

Pushing off from Eden

Touring the bright world with a mutual ticket

Sure of your love at that duplicate moment

Sun sparkling salty from waves & sand

Bouncing light into the eyes of anyone, anytime

Denies or advances memories of Eden

With tides always pulled by the spinning planet

I will walk up to my hips in the sea

Later, ordering ice cream at the crowded counter

We visit at the most important places briefly

Deciding at that point to change direction

Theatre-cosmos as sand painting, poured live
Through faces & arms as the multicolored
Grains of sand between thumb, fingertips & palm
Arrive into patterns ancient & recent
Momentary instrument of pleasure
The body, imperfect, channels whatever
Is/ was important: finale. tomorrow
Black asphalt beside a tray of pigments
Rainbow sand in the oily mixture falling through small sky
Between the hand and kneeling shaman's thin shadow
At exactly noon in summer's heat enclosing love's drama
As the silent meeting of bird's wing with the horizon
A kiss between songs the entire agenda

Chess pieces accidentally assembled from shadows
 Into the pawn's faceless, artificial silhouette
Occupy in smoky prism the indoor shelter
 As the ground fog's close on the mountains
Lowering the sky where I find easy passage
 Into the quiet soft-thundering night
Carrying with me the unexpected charm
 Of the big cat with the eyes of the sun
Seeming to meet my daylight gaze beyond the game
 Except that the game's alive
Creating itself within reflected light
 As shadows wake meaning into the midnight zone
At the infinite center of the turning globe
 The fox runs in twilight on the distant road