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ELIXIRS

On the nights of my planet
I walk forward
into an ancient whiteness:

I inhale the suns of my birth
I write the histories of galaxies on parchment
and wrap my bones in time

I enclose my voice in the sea
an epoch of silence and space

I stand on the edge of my colors
the shores are lotus and solitude

I am distance and reflection
a room with many doors

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Where secrets sleep
a blank map possesses my eyes
I look out through windows of golden moss

into the water
where thousands of tree limbs thrash
in lungs of stone

In my hands, a necklace of dreams

Around me, a robe of fog

Above me, a staircase of blue glass

Infinitudes away
where she sits
in ruby and silver
in the ruins of the towers

I encircle her
in the astral mornings

I sing:

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"Leaves of gold flame
dance
to your lunar music

your white winds build
walls
of untouchable crystal

in your prismic towers
stone hands hold
orbs of breath"

I am her voice

encased in starlight

my shadow is stone

I am clear water within her.

Gold fingertips touch the windows
leaving echoes of a summer night drenched in green
beneath the cecropia moon
when we floated above the river
breathing the nectar
of centuries-dead dreams

the train of winds brought a jewelled sleep
opening every door of time
and darkness
into magic and silence

where the never to be remembered words
spoken once
by salamander princes
with tongues of ocher
to awaken the moss
remain
as royal snails
who watch us with a loving sadness
from violet dust
our eyes will never touch

our hands will never drink

There are faces that float
behind blue lace,
faces from cities
of the unimaginable future,
that watch us
from the crystal cell
of a tower
created from the smallest movements
of our hands
in sleep.

Out of the deep perfume
of autumn stars,
shapes of gold descend
and enter
the craters of our eyes.

And we return
again and again
to this world
of circular rooms,
to listen to strange birds
call forth
the tissue of being
from our eyes.

Sometimes
the shapes of clouds
like the shapes of words
act as a drug.
I expect an appearance,
a space craft
silent against
a triangular sun
or the face of an alien
peering from an island
of sky,

an extremity of
vision
that makes me
doubt my existence
as anything more
than a wild
crying
in a train-filled
autumn night,

after the wind
has closed every
door of every
room,

and I have become
the shadow
of my afterimage,

science and magic
are dead
and all books
are blank.

On the circular
path
I return to
point
in directionless
space,
an internal gesture
repeated forever,

a brain permanently
dislocated
on a journey
from this super-complex
of stations

to the distant
planet
of your
face,

a spore of light
in the black clouds,

a pang that
reaches
across the width
of the universe,

parallel to everything,
a word
left unfinished,

sunless,
written

and

rewritten

I dwell in studied
solitude

surrounded by ravens
and goatsuckers

hoary with lichens
and glaciers

my eyes are caves
without end

my fingers caress
light years

my cowl tunnels
into space

Each cycle
I complete
a word
which disappears
as I lift my pen
from the final letter

my arms are the covers
of symbolic books
sealed in dark fluids

my flesh
is shadow and residue

an evanescent text
of useless alchemies
written in black fungus

: the sweetness of one moment in eternity
held in the chains of a terrifying sadness
I watch day by day as everything leaves
my crown of sticks rising
to receive the breath-textures
of the stars longest-dead
my bones turned to electrum
to hear their message :

"the dream-kings tumored
in emeralds
send tidings from their
lung-houses"

"the suite of beautiful
faces
spreads its gold plague
into your song
of withdrawn light"

"ermine
or snow
imagery swollen with nectars,

the bleak red earth
is in
your hands"

Since I have no roots
no skin on my feet
everything is imagined
tree-people barbarians giant salamanders
every time I cross the bridge
I hear a human voice calling
from inside the catalpa

:communication with the stars
:as sentient beings
:visitations in the form of owls

always the brain

scratching to get out

the pull of delicate figments

from eye to eye

the vast parchment of numbness
time blistered with green ghosts
the hooded songs of the marsh

:breath-echo
:the reverberating sky

a white throbbing
as I pass back

into the paper