

Confession

fires at night

on the hillside

burn

dust and smoke

sliding up

the sky

on this deserted plain

the buffalo died

he lost his bride

and sacrificed his mind

until the wind

came bursting

out

the trees

with camo lips

and labored breath

life is not

the opposite of death

wait until the sun rises

and you'll see
the hunger of the dawn
the yawning of the sea

when the swallows come
up the tallest tree
dripping with lavender

I will have learned to live
without her
world of honey,
fire
and doom

I fell into
the dark room (exploding)
with nightshade
and bright
red poppies

what's your story?
come down with the dropsies
did you?

now you stunted Liliputians

ought to run for cover

mother's coming

brown hair bristling

and white

teeth bared

but don't be scared

or even frightened

I have ghosts

to light my way

along the holy

list of names

which I'll recite

by day

to keep the time

and pay my

way

beneath the aching mire

with its green-gray

colored branches

and its wire

sometimes

at night

I can hear

the song of

Life

humming, dreaming

repetition

but first difference

that's the flexing

engine

my sordid love should cry this hollow

call until the ash of solemn hymns

has burst

upon the hem

of her

solid white pearl

dress

(I confess)