

The Weight of Light

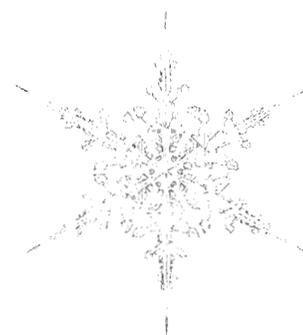
Paul Kelley

Light plinths, of interim.
In high other-blue the birds
with wings of bronze,
of copper, of tin,
further-thought
beyond the words there were
to name them.
The beating of the distance-eased.

Flowers, below, dangled
in co-breaths of vitrified air.

Heat-staked. Clatter. Rust-red.
Sweat up the walls.

Cement grows from hands,
where they reach themselves.



From another empty voice
more notices of eyes where never has begun,
lightless, no morning
for or against them again,

a word struck through them,
word that stills throats,
stops all sound-

ings,
weightless one,

airless, burrowed
in all its finite accents

to the innermost corner
of the smallest box,

word that never rusts.

Beyond the blueyellow hour,
along byways of bones
it echoes

to ears pillowed,
to tongues rasped
by breaths taken

from the half-noise
of our hopes.

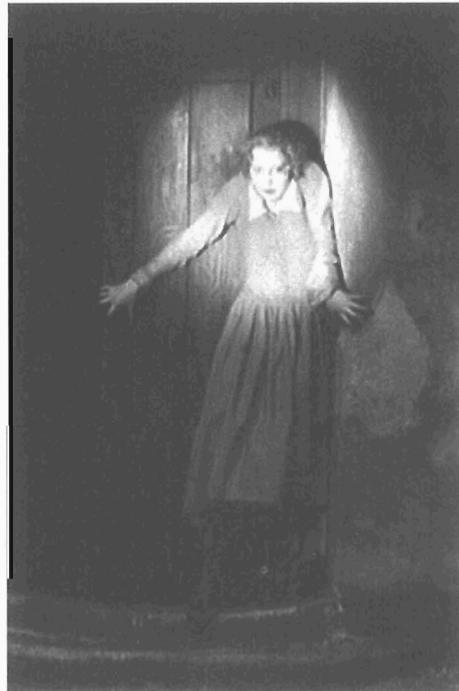
Lead-lines dragged along behind,
eyes quicked to the edges,
lips fastened to stillness,

light swifts the shadow
graspable in a hand I imagined
objects would extend us,

so thin the surface
under our feet,

new leaves, veined to the touch,
read us, our lapses,
face-to-face,
backwards,
to what comes next

for Gerry Gilbert



Whiz of paradise
's third or fourth approach,

let me hear
all deviations,

the talk
of the talk,
the pause before
the current pause
the misshapen moment questions.

Only what knows itself
tongues the honeycomb,
greeted itself there.

Lips dumb the wine

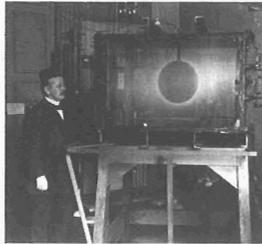
where all mirrors
are eye to eye.

Far-sided nights ago
beyond any floating touch,
the unforgetting eyes,

questioned question,
asked,
re-asked,
a look without breaking,

burden
that bears you still

toward the limit
of every light.



Selfed-over, you learned your whiteness,
wear the mail-suit beneath the skin
lightly,
look for a looking-mouth
to drink from,

