

Under The Skin

You may recognize this sky,
Airy green from what the landscape gives,
Not mint, but just as pungent:
Earth, earth in ascension...

As it spreads, shades pass across Africa
& both remain whole
Worlds of equal mystery, mystery & combat.
Here's Beauty's continents sticking it out:
Now the cliffs of Peruvians: chickens, goats
Herded, impoverished people managing
Drops of sheer blue...

Culture, the valley's cracks, is not sutured
To the spirit:
The operations by flashlight, the exotic
Humble stew savored after the five hours
For electricity allotted.

No. Culture/Spirit, the ancient graft,
Has become a single skin, individuals, nerve
Endings, quilted beneath the map...

Under ours' too, ships traverse, coasting
For the calmer, the deeper interludes
Between the fear which escalates
Violence & the fear that stays, a hostage,
Out of whose letters sand pours, sand,
A small desert star cluster glistening

From the farthest waterless bank.
Shores, do you recognize these horizons?
Oars, do you recognize the ships?

An ocean can be named by tracing
Where shadows fall, their direction on the rocks
& the waves...

Abraham, water under, above, feeding the linked
Skin, rock us to your bosom, let our strong arms know,
Be the cradle's motion for growing, for growth,
Still & again.