

THE WINE-DARK SEA

Knowing suffering
is a liturgy.

Knowing the eyeless
we grow more eyes.

Just think: your
own hand
is always awake.

I want to show you
what I saw
in the glass.

Let's unbury everything
clotted
with nests.

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I am trying
to be simple as ink.

I talk to you
sometimes
in the daylight.

At night
I try not to
suspend.

There is so much
I can't form
that is true.

Celan said this
to Ilana Shmucli:

Through you I translate you over to me.

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I want
what the date wants
from its box,
printed in lip.

The concerto
cast a morning
beneath bridges
where ropes dangle.

I cannot stand
inside myself.

What emerged
when I opened my mouth
was a thanking tomb.

So we tremble.
Do we tremble?

We tremble.

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Asking is easy
for a number.

Words are burdens.
Mouths lumber.

I should not be afraid
of myself:

a little perpetuity
with arms,

a comb with teeth
bent back.

Around me the white
draws a ring,
a one.

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The hum, yes,
that corruption.

That rot
at play.

Beneath me,
Easter.

Meanwhile,
a PO box.

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I almost died

like a letter
never posted.

Glue brittle.

I needed it later
but by then

each word
quivered
in quotation marks.

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I breathe
with gate &

I breathe
with light

& not only with it.

This is repetition.

I breathe the
uninterruptible law

of no money
that we really love.

THE WINE-DARK SEA

So close
to the river

trucks & insects
combine.

In the river
I'd be a difference,

orange plastic bag,
a catalog.

each morning
moonceasing.