a wall reading itself

to know its own stone congregation

to know itself

reading a stone

a speaker falters

like a river slipping

its language shillies with a spilling over

like a river haunting itself

to know its own drowned congregation

as it knocks bottom      swims the traces

fish      eel      waterweed      stone

like a sorrow confessing itself

dropping the sink weight of its transgression

dredging for the deep bell

on which we register as sound

we coming all this way

to find ourselves the mishap

we observing the ancient ways

afternoon threshing ever to be sweeping up the dross

observing the ancients still they knowing us

ever we harvest weather no matter we work

always the wind comes always it finds us always it winnows

say back broken-riddle piece

broken-riddle piece

we of one bone and blood

we haunted pairs of things

ache-voiced trouble-hewn

what things of wings

the self bends where the green trees bend

restless      green-edged      Eden-measured

tell me where we meet

are we ever mended      sheltered      settled

known      reflected      rendered perfect

the self-kept self keeps less      less      less

less self-remembered      then self-sensed      self-blessed

listen every day for the day to say what happens

before the rain comes we have *before the rain*

the rain comes

after the rain we have      *after the rain*