

## A SONG WE PRAISE AS SONG

Where a thing begins or ends —

the knife a ribbon the ribbon a knife

soft-palette strung to remembrance

“of a certain generality and a certain depth”

worthy idea — Greek, conveyable

the song that is sung between notes

I’ve heard him call I’ve answered

who could tell these things apart?

## WHO CAN TELL THESE THINGS APART

*for Bin Ramke*

Neither song nor  
argument, the extension  
of the tongue into one's  
butterflied body. Rest.  
It is an agony. Like leaves  
agonize their unfurling  
the body agonizes its  
changing state. Attempt  
(archaically, daggers, spears)  
to pierce call pierce  
response an attempt  
that is *Musica ficta* —  
it is not song but it  
is singing.

## REST

*each time I think of you, you cease to be*  
— Jacques Roubaud

A bird, a stone – the body  
is overturned. We lay it down  
and call it “bolts of cloth.” Also  
“lands of unlikeness.” Like a  
phonograph, it is proof  
we render the natural to scale,  
more than motion, an incantation  
brought back to the slick wreath  
of human expression. Listen:  
the page shudders, yes, like a sea.  
Listen: who can hear the rest      (only the rest)

## AS WE ARE SUNG

An art of repetitions – which?

\*

Your flowers strung these serious flowers strung

I gather buckets – joy! Or grain, more solemn.

\*

When in light, bodily call out what we  
see: lapses or shade. Eyes in your lamplight.

\*

Elsewhere nothing matches half of midday's  
records; we are folded at the center.

\*

I am lost in the bell of your (sun  
you are  
shining, my  
shuttering mind  
is re-)  
dress.

\*

Hardening postures of landscape, our  
flowers and fields are not novel, but struck.

\*

I am too. We. Burnt live things  
outside light: constructed visage sounding  
what? A garden. What? A music. What? Return.

Shhh, ah. Shhh, ah. Shhh, ah.