

Dark Angel

The wings are night dipped
so one can barely see them, only when
nearest, only when feeling how,
like nets of hair, they graze.

From the silhouette of this window, its
cloud & yew-shrouded constellation, there's
enough light to tell the sheer interwoven velvet
which conceives to me exactly what you are.

Of course, at the, center, head to toe,
there's something else: an onyx of heat,
Basalt, ripple-veined, with iron flecks
turning neon green, plum red, muted gold,
pale silver blue. Such colors one would think
solid, like your trunk, arms, & legs,
but, a single sweep down, pressing close,
& all flows to liquid, the river heart
of some redwood.

What tree breathes acquainted
with such darkness but carrying air's bright
flight? Is this the voice of skin, a wilderness
in the city, intimate to bridges, subways,
the tunnels of hustle, streets of peace,
streets, streets of war?

Being all things, I can't call you anything,
not mine or love, though when you slumber
like a log, the evanescence just hovering,
I stroke your back, its stretches of nylon,
& could almost covet those terms.

(Not in print, sound collage only)