

I Sent a Letter to My Love

(Thanks to Bernice Rubens)

A drop in the bucket it was, water, water
welling. I thought if perhaps we were
suddenly stone-struck, then we'd have
some sort of beauty, noble, immutable
to the descent of gray sheets. Marble slabs

chiseled gothic, poignant under a curtain
of trickles: what a presence, perfection,
catharsis of a kind. The features would be
set, no recesses revealed, no sadness, no longing,
only a passion, roman cold, cauterized right into
rock. I needed that,

desired metamorphosis, at least some coral cove
for gulls flapping over, their tattered whiteness
a mirror-series of flags against the mad seas
distraction, its lament, intractable:
the moon rise, the tidal pull-----

Stone is never so desperate, & to fathom
my real hunger would be to acknowledge
just what you have been. Instead I embrace
the statue of my carving, & enter it, fitted
to form. In that stasis there is a storm
to weather the shelter of, evading,

evading the secret each wave delivers
as it eats my basalt. Breath after breath,
the solitude spreads shadows on far shores,
a whole continent of lighthouses, & my
engraved craving falls, littered letters in surf.

Drifting, now eyes watch how gulls come,

picking

(Currently recorded as unreleased mp3 sound collage)

<https://stephenmead.bandcamp.com/track/i-sent-a-letter-to-my-love>