one gathering if
undoes,
hears you away,

to part the epochs of glass,
burrow into its exit
between two crumpled stars,

words left to themselves
do sleep
the shade of fingers, cups,

sleep and dream you apart,
unsaying the said,

from every moment
you awaken together
mouths mingle,

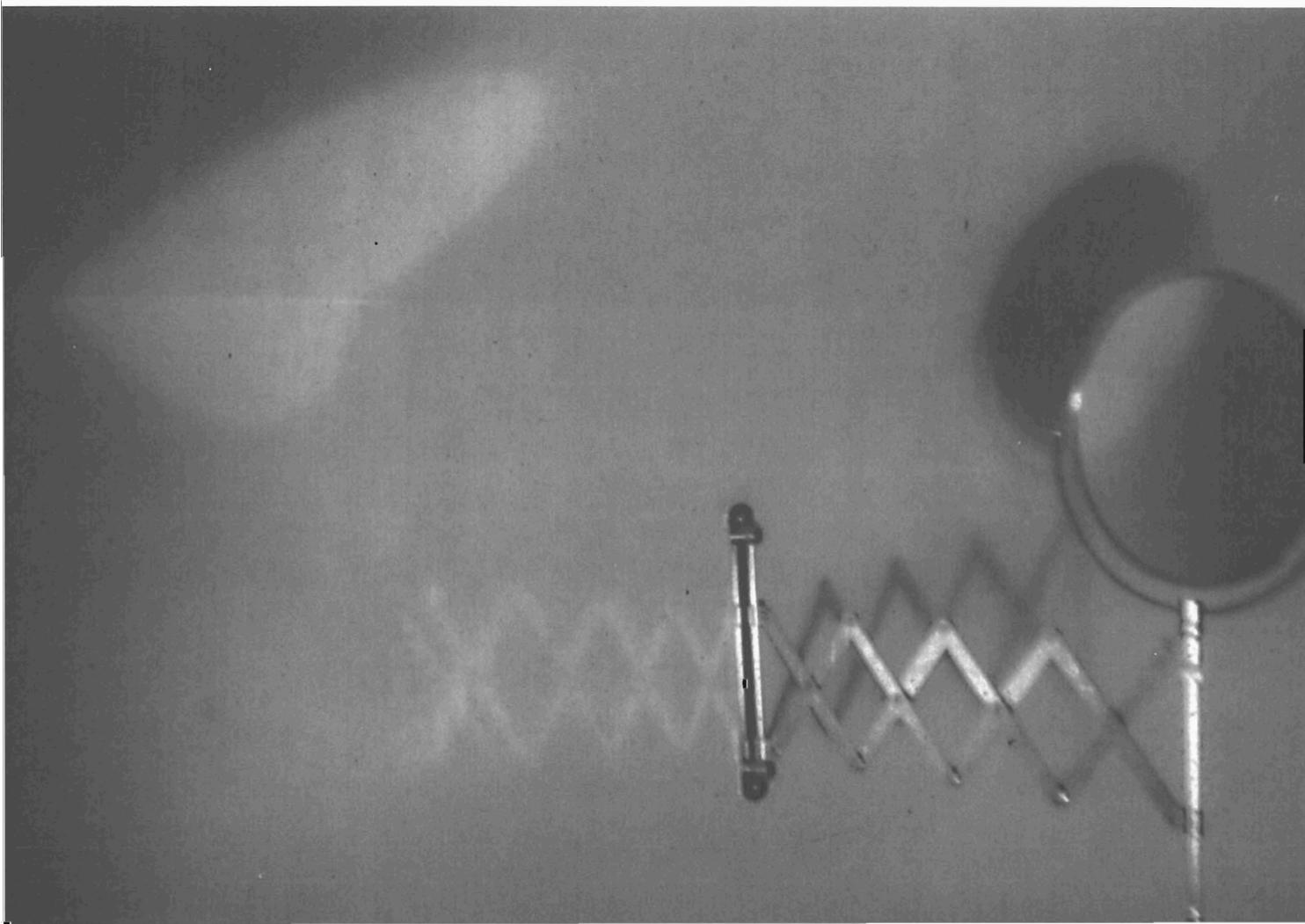
such sudden weights
at your unmastered tongue.

Night-long, year-deep, I-iffed
and stretched taut with listening breath,
awaiting the coming touch,
surely coming,
bearing toward dark places,
your night, your you-pieces, your-you-not-yet,

eyes shutter dawn away,
your again, without complaint,
a word souged by mistake,
so much
so much sleep to swallow.

Yes, but—

if the hand you've held out for,
light as you've dreamt light,
arrives at last, late,
its palm up, and so
empty with asking—



Half-hued surge of hour's air
drifts night from nettedness—

blossom, at last, now-bent, blue
paths precisely this dark,
trembles ascending
the beating air below the sigh,
the beating skin,

breath's breath of lattice-light,
in this memory-held here
of violet, earth, and ash,
turns again along weary star's heat
to thinking eyes' gleam:

to you,
your hand opening,

closing and opening
in me.