Home

The home
bellows
a mountainous cry.
Dagger-like, snow-peaked,
the night
is moveable.
Even these things,
they are just shadows.
I walk into aches.
Legs washed in soft cotton,
a linen breeze.
I walk into alleys.
The meddle of nature, holding,
gentle fingers.
I turn the light on
so as to
deceive
the darkness, the silence.
This manifest progress;
Earth pleads with us.
In the oak she speaks.
Curled arm, thick muscles.
In the snow falling, she speaks.
Soft pillows.
In the touch of wind,
she speaks.
We hear
the wanting stars.
We hear
the deficient soil.
Held close to our pith,
as if these things were
as much ourselves
as the obscurities,
the divine energy,
as if these things were
this divinity.
The mouse in the snow;
its fur is quiet.
Its heart is quick.
Where are the gluttonous
in these woods?
All I feel, is between us.