

Gumption

Again come the turtles, every year
little hatchlings turning themselves
over, making their way from the eggs,
this sand, a testing ground the sea
gives birth to and reclaims.

We too are homing.
Crawl, stumble, learn to float.
Brutality has to answer. It's been here
from the start, a cannibal galaxy
gentled somewhere, every second,
somewhere ...
Keep duality in mind, the headlights
of a funeral procession, these faithful
imprints driving, driven.

Spawned thus, we do what we are able:
use dreams to raise truth and stand
prepared for surprise, be it these circling
vultures or laughter's lightning
cracking darkness,
a shell surviving by splitting
from the inside on out.

Sea, Most Tranquil

Tear from eye, chin-trickle, the droplet caught:
one gem in hand...
Off of Milan & deep into Sicily sparkle such sapphires.
Know them-----
Planes without a waving current,
& I have experienced water akin to asphalt, akin to glass
& doesn't that come closest to this dew in a palm?

Dew, the shades of one hundred huskies' gazes
is also the Italian sea of such streams running,
naming legacies of froth along sandy coasts.

Yes, so much sand amounts to little but fathoms
of memory perhaps as I go ahead & pour fragments
of beach from my shore & onto the tile,
this kitchen off of the Plymouth,
off of the Baltic,
off of all provinces marshes & aqueducts funnel
the still swept millennia of against boulders
back into spray upon faces
where some certain tenderness catches
the clearest Atlantic.

Yes, whole travelogues are there in quiet's descent.