

A HOLE IN THE BUCKET

“With what shall I fix it?”–

 O little stranger
 little shorn off water
 I feel my ocean breaking
 in a cloud us has always been
 rain even as mud herds it
 a slowness that ghostburns
 a slowness nearly craters
 revolving in the sky

O doctor, astronomer
 even Sappho’s words were
 shorn from each other Tears
 and lake are twin: orphans
 draw a map on the chalkboard
 how love blights the farms
 between towns dust residences

Rain is not caused but carried
 and sometimes the wheels roll themselves
 away from a carriage, over cliffs
 otherwise tender, otherwise geology

We root for us down inside the brackets
 replicate moon by weeping
 when a cloud spills overvalley
 we are so away from moon so
 we nurse the tide enough
 to reflect it

Not our salt measures craters
 revolving in sky, but somehow
 water rises, like letters
 arrange themselves into sentences
 for a little shorn off ocean

The moon’s tattoo
 will never glow
 underneath the ocean in me
 phosphorescence falling down
 a Greek ladder on the moon’s back,

no horizontal rung beneath the *πεφτο*¹
 how rain precedes its halo

Memory distills a pictogram
 to sound, hears a face
 in leaves falling off a tree,
 light moves faster, reflecting
 off eyelashes but voice
 is no mirror it’s a cobbler,
 tunnel waiting for wind

It seemed wrong to flood
 the coming century with mournful
 before how worldfingers
 begin while mine rehearse the end,
 a minnow
 in a cradle
 where the ocean
 won’t get buried Tide
 never not
 craves a moon
 so mud lay down a lake
 for tide to sleep in

O little stranger, there are carvers
 slicing glow the sky
 fells on a lake Moon
 make cattails sway
 help me fail kinder
 map the pollen under water
 with my tongue What proximity
 makes it wet? This seriousness
 is all too elegant wrongness
 when our everybody you and sometimes heart
 crawls under his fence
 Nuzzle a twin and color
 peel away from lumber
 They are paint on the sidewalk and
 shiny is how you smell
 and nearly the forest behind it

¹ Pronunciation: Pefto. I mistook the Greek word for a ladder, simultaneously I fall and to fall.