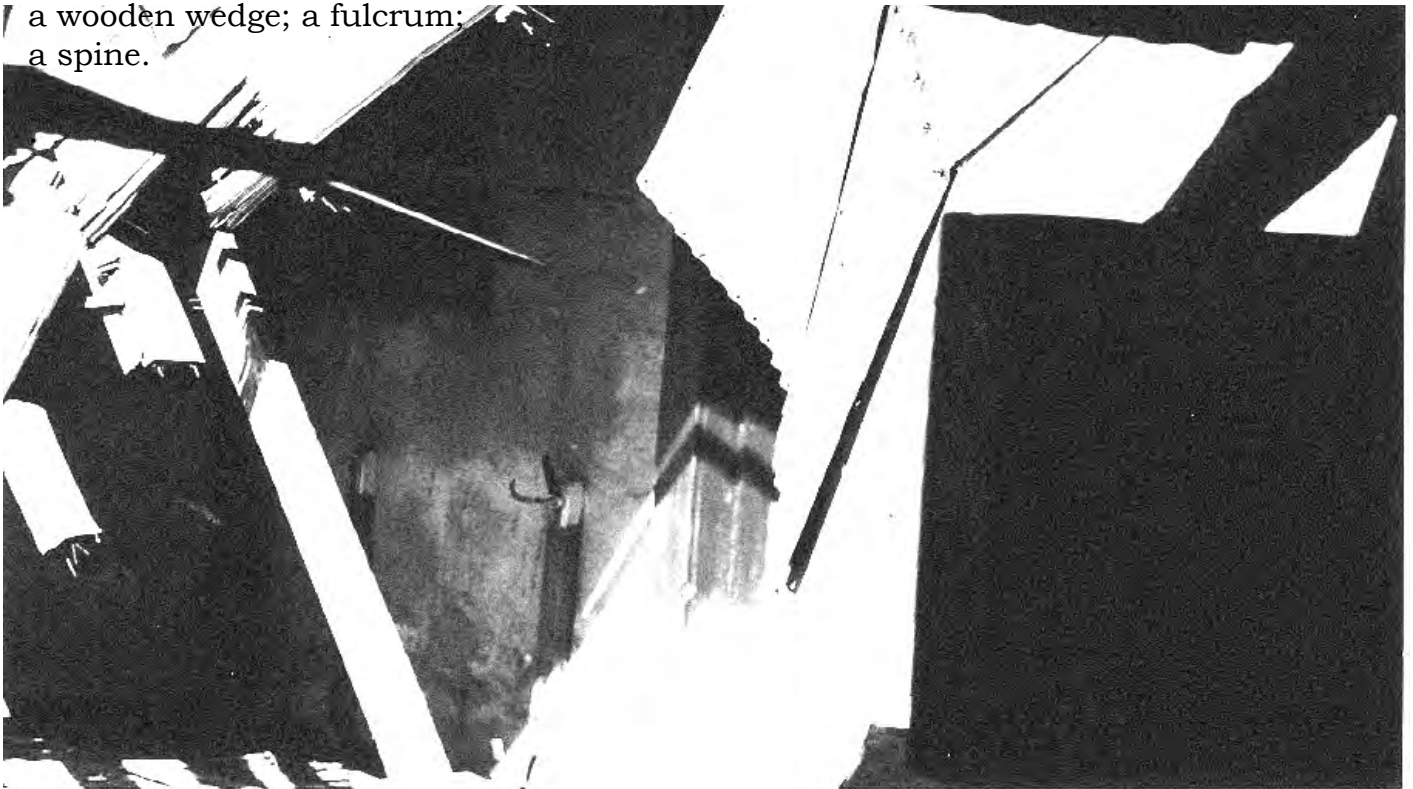


Knowing him is not light:
it is quietly gazing, across a space
between two atoms;
it is restless, a lexicon;
a burst bestiary;
a great gray beast that shambles
its desire from arm to arm;
an infant;

It is like searching the cosmos
for the right word which is not "love."
or looking for a lost folio
finding only a deep
and punctured scar,
an emblem on his arm;

it is only a little like a long list of reasons,
a wooden wedge; a fulcrum;
a spine.



Mechanistics:

Love is a sprung dictionary; a plosive consonance;
a transitive together; a feel; a mean; a litany.
a lake of perforations; an injury of words--
a weakness at the base of the throat
and in the gut like a chill, a messenger--
standing at the edge of a dark wood;
a concussion of feeling. A left behind.